

G. Kruell. sc.



EMPEROR JOSEPHINE.

THE HISTORY
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

With Maps and Numerous Illustrations

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

“La vérité, rien que la vérité”
“Magna est veritas et prevalebit”

NEW EDITION



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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOLUME II.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDED

England, Austria, and Russia, together with many other of the minor powers of monarchical Europe, were now combined against France. The Emperor Paul of Russia had furnished a large army to co-operate with the Allies in their assault upon the Republic. Ten thousand of the Russians had been taken prisoners. But in the recent disasters which had overwhelmed the arms of France, many thousand French prisoners were in the hands of the Allies. Napoleon proposed an exchange. The Austrian government refused, because it selfishly wished to exchange for Austrians only. The English government also refused, assigning the reason that it was contrary to their principles to exchange for prisoners taken from other nations.

“What!” exclaimed Napoleon to the court of St. James, “do you refuse to liberate the Russians, who were your allies—who were fighting in your ranks, and under your own commander, the Duke of York?” With Vienna he also expostulated, in tones of generous warmth, “Do you refuse to restore to their country those men to whom you are indebted for your victories and conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners whom they have taken? Such injustice excites my indignation.” Then, yielding to those impulses so characteristic of his generous nature, he exclaimed, “I will restore them to the Czar without exchange. He shall see how I esteem brave men.”

Whatever Napoleon undertook, he performed magnificently. The Russian officers immediately received their swords. The captive troops, ten thousand in number, were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were all furnished with a complete suit of new clothing, in the uniform of their own regiments, and thoroughly armed with weapons of the very best of French manufacture. The officers were authorized to organize them into battalions and regiments. And thus triumphantly these battalions of armed men were returned into the bosom of the ranks of the multitudinous hosts rushing down upon France. It is gratifying to record that magnanimity so extraordinary passed not away unappreciated.

The Emperor Paul was so disgusted with the selfishness of Austria and England, and was so struck with admiration in view of this unparalleled gen-

erosity of Napoleon, that he immediately abandoned the alliance. He attached himself to Napoleon with that enthusiasm of constitutional ardor which characterized the eccentric monarch. In a letter to the First Consul, written with his own hand, he said,

“Citizen First Consul,—I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens. Every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted toward him. I write to acquaint you with my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you, to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government.”

Russia was thus detached from the alliance, and, sending a minister to Paris, recognized the new government. Napoleon now sent an ambassador to Prussia to establish, if possible, friendly relations with that power. Duroc was selected for this mission, in consequence of his graceful address, his polished education, and his varied accomplishments. Frederick William was a great admirer of military genius. Duroc, who had been in the campaigns of Italy and of Egypt, could interest him with the recital of many heroic enterprises. The first interview of Duroc with the Prussian monarch was entirely private, and lasted two hours. The next day Duroc was invited to dine with the king, and the Prussian court immediately recognized the consular government.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast exaltation, he preserved personally the same simple tastes and habits, the same untiring devotion to the details of business, and the same friendships, as when he was merely a general of the Republic. He rose at seven o'clock, dressed with scrupulous neatness, during which time the morning journals were read to him. He then entered his cabinet, where he read letters, and wrote or dictated answers until ten. He then breakfasted with Josephine and Hortense, usually some of his aids and one or two literary or scientific friends being invited. At the close of this frugal meal he attended the meetings of the Council, or paid visits of ceremony or business to some of the public offices. At five o'clock he returned to dinner, on ordinary occasions not allowing himself more than fifteen minutes at the table. He then retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he received the visits of ministers and of the most distinguished persons of the metropolis.

In the organization of his court, Napoleon was unalterably determined to suppress that licentiousness of manners which for ages had disgraced the palaces of the French monarchs, and which, since the overthrow of Christianity, had swept like a flood of pollution over all France. He was very severe upon those females, often of the highest rank, who endeavored to attract attention by freedom of dress or behavior. It was expected that men and their wives should appear in society together—a thing hitherto unprecedented, and contrary to all ideas of fashionable life. The court had hitherto taken the lead in profligacy, and the nation had followed. Napoleon thought that by enforcing purity of morals in the palace, he could draw back the nation to more decorum of manners. “Immorality,” said he, “is, beyond a doubt, the worst of all faults in a sovereign, because he introduces it as a

fashion among his subjects, by whom it is practiced for the sake of pleasing him. It strengthens every vice, blights every virtue, and infects all society like a pestilence. In short, it is a nation's scourge."

On one occasion a courtier, very high in rank and office, one of the imperial chamberlains, requested permission to present his daughter-in-law at court. She was extremely beautiful, and, though distinguished by a captivating air of simplicity, was one of the most artful of the daughters of Eve. She joined the imperial parties on all occasions, and, wherever she went, threw herself in the way of Napoleon. Her soft and languishing eyes were riveted upon him. She sighed, blushed, and affected bashfulness, while, at the same time, she constantly placed herself in situations to attract his notice. Sometimes she would stand for a long time, apparently lost in reverie, gazing and sighing before the portraits of Napoleon. Her father-in-law affected displeasure at her conduct, and complained of the unfortunate but irresistible passion which she had imbibed. Her husband, who was infamous in the intrigue, regarded the matter with the most philosophic indifference. The mother-in-law also made herself busy to help the matter along, saying that, after all, it was hard to blame her for loving Napoleon. For some time Napoleon paid no attention to the intrigue, and appeared not to notice it. At length the affair became a subject of court gossip, and it was necessary that it should be noticed.

One evening, at the close of a sitting of the Council of State, at which Napoleon had presided, conducting Cambacères into the recess of one of the windows, he said, "Madame B—— is rendering herself quite intolerable to me. The conduct of her relations is still more odious. The father-in-law is an infamous man, her husband a mean-spirited wretch, and her mother a vile, intriguing woman, by whose arts, however, I am not to be duped. The abandoned female who unreservedly puts up her virtue to sale is preferable to the hypocrite who, for motives equally mercenary, affects a sentimental attachment. I wish you to call on my chamberlain, and inform him that I dispense with his services for the space of a year. Inform his wife that I forbid her appearance at court for six years. And make known to the affectionate married couple, that, to afford them an opportunity of duly appreciating each other's qualities, I give them leave to spend six months in Naples, six months in Vienna, and six months in any other part of Germany."

On another occasion a lieutenant colonel sent a petition to Napoleon soliciting promotion. In accordance with the corruptions of those paganized times, he added, "I have two *beautiful daughters*, who will be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of the good Emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father."

Napoleon was indignant at this atrocious proposal. He said, "I know not what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment." Napoleon made inquiries respecting this officer, and found that he had been one of the assassins during the Reign of Terror, and an intimate friend of Robespierre. He immediately dismissed him from service. He found that the daughters were amiable and interesting young ladies, totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. That they might not suffer the penalty of their father's base-

ness, he settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city.

Napoleon effectually enthroned himself in the hearts of the common people of France. They believed him to be their friend and advocate. They still cherish the same belief. At this hour there is no ruler, enthroned or entombed, who is regarded with the enthusiastic veneration with which the people of France now cherish the memory of their emperor. Napoleon stands alone in that glory. He has no rival.

Robert Southey makes the following admissions respecting this great conflict between Napoleon, as the advocate of popular rights, and the despotic governments of Europe.

"The state of Naples may be described in a few words. The king was one of the Spanish Bourbons. As the Cæsars have shown us to what wickedness the moral nature of princes may be perverted, so, in this family, the degradation to which their intellect and nature can be reduced has been not less conspicuously evinced. Ferdinand, like the rest of his race, was passionately fond of field-sports, and cared for nothing else. His queen had all the vices of the house of Austria, with little to mitigate and nothing to enoble them; provided she could have her pleasures, and the king his sports, they cared not in what manner the revenue was raised or administered. Of course, a system of favoritism existed at court, and the vilest and most impudent corruption prevailed in every department of state, and in every branch of administration from the highest to the lowest. A sense of better things was kept alive in some of the Neapolitans by literature, and by their intercourse with happier countries. These persons naturally looked to France at the commencement of the Revolution, and, during all the horrors of that Revolution, still cherished the hope that, by the aid of France, they might be enabled to establish a new order of things in Naples. They were not mistaken in believing that no government could be worse than their own. All these" (those seeking a change of government) "were confounded under the common name of Jacobins; and the Jacobins of the Continental kingdoms were regarded by the English with more hatred than they deserved. No circumstances could be more unfavorable to the best interests of Europe than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the Continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England."

Such are the concessions to which Mr. Southey is forced, while all his sympathies were with the English aristocracy. The sympathies of Napoleon were nobly and magnanimously with the oppressed people. He wished to promote reform, but he had seen enough of blind and maddened revolution. He wished to see the people restored to their rights, and also protected from the desolations of infuriate mobs. In this view every step of his career is consistent. He resisted with equal firmness the arrogance of aristocratic usurpation and the encroachments of anarchy. Thus, in strange alliance, the kings and the mob joined hands against him, and he became the idol of the millions.

In Naples, while Napoleon was in Egypt, the Republican party made an effort to throw off the intolerable tyranny with which the kingdom was op-

pressed. They were, for a time, quite successful, and the prospect of achieving the emancipation of Naples was brilliant. But a combined force of English, Russians, and Neapolitans fell with such irresistible power upon the Republicans that the movement was crushed. Parties of these patriotic men took refuge in two strong castles. They were besieged by the Allies. Knowing the perfidy of the Neapolitans and the Russians, and believing that the English would have some little sympathy for those who were struggling for freedom, they demanded that a British officer should be brought forward, and to him they capitulated. Under the solemn sanction of the British name that their persons and property should be safe, and that they and their families should be conveyed unmolested to France, where warm hearts would welcome them, they threw down their arms and opened the gates of the fortresses. This capitulation was signed by the three allied powers. Cardinal Ruffo signed as Viceroy of Naples, Kerandy on the part of the Emperor of Russia; and Captain Foote as representative of the King of England.

But, just at this time, Lord Nelson, with his triumphant fleet, entered the bay. He had on board his ship his guilty paramour, Lady Hamilton, and the infamous King and Queen of Naples. Nelson immediately made signal to *annul the treaty*, declaring that he would grant rebels no other terms than unconditional submission. The Neapolitan cardinal protested earnestly against such an atrocious violation of faith. But to these remonstrances the British admiral would not listen. He seized the hated Republicans, and chained them, two and two, on board his own fleet. The King of Naples had not sufficient nerve to witness the horrible scenes which were to ensue. He hurried from the ship to his palace, and left Lord Nelson, the queen, and Lady Hamilton to do their pleasure. "Numbers," says Alison, "were immediately condemned and executed. The vengeance of the populace supplied what was wanting in the celerity of the criminal tribunals. Neither age, nor sex, nor rank were spared. Women as well as men, youths of sixteen and gray-headed men of seventy were alike led out to the scaffold, and infants of twelve years of age sent into exile. The Republicans behaved in almost every instance, in their last moments, with heroic courage, and made men forget, in pity for their misfortunes, the ingratitude or treason of which they had previously been guilty."

Sir Archibald can allow himself to call those noble men who were spurning the infamous tyranny of Ferdinand of Naples *ungrateful traitors*. Had Washington, and Adams, and Hancock failed and died upon the gibbet, they also would have been stigmatized as *ungrateful traitors*, and men, boasting their love of liberty, would heap obloquy upon those who should dare to vindicate their cause.

Admiral Carraccioli, a man of the purest and noblest character, was one of the leaders of this Republican band. He had already passed the limits of threescore years and ten. He was arrested at nine o'clock in the morning, put on his trial on board the British flag-ship at ten, found guilty and sentenced to death at twelve, and hanged at the fore-yard-arm of the frigate at five o'clock in the afternoon; after which his body was cut down and cast into the sea. The admiral entreated Lord Nelson to grant him a new trial, as he had not been allowed time to prepare his defense. Lord Nelson re-

fused. He then earnestly implored that he might be shot, declaring that the disgrace of being hanged was dreadful to him. This also was sternly denied. As a last hope, he sent Lieutenant Parkinson, in whose custody he was, to plead with Lady Hamilton. She refused to be seen. This abandoned woman, however, came upon the deck to enjoy the dying convulsions of the Republican admiral as he was dangling at the yard-arm. For these infamous deeds Lord Nelson received from the court of Naples a diamond-hilted sword, the dukedom of Bronte, a title which greatly flattered his vanity, and an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year.

“For these acts of cruelty,” says Alison, “no sort of apology can or ought to be offered. In every point of view, the conduct of Nelson in this tragic affair was inexcusable.” Southey says, “To palliate it would be vain; to justify it would be wicked. There is no alternative for one who will not make himself participator in guilt but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.”

What would have been said of Napoleon could such a transaction as this have been laid to his charge, that, abandoning his noble and broken-hearted wife, and attaching himself to an infamous woman, and becoming the slave to her fascinations, he violated the most solemn treaty, imprisoned and strangled the victims of regal perfidy, and surrendered men, women, and children to outrage and assassination from the hands of a ferocious mob! And yet the British government can rear monuments to the name of Nelson, while it endeavors to consign the memory of Napoleon to infamy. Will the verdict of the world ratify this injustice? We may safely answer *No!**

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

Renewed Attacks by England and Austria—Proclamation—Generosity to Moreau—Napoleon’s Plans for himself—English Caricatures—Pass of the Great St. Bernard—Grand Preparations—Enthusiastic Toil of the Soldiers—The young Peasant.

NAPOLEON, finding his proffers of peace rejected by the government of England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared, with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the Allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the Channel, utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, lavishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partisans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town. On the northern frontier, Marshal Kray came thundering down through the Black Forest to the banks of the Rhine with a mighty host of 150,000 men, to pour into all the northern provinces of France. Artillery of the heaviest calibre and a

* “It deserves,” says Alison, “to be recorded, to the honor of Napoleon, that he endeavored to palliate Nelson’s share in these dark transactions, ascribing it to misinformation and the fascinating ascendancy of Lady Hamilton.”

magnificent array of cavalry accompanied this apparently invincible army. In Italy, Melas, another Austrian marshal, with 140,000 men, aided by the whole force of the British navy, was rushing upon the eastern and southern borders of the Republic. The French troops, disheartened by defeat, had fled before their foes over the Alps, or were eating their horses and their boots in the cities where they were besieged. From almost every promontory on the coast of the Republic, washed by the Channel or the Mediterranean, the eye could discern English frigates, black and threatening, holding all France in a state of blockade.

One always finds a certain pleasure in doing that which he can do well. Napoleon was fully conscious of his military genius. He had, in behalf of bleeding humanity, implored peace in vain. He now, with alacrity and with joy, roused himself to inflict blows that should be felt upon his multitudinous enemies. With such tremendous energy did he do this, that he received from his antagonists the complimentary sobriquet of the *one hundred thousand men*. Wherever Napoleon made his appearance in the field, his presence alone was considered equivalent to that force.

The following proclamation rang like a trumpet charge over the hills and valleys of France. "Frenchmen! You have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardor. Its first efforts, its most constant wishes, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy its commerce, and either to erase it from the map of Europe, or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the Continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the attainment of this object, she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

At this call all the martial spirits of France rushed to arms. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the welfare of the state, seemed to forget even his own glory in the intensity of his desire to make France victorious over her foes. With the most magnanimous superiority to all feelings of jealousy, he raised an army of 150,000 men, the very élite of the troops of France, the veterans of a hundred battles, and placed them in the hands of Moreau, the only man in France who could be called his rival. Napoleon also presented to Moreau the plan of a campaign in accordance with his own energy, boldness, and genius. Its accomplishment would have added surpassing brilliance to the reputation of Moreau. But the cautious general was afraid to adopt it, and presented another, perhaps as safe, but one which would produce no dazzling impression upon the imaginations of men.

"Your plan," said one, a friend of Moreau, to the First Consul, "is grander, more decisive, and even more sure. But it is not adapted to the slow and cautious genius of the man who is to execute it. You have your method of making war, which is superior to all others. Moreau has his own, inferior certainly, but still excellent. Leave him to himself. If you impose your ideas upon him, you will wound his self-love and disconcert him."

Napoleon, profoundly versed in the knowledge of the human heart, promptly replied, "You are right; Moreau is not capable of grasping the plan which

I have conceived. Let him follow his own course. The plan which he does not understand and dare not execute I myself will carry out on another part of the theatre of war. What he fears to attempt on the Rhine, I will accomplish on the Alps. The day may come when he will regret the glory which he yields to me."

These were proud and prophetic words. Moreau was moderately victorious upon the Rhine, driving back the invaders. The sun of Napoleon soon rose over the field of Marengo in a blaze of effulgence, which paled Moreau's twinkling star into utter obscurity. But we know not where upon the page of history to find an act of more lofty generosity than this surrender of the noblest army of the Republic to one who considered himself, and was deemed by others, a rival, and thus to throw open to him the theatre of war where apparently the richest laurels were to be won; and we know not where to look for a deed more proudly expressive of self-confidence. "I will give Moreau," said he by this act, "one hundred and fifty thousand of the most brave and disciplined soldiers of France, the victors of a hundred battles. I myself will take sixty thousand men, new recruits and the fragments of regiments which remain, and with them I will march to encounter an equally powerful enemy on a more difficult field of warfare."

Marshal Melas had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fortresses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favorable point, to gather in vast magazines its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul.

Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation. Of course, the Allies thought that this was a foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army at Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretense to deceive. The print-shops of London and Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of Dijon. The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly exhausted in raising the force which was given to Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket which he could with difficulty lift, and



eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul the majestic movements of his plans.

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hill-sides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds, and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge, spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path, at times, was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks, would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild, and rugged, and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into the dimly discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet.

At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ear. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchred in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view.

This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted, for more than a thousand years, by a succession of joyless

and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and storm-swept cliffs of granite and of ice. The pinion of the eagle fails in its rarefied air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood, which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible.

Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet, to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of Saint Gothard, Little St Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might indeed strike a panic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the place of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been noiselessly collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded, to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skillful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and the baggage-wagons into fragments, that they might be transported, on the backs of men and mules, over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a

vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided, to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces.

On each side of the mountain a hospital was established, and supplied with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended even to sending, at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit, an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese, with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men in reorganizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained. And yet his body and his mind were so constituted that his sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying,

“Good-by, my dear Josephine! I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be absent long.”

At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot-soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was every where, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way.

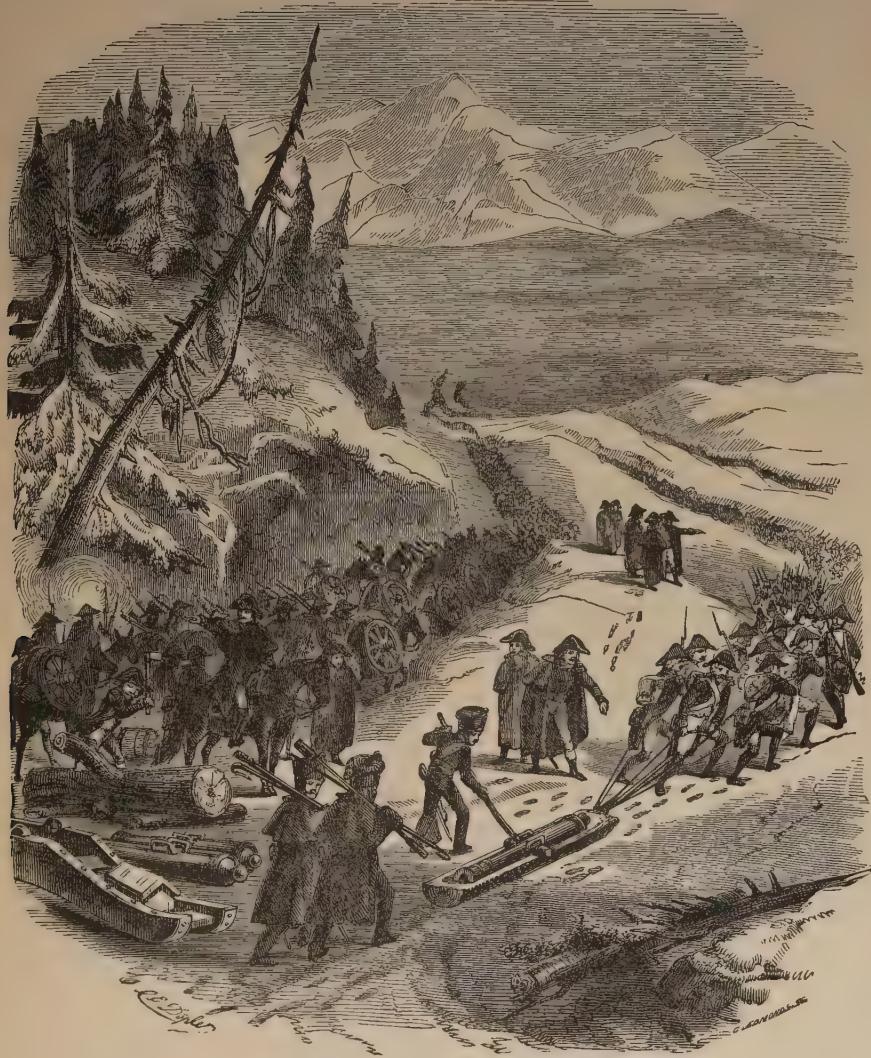
“Is it possible,” inquired Napoleon, “to cross the pass?”

“Perhaps,” was the hesitating reply, “it is within the limits of possibility.”

“Forward, then,” was the energetic response.

Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous path could only be trod in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot-soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble he was exposed to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers,

pine logs were split in the centre, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good-will, brought their own shoulders into the harness—a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants two hundred dollars for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to lure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more powerful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men re-



DRAWING A GUN OVER GREAT ST. BERNARD.

lieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steeps, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men like phantoms appear-

ed. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff, to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty, the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to these bands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives. "We are not toiling for money," said they, "but for your approval, and to share your glory."

Napoleon, with his wonderful tact, had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had heretofore been driven by mere wagoners, who, being considered not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honor. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy.

Napoleon said, "The cannoneer who brings his piece into action, performs as valuable a service as the cannoneer who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honor."

He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand horsemen, who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action, and in bringing them off with rapidity and safety, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved, tenderly, the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded, it needs something to love. These bloodstained soldiers, brutalized by vice, amid all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, responding to the appeal, "Call me pet names, dearest." The unrelenting gun was the stern cannoneer's lady-love. He kissed it with unwashed, mustached lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently he baptized the life-devouring monster with blood. Affectionately he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps, dark night came on as some cannoneers were floundering through drifts of snow, toiling at their gun. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozen snow by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies. "It is nothing but imagination," said one once to Napoleon. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

When they arrived at the summit, each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of forty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet every thing was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division and to super-



intend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for his guide, slowly and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the gray coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger; but truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveler whose steps he was conducting.

Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thought. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor, and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon, struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, won the confidence of his companion, and elicited this artless recital of love and desire.

As Napoleon dismissed his guide with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil, and upon a loose piece of paper wrote a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army upon the other side. When the guide returned and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains, and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart which, in a hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.

CHAPTER XX.

M A R E N G O.

The Fort of Bard—Consternation of Melas—Solicitude of Napoleon—Proclamation—Desaix—Montebello—Arrival of Desaix—Terrific Battle—Death of Desaix—Consequences of War—Instinctive outburst of Emotion—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Terms of Capitulation—Napoleon enters Milan—Enthusiastic Reception in Paris.

THE army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure, and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards and orchards in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swell, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians, pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, ap-

proaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, marched gayly on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains on either side rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by a fort, built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose pyramidal from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible.

Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, where a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below.



PASSING THE FORT OF BARD.

Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock, by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians in the fort had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock, but neither bullet nor ball could harm them.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down in the shadow of the rock and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was an interesting spectacle to witness the tender affection beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly, and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form and pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could, by no possibility, be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed, or could pass, beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one half the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley.

In the darkness of the night, trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender.

Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke, in consternation, to a sense of his peril. Napoleon—the dreaded Napoleon—had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps. He had cut off all his supplies, and was shutting the Austrians up from any possibility of retreat. Bewildered by the magnitude of his peril, he no longer thought of forcing his march upon Paris. The invasion of France was abandoned. His whole energies were directed to opening for himself a passage back to Austria. The most cruel perplexities agitated him. From the very pinnacle of victory, he was in danger of descending to the deepest abyss of defeat.

It was also with Napoleon an hour of intense solicitude. He had but sixty thousand men, two thirds of whom were new soldiers who had never seen a shot fired in earnest, with whom he was to arrest the march of a desperate army of one hundred and twenty thousand veterans, abundantly provided with all the most efficient machinery of war. There were many paths by which Melas might escape at leagues' distance from each other. It was necessary for Napoleon to divide his little band, that he might guard them all. He was liable at any moment to have a division of his army attacked by an overwhelming force, and cut to pieces before it could receive any reinforcements. He ate not, he slept not, he rested not. Day and night, and night and day, he was on horseback, pale, pensive, apparently in feeble health, and interesting every beholder with his grave and melancholy beauty. His scouts were out in every direction. He studied all the possible movements and combinations of his foes. Rapidly he overran Lombardy,

and entered Milan in triumph. Melas anxiously concentrated his forces to break through the net with which he was entangled. He did every thing in his power to deceive Napoleon by various feints, that the point of his contemplated attack might not be known. Napoleon, in the following clarion tones, appealed to the enthusiasm of his troops:

“ Soldiers ! when we began our march, one department of France was in the hands of the enemy. Consternation pervaded the south of the Republic. You advanced. Already the French territory is delivered. Joy and hope in our country have succeeded to consternation and fear. The enemy, terror-struck, seeks only to regain his frontiers. You have taken his hospitals, his magazines, his reserve parks. The first act of the campaign is finished. Millions of men address you in strains of praise. But shall we allow our audacious enemies to violate with impunity the territory of the Republic ? Will you permit the army to escape which has carried terror into your families ? You will not. March, then, to meet it. Tear from its brows the laurels it has won. Teach the world that a malediction attends those who violate the territory of the Great People. The result of our efforts will be unclouded glory and a durable peace !”

The very day Napoleon left Paris, Desaix arrived in France from Egypt. Frank, sincere, upright, and punctiliously honorable, he was one of the few whom Napoleon truly loved. Desaix regarded Napoleon as infinitely his superior, and looked up to him with a species of adoration ; he loved him with a fervor of feeling which amounted almost to a passion. Napoleon, touched by the affection of a heart so noble, requited it with the most confiding friendship.

Desaix, upon his arrival in Paris, found letters for him there from the First Consul. As he read the confidential lines, he was struck with the melancholy air with which they were pervaded. “ Alas !” said he, “ Napoleon has gained every thing, and yet he is unhappy. I must hasten to meet him.” Without delay he crossed the Alps, and arrived at the head-quarters of Napoleon but a few days before the battle of Marengo. They passed the whole night together, talking over the events of Egypt and the prospects of France. Napoleon felt greatly strengthened by the arrival of his noble friend, and immediately assigned to him the command of a division of the army. “ Desaix,” said he, “ is my sheet anchor.”

“ You have had a long interview with Desaix,” said Bourrienne to Napoleon the next morning.

“ Yes,” he replied, “ but I had my reasons. As soon as I return to Paris I shall make him Minister of War. He shall always be my lieutenant. I would make him a prince if I could. He is of the heroic mould of antiquity !”

Napoleon was fully aware that a decisive battle would soon take place. Melas was rapidly, from all points, concentrating his army. The following laconic and characteristic order was issued by the First Consul to Lannes and Murat :

“ Gather your forces at the River Stradella. On the 8th or 9th, at the latest, you will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them, and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less upon our

hands on the day of the decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas."

The prediction was true. An Austrian force advanced, eighteen thousand strong. Lannes met them upon the field of Montebello. They were strongly posted, with batteries ranged upon the hill-sides which swept the whole plain. It was of the utmost importance that this body should be prevented from combining with the other vast forces of the Austrians. Lannes had but eight thousand men. Could he sustain the unequal conflict for a few hours, Victor, who was some miles in the rear, could come up with a reserve of four thousand men. The French soldiers, fully conscious of the odds against which they were to contend, and of the carnage into the midst of which they were plunging, with shouts of enthusiasm rushed upon their foes. Instantaneously a storm of grapeshot from all the batteries swept through his ranks. Said Lannes, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail-storm.*"

For nine long hours, from eleven in the morning till eight at night, the horrid carnage continued. Again and again the mangled, bleeding, wasted columns were rallied to the charge. At last, when three thousand Frenchmen were strewn dead upon the ground, the Austrians broke and fled, leaving also three thousand mutilated corpses and six thousand prisoners behind them. Napoleon, hastening to the aid of his lieutenant, arrived upon the field just in time to see the battle won. He rode up to Lannes. The intrepid soldier stood in the midst of mounds of the dead, his sword dripping with blood in his exhausted hand, his face blackened with powder and smoke, and his uniform soiled and tattered by the long and terrific strife. Napoleon silently but proudly smiled upon the heroic general, and forgot not his reward. From this battle, Lannes received the title of Duke of Montebello, a title by which his family is distinguished to the present day.

This was the opening of the campaign. It inspired the French with enthusiasm; it nerved the Austrians to despair. Melas now determined to make a desperate effort to break through the toils. Napoleon, with intense solicitude, was watching every movement of his foe, knowing not upon what point the onset would fall. Before daybreak on the morning of the 14th of June, Melas, having accumulated forty thousand men, including seven thousand cavalry and two hundred pieces of cannon, made an impetuous assault upon the French, but twenty thousand in number, drawn up upon the plain of Marengo. Desaix, with a reserve of six thousand men, was at such a distance, nearly thirty miles from Marengo, that he could not possibly be recalled before the close of the day. The danger was frightful that the French would be entirely cut to pieces before any succor could arrive.

But the quick ear of Desaix caught the sound of the heavy cannonade as it came booming over the plain like distant thunder. He sprung from his couch and listened. The heavy and uninterrupted roar proclaimed a pitched battle, and he was alarmed for his beloved chief. Immediately he roused his troops, and they started upon the rush to succor their comrades. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier to hurry the division along, while his troops stood firm through terrific hours as their ranks were plowed by the murderous discharges of their foes. At last, the destruction was too awful for mor-

tal men to endure. Many divisions of the army broke and fled, crying, "*All is lost—save himself who can!*"

A scene of frightful disorder ensued. The whole plain was covered with fugitives, swept like an inundation before the multitudinous Austrians. Napoleon still held a few squares together, who slowly and sullenly retreated, while two hundred pieces of artillery, closely pressing them, poured incessant death into their ranks. Every foot of ground was left encumbered with the dead. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Melas, exhausted with toil and assured that he had gained a complete victory, left General Zach to finish the work. He retired to his head-quarters, and immediately dispatched couriers all over Europe to announce the great victory of Marengo. "Melas is too sanguine," said an Austrian veteran, who had before encountered Napoleon at Arcola and Rivoli; "depend upon it, our day's work is not yet done. Napoleon will yet be upon us with his reserve."

Just then the anxious eye of the First Consul espied the solid columns of Desaix entering the plain. Desaix, plunging his spurs into his horse, outstripped all the rest, and galloped into the presence of Napoleon. As he cast a glance over the wild confusion and devastation of the field, he exclaimed, hurriedly,

"I see that the battle is lost. I suppose I can do no more for you than to secure your retreat."

"By no means," Napoleon replied, with apparently as much composure as if he had been sitting by his own fireside; "the battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear."

Like a rock, Desaix, with his solid phalanx of ten thousand men, met the on-rolling billow of Austrian victory. At the same time, Napoleon dispatched an order to Kellerman with his cavalry to charge the triumphant column of the Austrians in flank. It was the work of a moment, and the whole aspect of the field was changed. Napoleon rode along the lines of those on the retreat, exclaiming,

"My friends, we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle."

The fugitives, reanimated by the arrival of the reserve, immediately rallied in their rear. The double charge in front and flank was instantly made. The Austrians were checked and staggered. A tornado of bullets from Desaix's division swept their ranks. They poured an answering volley into the bosoms of the French. A bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, and he fell and almost immediately expired. His last words were,

"Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity."

The soldiers, who devotedly loved him, saw his fall, and rushed more madly on to avenge his death. The swollen tide of uproar, confusion, and dismay now turned, and rolled in surging billows in the opposite direction. Hardly one moment elapsed before the Austrians, flushed with victory, found themselves overwhelmed by defeat. In the midst of this terrific scene, an aid rode up to Napoleon and said,

"Desaix is dead."

But a moment before they were conversing side by side. Napoleon pressed

his head convulsively with his hand, and exclaimed, mournfully, “Why is it not permitted me to weep! Victory at such a price is dear.”

The French now made the welkin ring with shouts of victory. Indescribable dismay filled the Austrian ranks, as wildly they rushed before their unrelenting pursuers. Their rout was utter and hopeless. When the sun went down over this field of blood, after twelve hours of the most frightful carnage, a scene was presented horrid enough to appal the heart of a demon. More than twenty thousand human beings were strewn upon the ground, the dying and the dead, weltering in gore, and in every conceivable form of disfiguration. Horses, with limbs torn from their bodies, were struggling in convulsive agonies. Fragments of guns and swords, and of military wagons of every kind, were strewed around in wild ruin. Frequent piercing cries, which agony extorted from the lacerated victims of war, rose above the general moanings of anguish, which, like wailings of the storm, fell heavily upon the ear. The shades of night were now descending upon this awful scene of misery. The multitude of the wounded was so great, that, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the surgeons, hour after hour of the long night lingered away, while thousands of the wounded and the dying bit the dust in their agony.

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also revolting hideousness and demoniac woe. The young, the noble, the sanguine were writhing there in agony. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek, and transform the human face divine into an aspect upon which one can not gaze but with horror. From the field of Marengo many a young man returned to his home so mutilated as no longer to be recognized by friends, and passed a weary life in repulsive deformity. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war-horse, with iron hoof, tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture. Crushed into the bloody mire by the ponderous wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of barbaric war thinks of mother, and father, and sister, and home, and shrieks, and moans, and dies; his body is stripped by the vagabonds who follow the camp; his naked, mangled corpse is covered with a few shovelsful of earth, and left as food for vultures and for dogs, and he is forgotten forever—and it is called *glory*.

He who loves war for the sake of its excitements, its pageantry, and its fancied glory, is the most eminent of all the dupes of folly and of sin. He who loathes war with inexpressible loathing, who will do every thing in his power to avert the dire and horrible calamity, but who will, nevertheless, in the last extremity, with a determined spirit encounter all its perils from love of country and of home, who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive the homage of the world, and we also fully believe that he will receive the approval of God. Washington abhorred war in all its forms, yet he braved all its perils.

For the carnage of the field of Marengo Napoleon can not be held responsible. Upon England and Austria must rest all the guilt of that awful tragedy. Napoleon had done every thing he could to stop the effusion of

blood. He had sacrificed the instincts of pride in pleading with a haughty foe for peace. His plea was unavailing. Three hundred thousand men were marching upon France, to force upon her a detested king. It was not the duty of France to submit to such dictation. Drawing the sword in self-defense, Napoleon fought and conquered. "Te Deum laudamus."*

It is not possible but that Napoleon must have been elated by so resplendent a victory. He knew that Marengo would be classed as the most brilliant of his achievements. The blow had fallen with such terrible severity, that the haughty Allies were terribly humbled. Melas was now at his mercy. Napoleon could dictate peace upon his own terms. Yet he rode over the field of his victory with a saddened spirit, and gazed mournfully upon the ruin and the wretchedness around him. As he was slowly and thoughtfully passing along, through the heaps of the dead with which the ground was encumbered, he met a number of carts, heavily laden with the wounded, torn by balls, and bullets, and fragments of shells, into most hideous spectacles of deformity. As the heavy wheels lumbered over the rough ground, grating the splintered bones, and bruising and opening afresh the inflamed wounds, shrieks of torture were extorted from the victims. Napoleon stopped his horse and uncovered his head as the melancholy procession of misfortune and woe passed along.

Turning to a companion, he said, "We can not but regret not being wounded like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings." A more touching expression of sympathy has never been recorded. He who says that this was hypocrisy is a stranger to the generous impulses of a noble heart. This instinctive outburst of emotion never could have been instigated by policy.

Napoleon had fearlessly exposed himself to every peril during this conflict. His clothes were repeatedly pierced by bullets. Balls struck between the legs of his horse, covering him with earth. A cannon-ball took away a piece of the boot from his left leg, and a portion of the skin, leaving a scar which was never obliterated.

Before Napoleon marched for Italy, he had made every effort in his power for the attainment of peace. Now, with magnanimity above all praise, without waiting for the first advance from his conquered foes, he wrote again imploring peace. Upon the field of Marengo, having scattered all his enemies like chaff before him, with the smoke of the conflict still darkening the air, and the groans of the dying swelling upon his ear, laying aside all the formalities of state, with heartfelt feeling and earnestness he wrote to the Emperor of Austria. This extraordinary epistle was thus commenced :

* "If British policy and government had been then what it is avowedly and really now, and should always be, that of non-intervention, letting France govern herself as her people chose, Bonaparte might never have become Napoleon. To get rid of a chief magistrate who restored order, law, religion, the finances, power, and universal peace, war was made; not declared, as at last in 1815, against him personally, but in 1803 actually because he governed a French republic inoffensively and admirably. If, at that time, Bonaparte had died or resigned, the glories, aggrandizement, and downfall of the empire would not have ensued, but his name would have been pure, bright, and clear of calumnious representations. A moral man, an exemplary citizen; amiable, temperate, chaste, strictly honest and disinterested; famous as a military chieftain and civil administrator; a conservative reformer, not a Republican, but a founder of a representative government."

—*History of the Second War, by Ingersoll, vol. i., p. 208.*

“Sire! It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by fifteen thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each others’ throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty’s heart can not feel it so keenly as does mine.”

The letter was long and most eloquent. “For what are you fighting?” said Napoleon. “For religion? Then make war on the Russians and the English, who are the enemies of your faith. Do you wish to guard against revolutionary principles? It is this very war which has extended them over half the Continent, by extending the conquests of France. The continuance of the war can not fail to diffuse them still further. Is it for the balance of Europe? The English threaten that balance far more than does France, for they have become the masters and the tyrants of commerce, and are beyond the reach of resistance. Is it to secure the interests of the house of Austria? Let us then execute the treaty of Campo Formio, which secures to your majesty large indemnities in compensation for the provinces lost in the Netherlands, and secures them to you where you most wish to obtain them, that is, in Italy. Your majesty may send negotiators whither you will, and we will add to the treaty of Campo Formio stipulations calculated to assure you of the continued existence of the secondary states, all of which the French Republic is accused of having shaken. Upon these conditions, peace is made, if you will. Let us make the armistice general for all the armies, and enter into negotiations instantly.”

A courier was immediately dispatched to Vienna to convey this letter to the Emperor. In the evening, Bourrienne hastened to congratulate Napoleon upon his extraordinary victory. “What a glorious day!” said he.

“Yes!” replied Napoleon, mournfully, “very glorious—could I this evening but have embraced Desaix upon the field of battle.”

On the same day, and at nearly the same hour in which the fatal bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, an assassin, in Egypt, plunged a dagger into the bosom of Kleber. The spirits of these illustrious men, these blood-stained warriors, thus unexpectedly met in the spirit-land. There they wander now. How impenetrable the veil which shuts their destiny from our view. The soul longs for clearer vision of that far-distant world, peopled by the innumerable host of the mighty dead. There Napoleon now dwells. Does he retain his intellectual supremacy? Do his generals gather around him with love and homage? Has his pensive spirit sunk down into gloom and despair, or has it soared into cloudless regions of purity and peace? The mystery of Death! Death alone can solve it. Christianity, with its lofty revealings, sheds but dim twilight upon the world of departed spirits.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said, “Of all the generals I ever had under my command, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talent—in particular Desaix, as Kleber loved glory only as the means of acquiring wealth and pleasure. Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every other consideration. To him riches and pleasure were of no value, nor did he ever give them a moment’s thought. He was a little, black-looking man, about an inch shorter than myself, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and de-

spising alike comfort and convenience. Enveloped in a cloak, Desaix would throw himself under a gun, and sleep as contentedly as if reposing in a palace. Luxury had for him no charms. Frank and honest in all his proceedings, he was denominated by the Arabs Sultan the Just. Nature intended him to figure as a consummate general. Kleber and Desaix were irreparable losses to France."

It is impossible to describe the dismay which pervaded the camp of the Austrians after this terrible defeat. They were entirely cut off from all retreat, and were at the mercy of Napoleon. A council of war was held by the Austrian officers during the night, and it was unanimously resolved that capitulation was unavoidable. Early the next morning a flag of truce was sent to the head-quarters of Napoleon. The Austrians offered to abandon Italy if the generosity of the victor would grant them the boon of not being made prisoners of war. Napoleon met the envoy with great courtesy, and, according to his custom, stated promptly and irrevocably the conditions upon which he was willing to treat. The terms were generous.

"The Austrian armies," said he, "may unmolestedly return to their homes; but all of Italy must be abandoned."

Melas, who was eighty years of age, hoped to modify the terms, and again sent the negotiator to suggest some alterations.

"Monsieur!" said Napoleon, "my conditions are irrevocable. I did not begin to make war yesterday. Your position is as perfectly comprehended by me as by yourselves. You are encumbered with dead, sick, and wounded, destitute of provisions, deprived of the élite of your army, surrounded on every side. I might exact every thing; but I respect the white hairs of your general, and the valor of your soldiers. I ask nothing but what is rigorously justified by the present position of affairs. Take what steps you may, you will have no other terms."

The conditions were immediately signed, and a suspension of arms was agreed upon until an answer could be received from Vienna.

Napoleon left Paris for this campaign on the 7th of May. The battle of Marengo was fought on the 14th of June. Thus, in five weeks, Napoleon had scaled the barrier of the Alps: with sixty thousand soldiers, most of them undisciplined recruits, he had utterly discomfited an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and regained the whole of Italy. The achievement amazed the civilized world. The bosom of every Frenchman throbbed with gratitude and pride. One shout of enthusiasm ascended from united France. Napoleon had laid the foundation of his throne deep in the heart of the French nation, and *there* that foundation still remains unshaken.

Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph. He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour, by day and by night, in reorganizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note, which four days after the battle of Marengo he wrote to the Consuls in Paris: "To-day, whatever our Atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum* which is to be chanted in the Cathedral of Milan."*

* The *Te Deum* is an anthem of praise, sung in churches on occasion of thanksgiving. It is so called from the first words, "Te Deum laudamus," *Thee, God, we praise.*

An unworthy spirit of detraction has vainly sought to wrest from Napoleon the honor of this victory, and to attribute it all to the flank charge made by Kellerman. Such attempts deserve no detailed reply. Napoleon had secretly and suddenly called into being an army, and by its apparently miraculous creation had astounded Europe. He had effectually deceived the vigilance of his enemies, so as to leave them entirely in the dark respecting his point of attack. He had conveyed that army, with all its stores, over the pathless crags of the Great St. Bernard. Like an avalanche he had descended from the mountains upon the plains of startled Italy. He had surrounded the Austrian hosts, though they were double his numbers, with a net through which they could not break. In a decisive battle he had scattered their ranks before him like chaff before the whirlwind. He was nobly seconded by those generals whom his genius had chosen and created.

It is indeed true, that without his generals and his soldiers he could not have gained the victory. Massena contributed to the result by his matchless defense of Genoa; Moreau, by holding in abeyance the army of the Rhine; Lannes, by his iron firmness on the plain of Montebello; Desaix, by the promptness with which he rushed to the rescue, as soon as his ear caught the far-off thunders of the cannon of Marengo; and Kellerman, by his admirable flank charge of cavalry. But it was the genius of Napoleon which planned the mighty combination, which roused and directed the enthusiasm of the generals, which inspired the soldiers with fearlessness and nerved them for the strife, and which, through these efficient agencies, secured the astounding results.

Napoleon established his triumphant army, now increased to eighty thousand men, in the rich valley of the Po. He assigned to the heroic Massena the command of this triumphant host, and ordering all the forts and citadels which blocked the approaches from France to be blown up, set out, on the 24th of June, for his return to Paris. In recrossing the Alps by the pass of Mount Cenis, he met the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to Italy to join her husband. Napoleon ordered his carriage to be stopped, and alighting, greeted the lady with great courtesy, and congratulated her upon the gallant conduct of her husband at Marengo. As he was riding along one day, Bourrienne spoke of the world-wide renown which the First Consul had attained.

"Yes," Napoleon thoughtfully replied. "A few more events like this campaign, and my name may perhaps go down to posterity."

"I think," Bourrienne rejoined, "that you have already done enough to secure a long and lasting fame."

"Done enough!" Napoleon replied. "You are very good! It is true that in less than two years I have conquered Cairo, Paris, Milan. But were I to die to-morrow, half a page of general history would be all that would be devoted to my exploits."

Napoleon's return to Paris, through the provinces of France, was a scene of constant triumph. The joy of the people amounted almost to phrensy. Bonfires, illuminations, the pealing of bells, and the thunders of artillery, accompanied him all the way. Long lines of young maidens, selected for their grace and beauty, formed avenues of loveliness and smiles through

which he was to pass, and carpeted his path with flowers. He arrived in Paris at midnight on the 2d of July, having been absent but eight weeks.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians was unbounded and inexhaustible. Day after day, and night after night, the festivities continued. The Palace of the Tuilleries was ever thronged with a crowd, eager to catch a glimpse of the preserver of France. All the public bodies waited upon him with congratulations. Bells rang, cannon thundered, bonfires and illuminations blazed, rockets and fire-works, in meteoric splendor, filled the air, bands of music poured forth their exuberant strains, and united Paris, thronging the garden of the Tuilleries, and flooding back into the Elysian Fields, rent the heavens with deafening shouts of exultation. As Napoleon stood at the window of his palace, witnessing this spectacle of a nation's gratitude, he said,

“The sound of these acclamations is as sweet to me as the voice of Josephine. How happy I am to be beloved by such a people!”

Preparations were immediately made for a brilliant and imposing solemnity in commemoration of the victory. “Let no triumphal arch be raised to me,” said Napoleon. “I wish for no triumphal arch but the public satisfaction.”

It is not strange that enthusiasm and gratitude should have glowed in the ardent bosoms of the French. In four months Napoleon had raised France from an abyss of ruin to the highest pinnacle of prosperity and renown. For anarchy he had substituted law, for bankruptcy a well-replenished treasury, for ignominious defeat resplendent victory, for universal discontent as universal satisfaction. The invaders were driven from France, the hostile alliance broken, and the blessings of peace were now promised to the war-harassed nation.

During this campaign there was presented a very interesting illustration of Napoleon's wonderful power of anticipating the progress of coming events. Bourrienne one day, just before the commencement of the campaign, entered the cabinet at the Tuilleries, and found an immense map of Italy unrolled upon the carpet, and Napoleon stretched upon it. With pins, whose heads were tipped with red and black sealing-wax, to represent the French and Austrian forces, Napoleon was studying all the possible combinations and evolutions of the two hostile armies. Bourrienne, in silence, but with deep interest, watched the progress of this pin campaign. Napoleon, having arranged the pins with red heads where he intended to conduct the French troops, and with the black pins designating the point which he supposed the Austrians would occupy, looked up to his secretary and said,

“Do you think that I shall beat Melas?”

“Why, how can I tell?” Bourrienne answered.

“Why, you simpleton,” said Napoleon, playfully, “just look here. Melas is at Alexandria, where he has his head-quarters. He will remain there until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alexandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here,” sticking a pin into the Great St. Bernard, “I fall upon Melas in his rear. I cut off his communications with Austria. I meet him here in the valley of the Bormida.” So saying, he stuck a red pin into the plain of Marengo.



NAPOLEON PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

Bourrienne regarded this maneuvering of pins as mere pastime. His countenance expressed his perfect incredulity. Napoleon, perceiving this, addressed to him some of his usual apostrophes, in which he was accustomed playfully to indulge in moments of relaxation, such as, "You ninny! You goose!" and rolled up the map.

Ten weeks passed away, and Bourrienne found himself upon the banks of the Bormida, writing, at Napoleon's dictation, an account of the battle of Marengo. Astonished to find Napoleon's anticipations thus minutely fulfilled, he frankly avowed his admiration of the military sagacity thus displayed. Napoleon himself smiled at the justice of his foresight.

Two days before the news of the battle of Marengo arrived in Vienna, England effected a new treaty with Austria for the more vigorous prosecution of the war. By this convention, it was provided that England should loan Austria ten millions of dollars, to bear no interest during the continuance of the conflict. And the Austrian cabinet bound itself not to make peace with France without the consent of the court of St. James. The Emperor of Austria was now sadly embarrassed. His sense of honor would not allow him to violate his pledge to the King of England and to make peace. On the other hand, he trembled at the thought of seeing the armies of the invincible Napoleon again marching upon his capital. He therefore resolved to temporize, and, in order to gain time, sent an ambassador to Paris. The plenipotentiary presented to Napoleon a letter, in which the Emperor stated,

"You will give credit to every thing which Count Julien shall say on my part. I will ratify whatever he shall do."

Napoleon, prompt in action, and uninformed of the new treaty between Francis and George III., immediately caused the preliminaries of peace

to be drawn up, which were signed by the French and Austrian ministers. The cabinet in Vienna, angry with their ambassador for not protracting the discussion, refused to ratify the treaty, recalled Count Julien, sent him into exile, informed the First Consul of the treaty which bound Austria not to make peace without the concurrence of Great Britain, assured France of the readiness of the English cabinet to enter into negotiations, and urged the immediate opening of a Congress at Luneville, to which plenipotentiaries should be sent from each of the three great contending powers.*

Napoleon was highly indignant in view of this duplicity and perfidy. Yet, controlling his anger, he consented to treat with England, and with that view proposed a *naval armistice* with the mistress of the seas. To this proposition England peremptorily refused to accede, as it would enable France to throw supplies into Egypt and Malta, which island England was besieging. The naval armistice would have been undeniably for the interests of France. But the Continental armistice was as undeniably adverse to her interests, enabling Austria to recover from her defeats and to strengthen her armies. Napoleon, fully convinced that England, in her inaccessible position, did not wish for peace, and that her only object in endeavoring to obtain admittance to the Congress was that she might throw obstacles in the way of reconciliation with Austria, offered to renounce all armistice with England, and to treat with her separately. This England also refused.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOHENLINDEN.

Duplicity of Austria—Obstinacy of England—Responsibility of Pitt—Battle of Hohenlinden—Treaty of Luneville—Testimony of Scott and Alison—Universality of Napoleon's Genius—Letter of General Durosel—The infernal Machine—Josephine's Letter—Absurd Reports—Madame Junot—Hortense.

IT was now September. Two months had passed in vexatious and sterile negotiations. Napoleon had taken every step in his power to secure peace. He sincerely desired it. He had already won all the laurels he could wish to win on the field of battle. The reconstruction of society in France, and the consolidation of his power, demanded all his energies. *The consolidation of his power!* That was just what the government of England dreaded. The consolidation of republican power, almost within cannon shot of the court of England, was an evil to be avoided at every hazard. It threatened the overthrow of both king and nobles.

William Pitt, the soul of the aristocratic government of England, determined still to prosecute the war. France could not harm England. But En-

* "Conscious now of the mortal blunder he had committed in rejecting the overtures for peace, the Emperor (of Austria) dispatched an envoy to Paris in the person of Count Julien, but rather to sound the views of the French government than armed with actual powers to treat. Nevertheless, the alarm of Pitt at this step was very great, and he labored with all his might to induce the Austrian cabinet to continue the war, making it the most lavish promises of subsidies from the British people. In truth, Austria was still inclined to try again the fortune of war, from the very excess of her disaster; but she wanted breathing-time after her prodigious losses, and she besought an extension of the Italian armistice to Germany."—*French Revolution, by T. W. Redhead.*

gland, with her invincible fleet, could sweep the commerce of France from the seas. Fox and his coadjutors, with great eloquence and energy, opposed the war. Their efforts were, however, unavailing. The *people* of England, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to defame the character of the First Consul, still cherished the conviction that, after all, Napoleon was their friend. Napoleon, in subsequent years, while reviewing these scenes of his early conflicts, with characteristic eloquence and magnanimity, gave utterance to the following sentiments, which the verdict of the world will certainly yet confirm.

“Pitt was the master of European policy. He held in his hands the moral fate of nations. But he made an ill use of his power. He kindled the fire of discord throughout the universe; and his name, like that of Erostratus, will be inscribed in history, amid flames, lamentations, and tears. Twenty-five years of universal conflagration, the numerous coalitions that added fuel to the flame, the revolution and devastation of Europe, the bloodshed of nations, the frightful debt of England, by which all these horrors were maintained, the pestilential system of loans by which the people of Europe are oppressed, the general discontent that now prevails—all must be attributed to Pitt. Posterity will brand him as a scourge.

“The man so lauded in his own time will hereafter be regarded as the genius of evil. Not that I consider him to have been willfully atrocious, or doubt his having entertained the conviction that he was acting right. But St. Bartholemew had also its conscientious advocates. The Pope and cardinals celebrated it by a *Te Deum*, and we have no reason to doubt their having done so in perfect sincerity. Such is the weakness of human reason and judgment? But that for which posterity will, above all, execrate the memory of Pitt, is the hateful school which he has left behind him; its insolent Machiavelism, its profound immorality, its cold egotism, and its utter disregard of justice and human happiness. Whether it be the effect of admiration and gratitude, or the result of mere instinct and sympathy, Pitt is, and will continue to be, the idol of the European aristocracy.

“There was, indeed, a touch of the Sylla in his character. His system has kept the popular cause in check, and brought about the triumph of the patricians. As for Fox, one must not look for his model among the ancients. He is himself a model, and his principles will sooner or later rule the world. The death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe.”

Austria really desired peace. The march of Napoleon’s armies upon Vienna was an evil more to be dreaded than even the consolidation of Napoleon’s power in France. But Austria was, by loans and treaties, so entangled with England, that she could make no peace without the consent of the court of St. James. Napoleon found that he was but trifled with. Interminable difficulties were thrown in the way of negotiation. Austria was taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities merely to recruit her defeated armies, that, as soon as the approaching winter had passed away, she might fall, with renovated energies, upon France.

The month of November had now arrived, and the mountains whitened with snow, were swept by the bleak winds of winter. The period of the armistice had expired. Austria applied for its prolongation. Napoleon was no longer thus to be duped. He consented, however, to a continued suspension of hostilities, on condition that the treaty of peace were signed within forty-eight hours. Austria, believing that no sane man would march an army into Germany in the dead of winter, and that she would have abundant time to prepare for a spring campaign, refused. The armies of France were immediately on the move.

The Emperor of Austria had improved every moment of this transient interval of peace in recruiting his forces. In person he had visited the army to inspire his troops with enthusiasm. The command of the imperial forces was intrusted to his second brother, the Archduke John. Napoleon moved with his accustomed vigor. The political necessities of Paris and of France rendered it impossible for him to leave the metropolis. He ordered one powerful army, under General Brune, to attack the Austrians in Italy, on the banks of the Mincio, and to press firmly toward Vienna. In the performance of this operation, General Macdonald, in the dead of winter, effected his heroic passage over the Alps by the pass of the Splügen. Victory followed their standards.

Moreau, with his magnificent army, commenced a winter campaign on the Rhine. Between the rivers Iser and Inn there is an enormous forest, many leagues in extent, of sombre firs and pines. It is a dreary and almost uninhabited wilderness of wild ravines and tangled under-brush. Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodmen's paths penetrate it at different points. In the centre there is a little hamlet of a few miserable huts, called Hohenlinden. In this forest, on the night of the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau, with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John with seventy thousand Austrian troops.

The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of midnight when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree-tops, and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery. Both parties, in the dark and tempestuous night, became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns in various places met. An awful scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued. Imagination can not compass the terrible sublimity of that spectacle. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy cannon-balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen, bewildered in the pathless snow, the shouts of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands, all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy which probably even this lost world never presented before.

The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and the snow fell in flakes so thick, and fast, and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see

each other. They often judged of the foe only by his position, and fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times, hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons; for though the officers of an army may be influenced by the most elevated sentiments of dignity and of honor, the mass of the common soldiers have ever been the most miserable, worthless, and degraded of mankind. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on the hill-sides and in dark ravines, with the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket, there in solitude and agony to moan, and freeze, and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitude of that dark, tempest-tossed, and blood-stained forest!

At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury. Nearly twenty thousand of the mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow. At last the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons, fled in dismay. This terrific conflict has been immortalized by the noble epic of Campbell, which is now familiar wherever the English language is known.

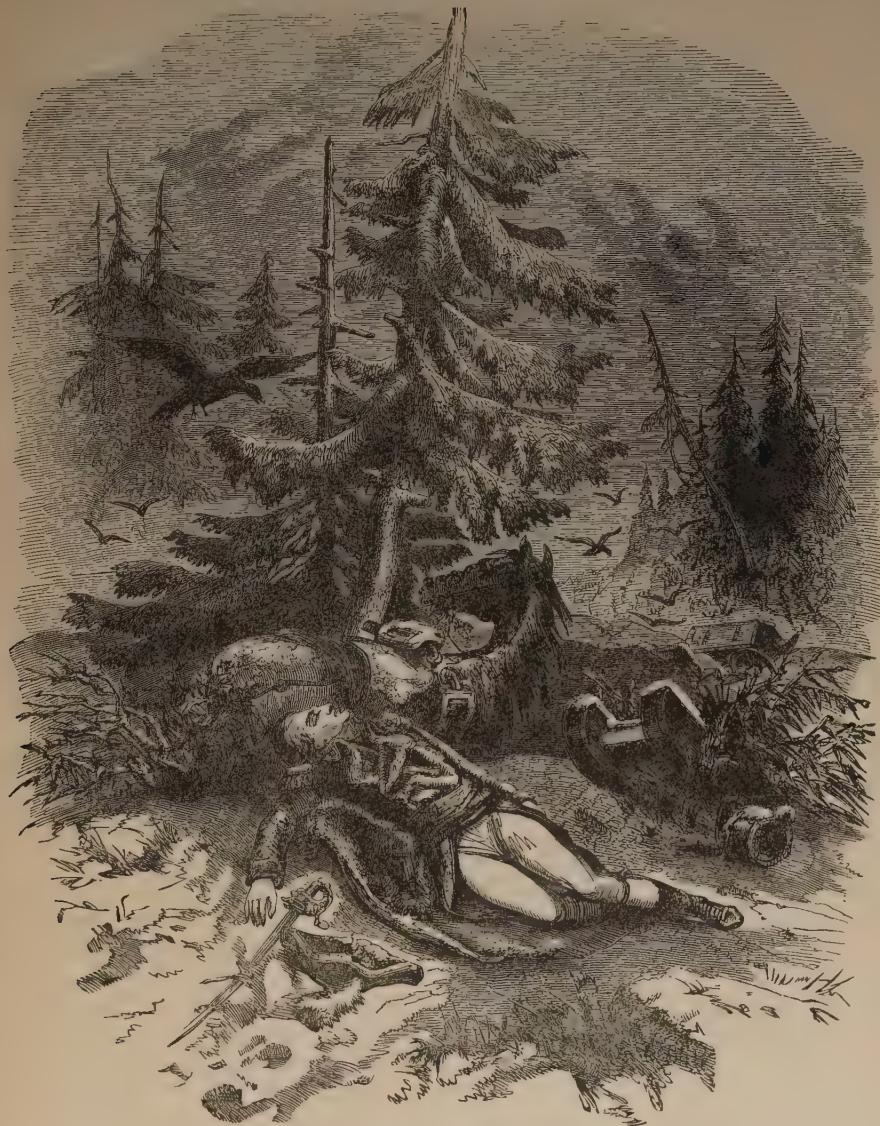
“On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

“But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery,” &c.

The retreating Austrians rushed down the valley of the Danube. Moreau followed thundering at their heels, plunging balls and shells into their retreating ranks. The victorious French were within thirty miles of Vienna, and the capital was in a state of indescribable dismay. The Emperor again sent an envoy imploring an armistice. The application was promptly acceded to, for Napoleon was contending only for peace. Yet, with unexampled magnanimity, notwithstanding these astonishing victories, Napoleon made no essential alterations in his terms. Austria was at his feet. His conquering armies were almost in sight of the steeples of Vienna. There was no power which the Emperor could present to obstruct their resistless march. He might have exacted any terms of humiliation. But still he adhered to the first terms which he had proposed.

Moreau was urged by some of his officers to press on to Vienna. “We had better halt,” he replied, “and be content with peace. It is for that alone that we are fighting.” The Emperor of Austria was thus compelled to treat without the concurrence of England. The insurmountable obstacle in the way of peace was thus removed. At Luneville, Joseph Bonaparte appeared as the ambassador of Napoleon, and Count Cobentzel as the pleni-

potentiate of Austria. The terms of the treaty were soon settled, and France was again at peace with all the world, England alone excepted.



DEATH AT HOHENLINDEN.

By this treaty the Rhine was acknowledged as the boundary of France. The Adige limited the possessions of Austria in Italy; and Napoleon made it an essential article that every Italian imprisoned in the dungeons of Austria for political offenses should immediately be liberated. There was to be no interference by either with the new republics which had sprung up in Italy. They were to be permitted to choose whatever form of government they preferred.

In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott makes the candid admission

that "the treaty of Luneville was not much more advantageous to France than that of Campo Formio. The moderation of the First Consul indicated at once his desire for peace upon the Continent, and considerable respect for the bravery and strength of Austria." And Alison, in cautious but significant phrase, remarks, "These conditions did not differ materially from those offered by Napoleon before the renewal of the war; *a remarkable circumstance*, when it is remembered how vast an addition the victories of Marengo, Hohenlinden, and the Mincio had since made to the preponderance of the French armies."

It was, indeed, "a remarkable circumstance," that Napoleon should have manifested such unparalleled moderation under circumstances of such aggravated indignity. In Napoleon's first Italian campaign he was contending solely for peace. At last he attained it, in the treaty of Campo Formio, on terms equally honorable to Austria and to France. On his return from Egypt, he found the armies of Austria, three hundred thousand strong, in alliance with England, invading the territories of the Republic. He implored peace, in the name of bleeding humanity, upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio. His foes regarded his supplication as the imploring cry of weakness, and treated it with scorn. With new vigor they poured their tempests of balls and shells upon France.

Napoleon scaled the Alps, and dispersed his foes at Marengo like autumn leaves before the gale. Amid the smoke, the blood, and the groans of the field of his victory, he again wrote imploring peace; and he wrote in terms dictated by the honest and gushing sympathies of a humane man, and not in the cold and stately forms of the diplomatist. Crushed as his foes were, he rose not in his demands, but nobly said, "I am still willing to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

His treacherous foes, to gain time to recruit their armies, that they might fall upon him with renovated vigor, agreed to an armistice. They then threw all possible embarrassments in the way of negotiation, and prolonged the armistice till the winds of winter were sweeping fiercely over the snow-covered hills of Austria. They thought that it was then too late for Napoleon to make any movements until spring, and that they had a long winter before them in which to prepare for another campaign. They refused peace. Through storms, and freezing gales, and drifting snows, the armies of Napoleon marched painfully to Hohenlinden. The hosts of Austria were again routed, and were swept away as the drifted snow flies before the gale. Ten thousand Frenchmen lie cold in death, the terrible price of the victory. The Emperor of Austria, in his palaces, heard the thunderings of Napoleon's approaching artillery. He implored peace. "It is all that I desire," said Napoleon; "I am not fighting for ambition or for conquest. I am still ready to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

While all the Continent was now at peace with France, England alone, with indomitable resolution, continued the war, without allies, and without any apparent or avowed object. France, comparatively powerless upon the seas, could strike no blows which would be felt by the distant islanders. "On every point," says Sir Walter Scott, "the English squadrons annihilated the commerce of France, crippled her revenues, and blockaded her forts."

The treaty of Luneville was signed on the 9th of February, 1801. Napoleon, lamenting the continued hostility of England, in announcing this peace to the people of France, remarked, "Why is not this treaty the treaty of a general peace? This was the wish of France. This has been the constant object of the efforts of her government, but its desires are fruitless. All Europe knows that the British minister has endeavored to frustrate the negotiations at Luneville. In vain was it declared to him that France was ready to enter into a separate negotiation. This declaration only produced a refusal, under the pretext that England could not abandon her ally. Since then, when that ally consented to treat without England, that government sought other means to delay a peace so necessary to the world. It raises pretensions contrary to the dignity and rights of all nations. The whole commerce of Asia, and of immense colonies, does not satisfy its ambition. All the seas must submit to the exclusive sovereignty of England." As William Pitt received the tidings of this discomfiture of his allies, in despairing despondency he exclaimed, "Fold up the map of Europe. It need not again be opened for twenty years."

While these great affairs were in progress, Napoleon, in Paris, was consecrating his energies with almost miraculous power in developing all the resources of the majestic empire under his control. He possessed the power of abstraction to a degree which has probably never been equaled. He could concentrate all his attention for any length of time upon one subject, and then, laying that aside entirely, without expending any energies in unavailing anxiety, could turn to another with all the freshness and the vigor of an unpreoccupied mind. Incessant mental labor was the luxury of his life.

"Occupation," said he, "is my element. I am born and made for it. I have found the limits beyond which I could not use my legs. I have seen the extent to which I could use my eyes, but I have never known any bounds to my capacity for application."

The universality of Napoleon's genius was now most conspicuous. The revenues of the nation were replenished, and all the taxes arranged to the satisfaction of the people. The Bank of France was reorganized, and new energy infused into its operations. Several millions of dollars were expended in constructing and perfecting five magnificent roads radiating from Paris to the frontiers of the empire. Robbers, the vagabonds of disbanded armies, infested the roads, rendering traveling dangerous in the extreme. "Be patient," said Napoleon. "Give me a month or two. I must first conquer peace abroad. I will then do speedy and complete justice upon these highwaymen."

A very important canal, connecting Belgium with France, had been commenced some years before. The engineers could not agree respecting the best direction of the cutting through the highlands which separated the valley of the Oise from that of the Somme. He visited the spot in person, decided the question promptly and decided it wisely, and the canal was pressed to its completion. He immediately caused three new bridges to be thrown across the Seine at Paris. He commenced the magnificent road of the Simplon, crossing the rugged Alps with a broad and smooth highway, which for ages will remain a durable monument of the genius and energy of Napoleon.

In gratitude for the favors he had received from the monks of the Great St. Bernard, he founded two similar establishments for the aid of travelers, one on Mount Cenis, the other on the Simplon, and both auxiliary to the convent on the Great St. Bernard. Concurrently with these majestic undertakings, he commenced the compilation of the civil code of France. The ablest lawyers of Europe were summoned to this enterprise, and the whole work was discussed section by section in the Council of State, over which Napoleon presided. The lawyers were amazed to find that the First Consul was as perfectly familiar with all the details of legal and political science as he was with military strategy.

Bourrienne mentions that, one day, a letter was received from an emigrant, General Durosel, who had taken refuge in the island of Jersey. The following is an extract from the letter :

“ You can not have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, he was unprovided with money, and asked of me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience. Previous to the Revolution, I believe that it was not in her power to fulfill her wish of discharging the debt. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle, but such is my unfortunate situation that even this trifle is of some importance to me. At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on a scanty allowance granted by the English government to French emigrants. I say *emigrants*, for I am obliged to be one against my will.”

Upon hearing this letter read, Napoleon immediately and warmly said, “ Bourrienne, this is sacred. Do not lose a moment. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done. I can never repair it all.” Napoleon uttered these words with a degree of emotion which he had rarely before evinced. In the evening he inquired with much interest of Bourrienne if he had executed his orders.

Many attempts were made at this time to assassinate the First Consul. Though France, with unparalleled unanimity, surrounded him with admiration, gratitude, and homage, there were violent men in the two extremes of society, among the Jacobins and the inexorable Royalists, who regarded him as in their way. Napoleon’s escape from the explosion of the infernal machine, got up by the Royalists, was almost miraculous.

On the evening of the 24th of December, 1800, Napoleon was going to the Opera to hear Haydn’s Oratorio of the Creation, which was to be performed for the first time. Intensely occupied by business, he was reluctant to go, but, to gratify Josephine, yielded to her urgent request. It was necessary for his carriage to pass through a narrow street. A cart, apparently by accident overturned, obstructed the passage. A barrel suspended beneath the cart contained as deadly a machine as could be constructed with gun-

powder and all the missiles of death. The coachman succeeded in forcing his way by the cart. He had barely passed when an explosion took place, which was heard all over Paris, and which seemed to shake the city to its foundations. Eight persons were instantly killed, and more than sixty were wounded, of whom about twenty subsequently died. The houses for a long distance on each side of the street were fearfully shattered, and many of them were nearly blown to pieces. The carriage rocked as upon the billows of the sea, and the windows were shattered to fragments.



THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

Napoleon had been in too many scenes of terror to be alarmed by any noise or destruction which gunpowder could produce. "Ha!" said he, with perfect composure, "we are blown up." One of his companions in the carriage, greatly terrified, thrust his head through the demolished window, and called loudly to the driver to stop. "No, no!" said Napoleon, "drive on."

When the First Consul entered the opera house, he appeared perfectly calm and unmoved. The greatest consternation, however, prevailed in all parts of the house, for the explosion had been heard, and fearful apprehensions were felt for the safety of the idolized Napoleon. As soon as he appeared, thunders of applause, which shook the very walls of the theatre, gave affecting testimony of the attachment of the people to his person. In a few moments, Josephine, who had come in her private carriage, entered the box. Napoleon turned to her with perfect tranquillity and said, "The rascals tried to blow me up. Where is the book of the *Oratorio*?"

Napoleon soon left the Opera and returned to the Tuilleries. He found a vast crowd assembled there, attracted by affection for his person and anxiety for his safety. The atrocity of this attempt excited universal horror, and only increased the already almost boundless popularity of the First Consul. Deputations and addresses were immediately poured in upon him from Paris and from all the departments of France, congratulating him upon

his escape. It was at first thought that this conspiracy was the work of the Jacobins. There were in Paris more than a hundred of the leaders of this execrable party, who had obtained a sanguinary notoriety during the Reign of Terror. They were active members of a Jacobin Club, a violent and vulgar gathering, continually plotting the overthrow of the government and the assassination of the First Consul. They were thoroughly detested by the people, and the community was glad to avail itself of any plausible pretext for banishing them from France. Without sufficient evidence that they were actually guilty of this particular outrage, in the strong excitement and indignation of the moment a decree was passed by the legislative bodies sending one hundred and sixty of these bloodstained culprits into exile.

The wish was earnestly expressed that Napoleon would promptly punish them by his own dictatorial power. Napoleon had, in fact, acquired such unbounded popularity, and the nation was so thoroughly impressed with a sense of his justice and his wisdom, that whatever he said was done. He, however, insisted that the business should be conducted by the constituted tribunals, and under the regular forms of law.

"The responsibility of this measure," said Napoleon, "must rest with the legislative body. The consuls are irresponsible, but the ministers are not. Any one of them who should sign an arbitrary decree might hereafter be called to account. Not a single individual must be compromised. The consuls themselves know not what may happen. As for me, while I live, I am not afraid that any one will dare to call me to account for my actions. But I may be killed, and then I can not answer for the safety of my two colleagues. It would be your turn to govern," said he, smiling and turning to Cambacères, "*and you are not as yet very firm in the stirrups.* It will be better to have a law for the present as well as for the future."

It was finally, after much deliberation, decided that the Council of State should draw up a declaration of the reasons for the act; the First Consul was to sign the decree, and the Senate was to declare whether it was or was not constitutional. Thus cautiously did Napoleon proceed under circumstances so exciting. The law, however, was unjust and tyrannical. Guilty as these men were of other crimes, by which they had forfeited all sympathy, it subsequently appeared that they were not guilty of this crime. Napoleon was evidently embarrassed by this uncertainty of their guilt, and was not willing that they should be denounced as contrivers of the infernal machine. "We believe," said he, "that they are guilty, but we do not *know* it. They must be transported for the crimes which *they have committed*, the massacres and the conspiracies already proved against them." The decree was passed. But Napoleon, strong in popularity, became so convinced of the powerlessness and insignificance of these Jacobins, that the decree was never enforced against them. They remained in France, but they were conscious that the eye of the police was upon them.

"It is not my own person," said Napoleon, "that I seek to avenge. My fortune, which has so often preserved me on the field of battle, will continue to preserve me. I think not of myself. I think of social order, which it is my mission to re-establish, and of the national honor, which it is my duty to purge from an abominable stain."

To the innumerable addresses of congratulation and attachment which this occurrence elicited, Napoleon replied : "I have been touched by the proofs of affection which the people of Paris have shown me on this occasion. I deserve them, for the only aim of my thoughts and of my actions is to augment the prosperity and the glory of France. While those banditti confined themselves to direct attacks upon me, I could leave to the laws the task of punishing them ; but since they have endangered the population of the capital by a crime unexampled in history, the punishment must be equally speedy and terrible."

It was soon proved, much to the surprise of Napoleon, that the atrocious act was perpetrated by the partisans of the Bourbons. Many of the most prominent of the Loyalists were implicated in this horrible conspiracy. Napoleon felt that he deserved their gratitude. He had interposed to save them from the fury of the Jacobins. Against the remonstrances of his friends, he had passed a decree which had restored one hundred and fifty thousand of these wandering emigrants to France. He had done every thing in his power to enable them to regain their confiscated estates. He had been in all respects their friend and benefactor, and he would not believe, until the proof was indisputable, that they could thus requite him. The wily Fouché, however, dragged the whole matter into light. The prominent conspirators were arrested and shot. The following letter, written by Josephine to the Minister of Police, strikingly illustrates the benevolence of her heart, and exhibits in a very honorable light the character of Napoleon.

"While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am distressed through fear of the punishment to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives, and my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead. I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great—his attachment to me extreme. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed ; and it is that which will render him severe, inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who have been accomplices in this odious transaction. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. When the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-rendings of those who will apply to me. Act, Citizen Minister, in such a way that the number of these may be lessened."

It seems almost miraculous that Napoleon should have escaped the innumerable conspiracies which at this time were formed against him. The partisans of the Bourbons thought that if Napoleon could be removed, the Bourbons might regain their throne. It was his resistless genius alone which enabled France to triumph over combined Europe. His death would leave France without a leader. The armies of the Allies could then, with bloody strides, march to Paris, and place the hated Bourbons on the throne. France knew this, and adored its preserver. Monarchical Europe knew this, and

hence all the energies of its combined kings were centred upon Napoleon. More than thirty of these conspiracies were detected by the police.

London was the hot-house where they were engendered. Air-guns were aimed at Napoleon. Assassins dogged him with their poniards. A bomb-shell was invented, weighing about fifteen pounds, which was to be thrown in at his carriage-window, and which, exploding by its own concussion, would hurl death on every side. The conspirators were reckless of the lives of others, if they could only destroy the life of Napoleon. The agents of the infernal machine had the barbarity to get a young girl, fifteen years of age, to hold the horse who drew the machine. This was to disarm suspicion. The poor child was blown into such fragments that no part of her body, excepting her feet, could afterward be found. At last Napoleon became aroused, and declared that he would "teach those Bourbons that he was not a man to be shot at like a dog."

One day, at St. Helena, as he was putting on his flannel waistcoat, he observed Las Casas looking at him very steadfastly.

"Well! what is *your Excellency* thinking of?" said Napoleon, with a smile.

"Sire," Las Casas replied, "in a pamphlet which I lately read, I found it stated that your majesty was shielded by a coat-of-mail for the security of your person. I was thinking that I could bear positive evidence that, at St. Helena at least, all precautions for personal safety have been laid aside."

"This," said Napoleon, "is one of the thousand absurdities which have been published respecting me. But the story you have just mentioned is the more ridiculous, since every individual about me well knows how careless I am with regard to self-preservation. Accustomed from the age of eighteen to be exposed to the cannon-ball, and knowing the inutility of precautions, I abandoned myself to my fate. When I came to the head of affairs, I might still have fancied myself surrounded by the dangers of the field of battle, and I might have regarded the conspiracies which were formed against me as so many bomb-shells. But I followed my old course. I trusted to my lucky star, and left all precautions to the police. I was, perhaps, the only sovereign in Europe who dispensed with a body-guard. Every one could freely approach me without having, as it were, to pass through military barracks.

"Maria Louisa was much astonished to see me so poorly guarded, and she often remarked that her father was surrounded by bayonets. For my part, I had no better defense at the Tuilleries than I have here. I do not even know where to find my sword," said he, looking around the room; "do you see it? I have, to be sure, incurred great dangers. Upward of thirty plots were formed against me. These have been proved by authentic testimony, without mentioning many which never came to light. Some sovereigns invent conspiracies against themselves; for my part, I made it a rule carefully to conceal them whenever I could. The crisis most serious to me was during the interval from the battle of Marengo to the attempt of George Caudoual and the affair of the Duke d'Enghien."

Napoleon now, with his accustomed vigor, took hold of the robbers, and made short work with them. The insurgent armies of La Vendée, number-

ing more than one hundred thousand men, and filled with adventurers and desperadoes of every kind, were disbanded when their chiefs yielded homage to Napoleon. Many of these men, accustomed to banditti warfare, took to the highways. The roads were so infested by them that traveling became exceedingly perilous, and it was necessary that every stage-coach which left Paris should be accompanied by a guard of armed soldiers. To remedy a state of society thus convulsed to its very centre, special tribunals were organized, consisting of eight judges. They were to take cognizance of all such crimes as conspiracies, robberies, and acts of violence of any kind.

The armed bands of Napoleon swept over France like a whirlwind. The robbers were seized, tried, and shot without delay. Order was at once restored. The people thought not of the dangerous power they were placing in the hands of the First Consul; they asked only for a commander who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power he could desire. "You know what is best for us," said the people to Napoleon. "Direct us what to do, and we will do it." It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. Under the circumstances, it was so natural that it can excite no surprise. He was called First Consul; but he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars. But sixteen months had now elapsed since Napoleon landed at Frejus. In that time he had attained the throne of France. He had caused order and prosperity to emerge from the chaos of revolution. By his magnanimity he had disarmed Russia, by his armies had humbled Austria, and had compelled Continental Europe to accept an honorable peace. He merited the gratitude of his countrymen, and he received it in overflowing measure. Through all these incidents, so eventful and so full of difficulty, it is not easy to point to a single act of Napoleon's which indicates a malicious or an ungenerous spirit.

"I fear nothing," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "for my renown. Posterity will do me justice. It will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed. If I had succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed. From being nothing, I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the universe, without committing any crime. My ambition was great, but it rested on the opinion of the masses. I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people. The empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, *a career open to talent without distinction of birth*. It is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet, in England, talent and great services raise a man to the highest rank. England should have understood me."

"The French Revolution," said Napoleon, "was a general movement of the mass of the nation against the privileged classes. The nobles were exempt from the burdens of the state, and yet exclusively occupied all the posts of honor and emolument. The Revolution destroyed these exclusive privileges, and established equality of rights. All the avenues to wealth and *greatness* were equally open to every citizen, according to his talents. The

French nation established the imperial throne, and placed me upon it. The throne of France was granted before to Hugh Capet, by a few bishops and nobles. The imperial throne was given to me by the desire of the people."

Joseph Bonaparte was of very essential service to Napoleon in the diplomatic intercourse of the times. Lucien also was employed in various ways, and the whole family were taken under the protection of the First Consul. At St. Helena, Napoleon uttered the following graphic and truthful eulogium upon his brothers and sisters: "What family, in similar circumstances, would have acted better? Every one is not qualified to be a statesman. That requires a combination of powers which does not often fall to the lot of any one. In this respect all my brothers were singularly situated; they possessed at once too much and too little talent. They felt themselves too strong to resign themselves blindly to a guiding counselor, and yet too weak to be left entirely to themselves. But take them all in all, I have certainly good reason to be proud of my family. Joseph would have been an honor to society in any country, and Lucien would have been an honor to any assembly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind; she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Caroline possessed great talents and capacity. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kinds of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise. Add to this that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all; and I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments toward me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it."

The proud old nobility, whom Napoleon had restored to France, and upon many of whom he had conferred their confiscated estates, manifested no gratitude toward their benefactor. They were sighing for the re-enthronement of the Bourbons, and for the return of the good old times, when all the offices of emolument and honor were reserved for them and for their children, and the *people* were but their hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the morning, as beggars, they would crowd the audience chamber of the First Consul with their petitions. In the evening they disdained to honor his levees with their presence. They spoke contemptuously of Josephine, of her kindness, and her desire to conciliate all parties. They condemned every thing that Napoleon did. He, however, paid no heed to their murmurings. He would not condescend even to punish them by neglect. In that most lofty pride which induced him to say that, in his administration, he *wished to imitate the clemency of God*, he endeavored to consult for the interests of all, both the evil and the unthankful. His fame was to consist, not in revenging himself upon his enemies, but in aggrandizing France.

At this time Napoleon's establishment at the Tuilleries rather resembled that of a very rich gentleman than the court of a monarch. Junot, one of his aids, was married to Mademoiselle Permon, the young lady whose name

will be remembered in connection with the anecdote of "Puss in Boots." Her mother was one of the most haughty of the ancient nobility, who affected to look upon Napoleon with contempt, as not of royal blood. The evening after her marriage, Madame Junot was to be presented to Josephine. After the Opera she drove to the Tuileries. It was near eleven o'clock. As Josephine had appointed the hour, she was expected. Eugene, hearing the wheels of the carriage, descended to the court-yard, presented his arm to Madame Junot, and they entered the large saloon together. It was a magnificent apartment, magnificently furnished. Two chandeliers, surrounded with gauze to soften the glare, shed a subdued and grateful light over the room. Josephine was seated before a tapestry-frame working upon embroidery. Near her sat Hortense, sylph-like in figure, and surpassingly gentle and graceful in her manners. Napoleon was standing near Josephine, with his hands clasped behind him, engaged in conversation with his wife and her lovely daughter. Upon the entrance of Madame Junot, Josephine immediately arose, took her two hands, and affectionately kissing her, said,

"I have too long been Junot's friend not to entertain the same sentiments for his wife, particularly for the one he has chosen."

"Oh, Josephine!" said Napoleon, "that is running on very fast. How do you know that this little pickle is worth loving? Well, Mademoiselle Loulou (you see that I do not forget the names of my old friends), have you not a word for me?" Saying this, he gently took her hand and drew her toward him.

The young bride was much embarrassed, and yet she struggled to retain her pride of birth. "General," she replied, smiling, "it is not for me to speak first."

"Very well parried," said Napoleon, playfully: "the mother's spirit! And how is Madame Permon?"

"Very ill, general. For two years her health has caused us great uneasiness."

"Indeed!" said Napoleon; "so bad as that? I am sorry to hear it—very sorry. Make my regards to her. It is a wrong head, a proud spirit, but she has a generous heart and a noble soul. I hope that we shall often see you, Madame Junot. My intention is to draw around me a numerous family, consisting of my generals and their young wives. They will be friends of my wife and of Hortense, as their husbands are my friends. But you must not expect to meet here your acquaintances of the ancient nobility. I do not like them. They are my enemies, and prove it by defaming me."

This was but the morning twilight of that imperial splendor which afterward dazzled the most powerful potentates of Europe. Hortense, who subsequently became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, who, at the moment of this present writing, is at the head of the government of France, was then seventeen years of age. "She was," says Madame Junot, "fresh as a rose. Though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silken locks around her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm-tree was set off by the elegant carriage of her

head. But that which formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the Creole nonchalance with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable. She had wit, which, without the smallest ill temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished and well-conducted education had improved her natural talents. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800 she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses in Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I have never known one who had any pretensions to equal talents. She was beloved by every one. Her brother loved her tenderly. The First Consul looked upon her as his child."

Napoleon has been accused of an improper affection for Hortense. The world has been filled with the slander. "Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "never cherished for her any feeling but a real paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. At least for three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare I never saw any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, nor the slightest trace of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take in the character of men who become celebrated, calumnies which are adopted lightly and without reflection. Napoleon is no more. Let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really took place. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, on this delicate subject, that his principles were rigid in an extreme degree, and that any fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was in accordance with his morals or his taste."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day looking over a book containing an account of his amours. He smiled as he glanced his eye over the pages, saying, "I do not even know the names of most of the females who are mentioned here. This is all very foolish. Every body knows that I had no time for such dissipation."

CHAPTER XXII.

PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

Treaty with the United States—Election of Pope—The Queen of Naples—Coronation of the King and Queen of Etruria—Madame de Montesson—Right of Search—Heroism of Nelson—Death of the Emperor Paul—Succors for Egypt—Condition of England—Determination of Napoleon—Uneasiness in England—The Sailor's Mistake—Cornwallis—Terms of Peace—Napoleon's Attachment to Fox.

IT was the first great object of Napoleon, immediately upon his accession to power, to reconcile France with Europe, and to make peace with all the world. France was weary of war. She needed repose to recover from the turmoil of revolution. Napoleon, conscious of the necessities of France, was consecrating all his energies for the promotion of peace. The Directory, by oppressive acts, had excited the indignation of the United States. Napoleon, by a course of conciliation, immediately removed that hostility, and,

but a short time before the treaty of Luneville, ratified a treaty of amity between France and the United States. The signature of this treaty was celebrated with great rejoicings at the beautiful country seat which Joseph, who, in consequence of his marriage, was richer than his brother, had purchased at Morfontaine. Napoleon, accompanied by a brilliant party, met the American commissioners there. The most elegant decorations within the mansion and in the gardens represented France and America joined in friendly union.

Napoleon presented the following toast: "The memory of the French and the Americans who died on the field of battle for the independence of the New World."

Lebrun, the Second Consul, proposed, "The union of America with the Northern powers, to enforce respect for the liberty of the seas."

Cambacères gave for the third toast, "The successor of Washington." Thus did Napoleon endeavor to secure the friendship of the United States.

About this time Pope Pius VI. died, and the cardinals met to choose his successor. The respect with which Napoleon had treated the Pope, and his kindness to the emigrant priests during the first Italian campaign, presented so strong a contrast with the violence enjoined by the Directory, as to produce a profound impression upon the minds of the Pope and the cardinals.

The Bishop of Imola was universally esteemed for his extensive learning, his gentle virtues, and his firm probity. Upon the occasion of the union of his diocese with the Cisalpine Republic, he preached a very celebrated sermon, in which he spoke of the conduct of the French in terms highly gratifying to the young conqueror. The power of Napoleon was now in the ascendant. It was deemed important to conciliate his favor.

"It is from France," said Cardinal Gonsalvi, "that persecutions have come upon us for the last ten years. It is from France, perhaps, that we shall derive aid and consolation for the future. A very extraordinary young man, one very difficult as yet to judge, holds dominion there at the present day. His influence will soon be paramount in Italy. Remember that he protected the priests in 1797. He has recently conferred funeral honors upon Pius VI." These were words of deep foresight. They were appreciated by the sagacious cardinals. To conciliate the favor of Napoleon, the Bishop of Imola was elected to the pontifical chair as Pope Pius VII.

Naples had been most perfidious in its hostility to France. The Queen of Naples was a proud daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of the Emperor of Austria and of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. She surely must not be too severely condemned for execrating a revolution which had consigned her sister to the dungeon and to the guillotine. Naples, deprived of Austrian aid, was powerless. She trembled under apprehension of the vengeance of Napoleon. The King of Austria could no longer render his sister any assistance. She adopted the decisive and romantic expedient of proceeding in person, notwithstanding the rigor of the approaching winter, to St. Petersburg, to implore the intercession of the Emperor Paul. The eccentric monarch, flattered by the supplication of the beautiful queen, immediately espoused her cause, and dispatched a messenger to Napoleon, soliciting him, as a personal favor, to deal gently with Naples.

The occurrence was, of course, a triumph and a gratification to Napoleon. Most promptly and courteously he responded to the appeal. It was indeed his constant study at this time to arrest the further progress of the Revolution, to establish the interests of France upon a basis of order and of law, and to conciliate the surrounding monarchies by proving to them that he had no disposition to revolutionize their realms. A word from him would have driven the King and Queen of Naples into exile, and would have converted their kingdom into a republic. But Napoleon refused to utter that word, and sustained the King of Naples upon his throne.

The Duke of Parma, brother of the King of Spain, had, through the intercession of Napoleon, obtained the exchange of his duchy for the beautiful province of Tuscany. The First Consul had also erected Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, containing about one million of inhabitants. The old duke, a bigoted prince inimical to all reform, had married his son, a feeble, frivolous young man, to the daughter of his brother, the King of Spain. The kingdom of Etruria was intended for this youthful pair. Napoleon, as yet but thirty years of age, thus found himself forming kingdoms and creating kings. The young couple were in haste to ascend the throne. They could not, however, do this until the Duke of Parma should die or abdicate. The unaccommodating old duke refused to do either.

Napoleon, desirous of producing a moral impression in Paris, was anxious to crown them. He therefore allowed the old duke to retain Parma until his death, that his son might be placed upon the throne of Etruria. He wished to exhibit the spectacle, in the regicide metropolis of France, of a king created and enthroned by France. Thus he hoped to diminish the antipathy to kings, and to prepare the way for that restoration of the monarchical power which he contemplated. He would also thus conciliate monarchical Europe, by proving that he had no design of overthrowing every kingly throne. It was, indeed, adroitly done. He required, therefore, the youthful princes to come to Paris to accept the crown from his hands, as in ancient Rome vassal monarchs received the sceptre from the Cæsars. The young candidates for monarchy left Madrid and repaired to the Tuileries, to be placed upon the throne by the First Consul. This measure had two aspects, each exceedingly striking. It frowned upon the hostility of the people to royalty, and it silenced the clamor against France as seeking to spread democracy over the ruins of all thrones. It also proudly said, in tones which must have been excessively annoying to the haughty legitimists of Europe, "You kings must be childlike and humble. You see that I can create such beings as you are."

Napoleon, conscious that his glory elevated him far above the ancient dynasty whose station he occupied, was happy to receive the young princes with pomp and splendor. The versatile Parisians, ever delighted with novelty, forgot the twelve years of bloody revolutions which had overturned so many thrones, and recognizing in this strange spectacle the fruits of their victories and the triumph of their cause, shouted most enthusiastically, "Long live the king!" The Royalists, on the other hand, chagrined and sullen, answered passionately, "Down with kings!" Strange reverse! yet how natural! Each party must have been surprised and bewildered at its own novel position.

In settling the etiquette of this visit, it was decided that the young princes should call first upon Napoleon, and that he should return their call the next day. The First Consul, at the head of his brilliant military staff, received the young monarch with parental tenderness and with the most delicate attentions, yet with the universally recognized superiorities of power and glory. The princes were entertained at the magnificent chateau of Talleyrand at Neuilly with brilliant festivals and illuminations. For a month the capital presented a scene of gorgeous fêtes. Napoleon, too entirely engrossed with the cares of empire to devote much time to these amusements, assigned the entertainment of his guests to his ministers. Nevertheless, he endeavored to give some advice to the young couple about to reign over Etruria. He was much struck with the weakness of the prince, who cherished no sense of responsibility, and was entirely devoted to trivial pleasures. He was exceedingly interested in the mysteries of cotillons, of leap-frog, and of hide-and-go-seek, and was ever thus trifling with the courtiers.

Napoleon saw that he was perfectly incapable of governing, and said to one of his ministers, "You perceive that they are princes descended from an ancient line. How can the reins of government be intrusted to such hands? But it was well to show to France this specimen of the Bourbons. She can judge if these ancient dynasties are equal to the difficulties of an age like ours." As the young king left Paris for his dominions, Napoleon remarked to a friend, "Rome need not be uneasy. There is no danger of *his* crossing the Rubicon." Napoleon sent one of his generals to Etruria with the royal pair, ostensibly as the minister of France, but in reality as the viceroy of the First Consul. The feeble monarch desired only the rank and splendor of a king, and was glad to be released from the *cares* of empire. Of all the proud acts performed by Napoleon during his extraordinary career, this creation of the Etrurian king, when viewed in all its aspects, was, perhaps, the proudest.

Madame de Montesson had become the guilty paramour of the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Philippe. She was not at all ashamed of this relation, which was sanctioned by the licentiousness of the times. Proud even of this alliance with a prince of the blood, she fancied that it was her privilege, as the only relative of the royal line then in Paris, to pay to the King and Queen of Etruria such honors as they might be gratified in receiving from the remains of the old court society. She therefore made a brilliant party, inviting all the returned emigrants of illustrious birth. She even had the boldness to invite the family of the First Consul and the distinguished persons of his suite. The invitation was concealed from Napoleon, as his determination to frown upon all immorality was well known. The next morning Napoleon heard of the occurrence, and severely reprimanded those of his suite who had attended the party, dwelling with great warmth upon the impropriety of countenancing vice in high places. Savary, who attended the party and shared in the reprimand, says that Madame de Montesson would have been severely punished had it not been for the intervention of Josephine, who was ever ready to plead for mercy.

Napoleon, having made peace with Continental Europe, now turned his attention earnestly to England, that he might compel that unrelenting antagon-

nist to lay down her arms. "France," said he, "will not reap all the blessings of a pacification until she shall have a peace with England. But a sort of delirium has seized on that government, which now holds nothing sacred. Its conduct is unjust, not only toward the French people, but toward all the other powers of the Continent; and when governments are not just, their authority is short-lived. All the Continental powers must force England to fall back into the track of moderation, of equity, and of reason."

Notwithstanding this state of hostilities it is pleasant to witness the interchange of the courtesy of letters. Early in January of 1801, Napoleon sent some very valuable works, magnificently bound, as a present to the Royal Society of London. A complimentary letter accompanied the present, signed *BONAPARTE, President of the National Institute, and First Consul of France.* As a significant intimation of his principles, there was on the letter a finely executed vignette representing Liberty sailing on the ocean in an open shell, with the following motto :

"LIBERTY OF THE SEAS."

England claimed the right of visiting and searching merchant ships, to whatever nation belonging, whatever the cargoes, wherever the destination. For any resistance of this right, she enforced the penalty of the confiscation of both ship and cargo. She asserted that nothing was necessary to constitute a blockade but to announce the fact, and to station a vessel to cruise before a blockaded port. Thus all the nations of the world were forbidden by England to approach a port of France. The English government strenuously contended that these principles were in accordance with the established regulations of maritime law. The neutral powers, on the other hand, affirmed that these demands were a usurpation on the part of England, founded on power, unsanctioned by the usages of nations, or by the principles of maritime jurisprudence. "Free ships," said they, "make free goods. The flag covers the merchandise. A port is to be considered blockaded only when such a force is stationed at its mouth as renders it dangerous to enter."

Under these circumstances, it was not very difficult for Napoleon to turn the arms of the united world against his most powerful foe. England had allied all the powers of the world against France; now Napoleon combined them all in friendly alliance with him, and directed their energies against his unyielding and unintimidated assailant. England was mistress of the seas. Upon that element she was more powerful than all Europe united. It was one great object of the British ministry to prevent any European power from becoming the maritime rival of England. Napoleon, as he cast his eye over his magnificent empire of forty millions of inhabitants, and surveyed his invincible armies, was excessively annoyed that the fifteen millions of people crowded into the little island of England should have undisputed dominion over the whole wide world of waters.

The English have ever been respected above all other nations for wealth, power, courage, intelligence, and all stern virtues, but they never have been beloved. The English nation is at the present moment the most powerful, the most respected, and the most unpopular upon the surface of the globe.

Providence deals in compensations. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect that all the virtues should be centred in one people. "When," exclaimed Napoleon, "will the French exchange their vanity for a little pride?" It may be rejoined, "When will the English lay aside their pride for a little vanity—that perhaps more ignoble, but certainly better-natured foible?"

England, abandoned by all her allies, continued the war, apparently because her pride revolted at being conquered into a peace. And, in truth, England had not been vanquished at all. Her fleets were every where triumphant. The blows of Napoleon, which fell with such terrible severity upon her allies, could not reach her floating batteries. The genius of Napoleon overshadowed the land. The genius of Pitt swept the seas. The commerce of France was entirely annihilated. The English navy, in the utter destitution of nobler game, even pursued poor French fishermen, and took away their haddock and their cod. The verdict of history will probably pronounce that this was at least a less magnificent rapacity than to despoil regal and ducal galleries of the statues of Phidias and the cartoons of Raphael.

England declared France to be in a state of blockade, and forbade all the rest of the world from having any commercial intercourse with her. Her invincible fleet swept all seas. Wherever an English frigate encountered any merchant ship, belonging to whatever nation, a shot was fired across her bows as a very emphatic command to stop. If the command was unheeded, a broadside followed, and the peaceful merchantman became lawful prize. If the vessel stopped, a boat was launched from the frigate, a young lieutenant ascended the sides of the merchantman, demanded of the captain the papers, and searched the ship. If he found on board any goods which *he judged* to belong to France, he took them away. If he could find any goods which he could consider as munitions of war, and which, in his judgment, the ship was conveying to France, the merchantman, with all its contents, was confiscated. Young lieutenants in the navy are not proverbial for wasting many words in compliments. They were often overbearing and insolent. England contended that these were the established principles of maritime law.

All the nations of Europe, now at peace with France, excessively annoyed at this *right of search*, which was rigorously enforced, declared it to be an intolerable usurpation on the part of England. Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, and Spain united in a great confederacy to resist these demands of the proud monarch of the seas. The genius of Napoleon formed this grand coalition. Paul of Russia, now a most enthusiastic admirer of the First Consul, entered into it with all his soul. England soon found herself single-handed against the world in arms. With sublime energy, the British ministry collected their strength for the conflict. Murmurs, however, and remonstrances, loud and deep, pervaded all England. The opposition roused itself to new vigor. The government, in the prosecution of this war, had already involved the nation in a debt of millions upon millions. But the pride of the English government was aroused. "What! make peace upon compulsion!" England was conscious of her maritime power, and feared not the hostility of the world, and the world presented a wide field from which to collect remuneration for her losses.

She swept the ocean triumphantly. The colonies of the Allies dropped into her hands like fruit from the overladen bough. Immediately upon the formation of this confederacy, England issued an embargo upon every vessel belonging to the allied powers, and also orders were issued for the immediate capture of any merchant vessels belonging to these powers, wherever they could be found. The ocean instantly swarmed with English privateersmen. Her navy was active every where. There had been no proclamation of war issued. The merchants of Europe were entirely unsuspicous of any such calamity. Their ships were all exposed. By thousands they were swept into the ports of England. More than half of the ships belonging to the northern powers then at sea were captured.

Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had a large armament in the Baltic. A powerful English fleet was sent for its destruction. The terrible energies of Nelson, so resplendent at Aboukir, were still more resplendent at Copenhagen. A terrific conflict ensued. The capital of Denmark was filled with weeping and woe, for thousands of her noble sons, the young and the joyous, were weltering in blood. "I have been," said Nelson, "in above a hundred engagements, but that of Copenhagen was the most terrible of them all."

In the midst of this terrific cannonade, Nelson was rapidly walking the quarter-deck, which was slippery with blood and covered with the dead, who could not be removed as fast as they fell. A heavy shot struck the main-mast, scattering the splinters in every direction. He looked upon the devastation around him, and, sternly smiling, said, "This is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us in a moment. But mark me, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." This was heroic, but it was not noble. It was the love of war, not the love of humanity. It was the spirit of an Indian chieftain, not the spirit of a Christian Washington.

The commander-in-chief of the squadron, seeing the appalling carnage, hung out the signal for discontinuing the action. Nelson was for a moment deeply agitated, and then exclaimed to a companion, "I have but one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then, putting the glass to his blind eye, he said, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." The human mind is so constituted that it must admire heroism. That sentiment is implanted in every generous breast for some good purpose. Welmoes, a gallant young Dane, but seventeen years of age, stationed himself on a small raft, carrying six guns with twenty-four men, directly under the bows of Nelson's ship. The unprotected raft was swept by an incessant storm of bullets from the English marines. Knee deep in the dead, this fearless stripling continued to keep up his fire to the close of the conflict. Next day, Nelson met him at a repast at the palace. Admiring the gallantry of his youthful enemy, he embraced him with enthusiasm, exclaiming to the Crown Prince, "He deserves to be made an admiral." "Were I to make all my brave officers admirals," replied the prince, "I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

By this battle the power of the confederacy was broken. At the same time, the Emperor Paul was assassinated in his palace by his nobles, and

Alexander, his son, ascended the throne. When Napoleon heard of the death of Paul, it is said that he gave utterance, for the first time in his life, to that irreverent expression, "Mon Dieu" (*My God*), which is ever upon the lips of every Frenchman. He regarded his death as a great calamity to France and to the world. The eccentricities of the Emperor amounted almost to madness. But his enthusiastic admiration for Napoleon united France and Russia in a close alliance.

The nobles of Russia were much displeased with the democratic equality which Napoleon was sustaining in France. They plotted the destruction of the king, and raised Alexander to the throne, pledged to a different policy. The young monarch immediately withdrew from the maritime confederacy, and entered into a treaty of peace with England. These events, apparently so disastrous to the interests of France, were, on the contrary, highly conducive to the termination of the war. The English people, weary of the interminable strife, and disgusted with the oceans of blood which had been shed, more and more clamorously demanded peace. And England could now make peace without the mortification of her pride.

Napoleon was extremely vigilant in sending succor to the army in Egypt. He deemed it essential, in order to promote the maritime greatness of France, that Egypt should be retained as a colony. His pride was also enlisted in proving to the world that he had not transported forty-six thousand soldiers to Egypt in vain. Vessels of every description, ships of war, merchantmen, dispatch-boats, sailed almost daily from the various ports of Holland, France, Spain, Italy, and even from the coast of Barbary, laden with provisions, European goods, wines, munitions of war, and each taking a file of French newspapers. Many of these vessels were captured. Others, however, escaped the vigilance of the cruisers, and gave to the colony most gratifying proof of the interest which the First Consul took in its welfare. While Napoleon was thus daily endeavoring to send partial relief to the army in Egypt, he was, at the same time, preparing a vast expedition to convey thither a powerful re-enforcement of troops and materials of war.

Napoleon assembled this squadron at Brest, ostensibly destined for St. Domingo. He selected seven of the fastest sailing ships, placed on board of them five thousand men, and an ample supply of those stores most needed in Egypt. He ordered that each vessel should contain a complete assortment of every individual article prepared for the colony, so that in the event of one vessel being captured, the colony would not be destitute of the precise article which that vessel might otherwise have contained. He also in several other places, formed similar expeditions, hoping thus to distract the attention of England, and compel her to divide her forces to guard all exposed points. Taking advantage of this confusion, he was almost certain that some of the vessels would reach Egypt. The plan would have been triumphantly successful, as subsequent events proved, had the naval commanders obeyed the instructions of Napoleon.

A curious instance now occurred of what may be called the despotism of the First Consul. And yet it is not strange that the French people should, under the peculiar circumstances, have respected and loved such despotism. The following order was issued to the Minister of Police: "Citizen Minis-

ter,—Have the goodness to address a short circular to the editors of the fourteen journals, forbidding the insertion of any article calculated to afford the enemy the slightest clew to the different movements which are taking place in our squadrons, unless the intelligence be derived from the official journal.” Napoleon had previously, through the regularly constituted tribunals, suppressed all the journals in Paris but fourteen. The world has often wondered how France so readily yielded to the despotism of Napoleon. It was because the French were convinced that dictatorial power was essential to the successful prosecution of the war, and that each act of Napoleon was dictated by the most wise and sincere patriotism. They were willing to sacrifice the liberty of the press, that they might obtain victory over their enemies.

The condition of England was now truly alarming. Nearly all the civilized world was in arms against her. Her harvests had been cut off, and a frightful famine ravaged the land. The starving people were rising in different parts of the kingdom, pillaging the magnificent country seats of the English aristocracy, and sweeping in riotous mobs through the cities. The masses in England and in Ireland, wretchedly perishing of hunger, clamored loudly against Pitt. They alleged that he was the cause of all their calamities—that he had burdened the nation with an enormous debt and with insupportable taxes—that by refusing peace with France he had drawn all the Continental powers into hostility with England, and thus had deprived the people of that food from the Continent which was now indispensable for the support of life. The opposition, seeing the power of Pitt shaken, redoubled their blows. Fox, Tiernay, Grey, Sheridan, and Holland renewed their attacks with all the ardor of anticipated success.

“Why,” said they, “did you not make peace with France when the First Consul proposed it before the battle of Marengo? Why did you not consent to peace when it was proposed after that battle? Why did you refuse consent to separate negotiation, when Napoleon was willing to enter into such, without demanding the cessation of hostilities by sea?” They contrasted the distress of England with the prosperity of France. “France,” said they, “admirably governed, is at peace with Europe. In the eyes of the world she appears humane, wise, tranquil, evincing the most exemplary moderation after all her victories.” With bitter irony they exclaimed, “What have you now to say of this young Bonaparte, of this rash youth, who, according to the ministerial language, was only doomed to enjoy a brief existence like his predecessors, so ephemeral that it did not entitle him to be treated with?”

Pitt was disconcerted by the number of his enemies and by the clamors of a famishing people. His proud spirit revolted at the idea of changing his course. He could only reiterate his argument, that if he had not made war against revolutionary France, England would also have been revolutionized. There is an aspect of moral sublimity in the firmness with which this distinguished minister breasted a world in arms. “As to the demand of the neutral powers,” said he, “we must envelop ourselves in our flag, and proudly find our grave in the deep, rather than admit the validity of such principles in the maritime code of nations.”

Though Pitt still retained his numerical majority in the Parliament, the masses of the people were turning with great power against him, and he felt that his position was materially weakened. Under these circumstances, Pitt, idolized by the aristocracy, execrated by the democracy, took occasion to send in his resignation. The impression seemed to be universal, that the distinguished minister, perceiving that peace must be made with France, temporarily retired, that it might be brought about by others rather than by himself. He caused himself, however, to be succeeded by Mr. Addington, a man of no distinguished note, but entirely under his influence. The feeble intellect of the King of England, though he was one of the most worthy and conscientious of men, was unequal to these political storms. A renewed attack of insanity incapacitated him for the functions of royalty. Mr. Pitt, who had been prime minister for seventeen years, became, by this event, virtually the king of England, and Mr. Addington was his minister.

Napoleon now announced to the world his determination to struggle hand to hand with England until he had compelled the government to cease to make war against France. Conscious of the naval superiority of his foes, he avowed his resolve to cross the Channel with a powerful army, march directly upon London, and thus compel the cabinet of St. James to make peace. It was a desperate enterprise; so desperate that, to the present day, it is doubted whether Napoleon ever seriously contemplated carrying it into effect. It was, however, the only measure Napoleon could now adopt. The naval superiority of England was so undeniable, that a maritime war was hopeless. Nelson, in command of the fleet of the Channel, would not allow even a fishing-boat to creep out from a French cove. Napoleon was very desirous of securing in his favor the popular opinion of the people of England, and the sympathies of the whole European public.

He prepared with his own hand many articles for the "Moniteur," which were models of eloquent and urgent polemics, and which elicited admiration from readers in all countries. He wrote in the most respectful and complimentary terms of the new English ministry, representing them as intelligent, upright, and well-intentioned men. He endeavored to assure Europe of the unambitious desires of France, and contrasted her readiness to relinquish the conquests which she had made with the eager grasp with which the English held their enormous acquisitions in India and in the islands of the sea. With the utmost delicacy, to avoid offending the pride of Britain, he affirmed that a descent upon England would be his last resource; that he fully appreciated the bravery and the power of the English, and the desperate risks which he should encounter in such an undertaking; but he declared that there was no other alternative left to him, and that, if the English ministers were resolved that the war should not be brought to a close but by the destruction of one of the two nations, there was not a Frenchman who would not make the most desperate efforts to terminate this cruel quarrel to the glory of France.

"But why," exclaimed he, in words singularly glowing and beautiful, but of melancholy import, "why place the question on this last resort? Wherefore not put an end to the sufferings of humanity? Wherefore risk in this manner the lot of two great nations? Happy are nations when, having ar-

rived at high prosperity, they have wise governments, which care not to expose advantages so vast to the caprices and vicissitudes of a single stroke of fortune."

These most impressive papers, from the pen of the First Consul, remarkable for their vigorous logic and impassioned eloquence, produced a deep impression upon all minds. This conciliatory language was accompanied by the most serious demonstrations of force upon the shores of the Channel. One hundred thousand men were upon the coasts of France, in the vicinity of Boulogne, preparing for the threatened invasion. Boats without number were collected to transport the troops across the narrow channel. It was asserted that, by taking advantage of a propitious moment immediately after a storm had scattered the English fleet, France could concentrate such a force as to obtain a temporary command of the Channel, and the strait could be crossed by the invaders. England was aroused thoroughly, but not alarmed. The militia was disciplined, the whole island converted into a camp. Wagons were constructed for the transportation of troops to any threatened point. It is important that the reader should distinguish this first threat of invasion in 1801 from that far more powerful naval and military organization executed for the same purpose in 1804, and known under the name of the Camp of Boulogne.

Not a little uneasiness was felt in England respecting the temporary success of the great conqueror. Famine raged throughout the island. Business was at a stand. The taxes were enormous. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The mass of the English people admired the character of Napoleon; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government, regarded him as the foe of aristocracy and the friend of popular rights. Nelson, with an invincible armament, was triumphantly sweeping the Channel, and a French gun-boat could not creep round a headland without encountering the vigilance of the energetic hero. Napoleon, in escaping from Egypt, had caught Nelson napping in a lady's lap. The greatest admirers of the naval hero could not but smile, half-pleased that, under the guilty circumstances, he had met with the misadventure. He was anxious, by a stroke of romantic heroism, to obliterate this impression from the public mind. The vast flotilla of France, most thoroughly manned and armed under the eye of Napoleon, was anchored at Boulogne, in three divisions, in a line parallel to the shore. Just before the break of day on the 4th of August, the fleet of Nelson, in magnificent array, approached the French flotilla, and for sixteen hours rained down upon it a tornado of balls and shells. The gun-boats were, however, chained to one another and to the shore. He did not succeed in taking a single boat, and retired mortified at his discomfiture, and threatening to return in a few days to take revenge. The French were exceedingly elated that in a naval conflict they had avoided defeat. As they stood there merely upon self-defense, victory was out of the question.

The reappearance of Nelson was consequently daily expected, and the French, emboldened by success, prepared to give him a warm reception. Twelve days after, on the 16th of August, Nelson again appeared with a vastly increased force. In the darkness of the night, he filled his boats with picked men, to undertake one of the most desperate enterprises on record

In four divisions, with muffled oars, this forlorn hope, in the silence of midnight, approached the French flotilla. The butchery, with swords, hatchets, bayonets, bullets, and hand grenades, was hideous. Both parties fought with perfect fury. No man seemed to have the slightest regard for limb or life. England was fighting for she knew not what. The French were contending in self-defense. For four long hours of midnight gloom the slaughter continued. Thousands perished. Just as the day was dawning upon the horrid scene, the English retired, repulsed at every point, and confessing to a defeat. The result of these conflicts diminished the confidence of the English in Nelson's ability to destroy the preparations of Napoleon, and increased their apprehension that the French might be enabled, by some chance, to carry the war of invasion to their own firesides.

"I was resolved," said Napoleon afterward, "to renew at Cherbourg the wonders of Egypt. I had already raised in the sea my pyramid. I would also have had my Lake Mareotis. My great object was to concentrate all our maritime forces, and in time they would have been immense, in order to be able to deal out a grand stroke at the enemy. I was establishing my ground so as to bring the two nations, as it were, body to body. The ultimate issue could not be doubtful, for we had forty millions of French against fifteen millions of English. I would have terminated the strife by a battle of Actium."

One after another of the obstacles in the way of peace now gradually gave way. Overtures were made to Napoleon. He accepted the advances of England with the greatest eagerness and cordiality. "Peace," said he, "is easily brought about, if England desires it."

"Pitt," says Mr. Ingersoll, "was at war with republicanism when the consular republican government of France had staunched all the wounds of that country, restored the finances, organized public instruction, recalled nearly all the Royalists, reinstated religion, begun vast plans for territorial improvements, and for ameliorating the laws by a new civil code. In every thing, except foreign commerce and manufactures, the French Republic was then more flourishing, progressive, and content than the kingdom of Great Britain. It was hard, if not impossible, where the press and all public discussion is so free and manly as in England, for any ministry to make head against such undeniable reasons for peace with a rival nation."

On the evening of the 21st of October the preliminaries were signed in London. That very night a courier left England to convey the joyful intelligence to France. He arrived at Malmaison, the rural retreat of Napoleon, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. At that moment the three consuls were holding a government council. The excitement of joy in opening the dispatches was intense. The consuls ceased from their labors, and threw themselves into each other's arms in cordial embraces.

Napoleon, laying aside all reserve, gave full utterance to the intense joy which filled his bosom. It was for him a proud accomplishment. In two years, by his genius and his indefatigable exertions, he had restored internal order to France and peace to the world. Still, even in this moment of triumph, his entire, never wavering devotion to the welfare of France, like a ruling passion strong even in death, rose above his exultation.

"Now that we have made a treaty of *peace* with England," said Cambacères, "we must make a treaty of *commerce*, and remove all subjects of dispute between the two countries."

Napoleon promptly replied, "Not so fast! The political peace is made. So much the better. Let us enjoy it. As to a commercial peace, we will make one, if we can. *But at no price will I sacrifice French industry.* I remember the misery of 1786."

The news had been kept secret in London for twenty-four hours, that the joyful intelligence might be communicated in both capitals at the same time. The popular enthusiasm both in England and France bordered almost upon delirium. It was the repose of the Continent. It was general, universal peace. It was opening the world to the commerce of all nations. War spreads over continents the gloom of the world of woe, while peace illumines them with the radiance of Heaven. Illuminations blazed every where. Men, the most phlegmatic, met and embraced each other with tears. The people of England surrendered themselves to the extraordinary transports. They loved the French. They adored the hero, the sage, the great pacificator who governed France. The streets of London resounded with shouts, "Long live Bonaparte!" Every stage-coach which ran from London bore triumphant banners, upon which were inscribed, *Peace with France*.

The populace of London rushed to the house of the French negotiator. He had just entered his carriage to visit Lord Hawkesbury, to exchange ratifications. The tumultuous throng of happy men unharnessed his horses and dragged him in triumph, in the delirium of their joy rending the skies with their shouts. The crowd and the rapturous confusion at last became so great, that Lord Vincent, fearing some accident, placed himself at the head of the amiable mob, as it triumphantly escorted and conveyed the carriage from minister to minister.

A curious circumstance occurred at the festival in London, highly characteristic of the honest bluntness, resolution, and good nature of the English seamen. The house of M. Otto, the French minister, was brilliantly illuminated. Attracted by its surpassing splendor, a vast crowd of sailors had gathered around. The word *concord* blazed forth most brilliantly in letters of light. The sailors, not very familiar with the spelling-book, exclaimed, "*Conquered!* not so, by a great deal. That will not do." Excitement and dissatisfaction rapidly spread. Violence was threatened. M. Otto came forward himself most blandly, but his attempts at explanation were utterly fruitless. The offensive word was removed, and *amity* substituted. The sailors, fully satisfied with the *amende honorable*, gave three cheers and went on their way rejoicing.

In France the exultation was, if possible, still greater than in England. The admiration of Napoleon, and the confidence in his wisdom and patriotism were unbounded. No power was withheld from the First Consul which he was willing to assume. The nation placed itself at his feet. All over the Continent Napoleon received the honorable title of "*The Hero Pacificator of Europe.*" And yet there was a strong under-current to this joy. Napoleon was the favorite, not of the nobles, but of the people. Even his acts of despotic authority were most cordially sustained by the people of France,

for they believed that such acts were essential for the promotion of their welfare. "The ancient privileged classes and the foreign cabinets," said Napoleon, "hate me worse than they did Robespierre." The hosannas with which the name of Bonaparte was resounding through the cities and the villages of England fell gloomily upon the ears of Mr. Pitt and his friends. The freedom of the seas was opening to the energetic genius of Napoleon an unobstructed field for the maritime aggrandizement of France. The British minister knew that the sleepless energies of Napoleon would, as with a magician's wand, call fleets into existence to explore all seas. Sorrowfully he contemplated a peace to which the popular voice had compelled him to yield, and which, in his judgment, boded no good to the naval superiority of England.

It was agreed that the plenipotentiaries, to settle the treaty definitively, should meet at Amiens, an intermediate point midway between London and Paris. The English appointed as their minister Lord Cornwallis. The Americans, remembering this distinguished general at Brandywine, Camden, and at the surrender of Yorktown, have been in the habit of regarding him as an enemy. But he was a gallant soldier, and one of the most humane, high-minded, and estimable of men. Frankly he avowed his conviction that the time had arrived for terminating the miseries of the world by peace. Napoleon has paid a noble tribute to the integrity, urbanity, sagacity, and unblemished honor of Lord Cornwallis. Joseph Bonaparte was appointed by the First Consul ambassador on the part of France. The suavity of his manners, the gentleness of his disposition, his enlightened and liberal political views, and the Christian morality which, in those days of general corruption, embellished his conduct, peculiarly adapted him to fulfill the duties of a peace-maker.

Among the terms of the treaty, it was agreed that France should abandon her colony in Egypt, as endangering the English possessions in India. In fact, the French soldiers had already, by capitulation, agreed to leave Egypt, but the tidings of surrender had not then reached England or France. The most important question in these deliberations was the possession of the island of Malta. The power in possession of that impregnable fortress would have command of the Mediterranean. Napoleon insisted upon it, as a point important above all others, that England should not retain Malta. As England was already in possession of Gibraltar, the reasonableness of this requisition was beyond all dispute. Napoleon might very fairly have demanded Malta for France, as a balance for Gibraltar. But his desire for peace was so strong, and his moderation so singular, that he was willing to leave England in possession of Gibraltar, and yet relinquish all claim upon Malta for France. But all-grasping England demanded both. Here Napoleon was firm. He insisted that Malta should be placed in the hands of some neutral power; but he declared his unalterable determination that he could, by no possibility, consent that it should remain in the hands of England.

At last England yielded, and agreed to evacuate Malta, and that it should be surrendered to the Knights of St. John. In reference to this all-important surrender, the terms were very explicit. *It was stated that the forces of his*

Britannic majesty shall evacuate the island and its dependencies within three months after the exchange of the ratifications: By these honorable and persevering efforts, Napoleon had at last succeeded in granting repose to blood-deluged Europe.*

“Peace having been concluded,” says Bourrienne, “on terms which were highly honorable to the national character, all parties hoped that the sanguinary wars in which the country had been engaged would now have terminated, and that France would be left at liberty to adopt those institutions which would be agreeable to herself. But the brilliant position in which the peace of Amiens had left France seemed to excite the jealousy of her neighbors, and to produce those feelings which are opposed to the repose of nations. In fact, we shall see that war broke out afresh with unusual animosity, and that from very trifling causes. At this period the consular glory was unsullied, and held in prospect the most flattering hopes; and it can not be doubted but that the First Consul was really desirous to promote peace and to give repose to France.”

At St. Helena Napoleon remarked to Las Casas, “Lord Cornwallis is the first Englishman who gave me, in good earnest, a favorable opinion of his nation; after him Fox, and I might add to these, if it were necessary, our present admiral, Malcolm. Cornwallis was, in every sense of the word, a worthy, good, and honest man. At the time of the treaty of Amiens, the terms having been agreed upon, he had promised to sign the next day at a certain hour. Something of consequence detained him at home, but he had pledged his word. The evening of that same day a courier arrived from London proscribing certain articles of the treaty, but he answered that he had signed, and immediately came and actually signed. We understood each other perfectly well. I had placed a regiment at his disposal, and he took pleasure in seeing its maneuvers. I have preserved an agreeable recollection of him in every respect; and it is certain that a request from him would have had more weight with me, perhaps, than one from a crowned head. His family appears to have guessed this to be the case. Some requests have been made to me in its name, which have all been granted.

“Fox came to France immediately after the peace of Amiens. He was employed in writing a history of the Stuarts, and asked my permission to search our diplomatical archives. I gave orders that every thing should be placed at his disposal. I received him often. Fame had informed me of his talents, and I soon found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. Half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation. With such men I should always have agreed. We should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom most worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things together.”

* Napoleon was highly gratified by the honorable course pursued by Lord Cornwallis in these negotiations.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATIONAL REFORMS.

General Exultation—Lord Cornwallis—Mr. Fox—Deputies from Switzerland—Intellectual Supremacy of Napoleon—Address to the Swiss Deputies—The English in Paris—Dissatisfaction of the English Aristocracy—Joy of the People—Napoleon's Defense of Christianity—Testimony of the Encyclopaedia Americana and of Mr. Fox—The Tones of the Church Bell—The New Pope—Religious Library of Napoleon—Re-establishment of Christianity—Noble Proclamation—Religious Fête—Triumphal Monument proposed—Testimony of Lady Morgan—Moral Reforms—Testimony of Ingersoll.

THIS pacification, so renowned in history both for its establishment and for its sudden and disastrous rupture, has ever been known by the name of the Peace of Amiens. Napoleon determined to celebrate the joyful event by a magnificent festival. The 10th of November, 1801, was the appointed day. It was the anniversary of Napoleon's attainment of the consular power. Friendly relations having been thus restored between the two countries after so many years of hostility and carnage, thousands of the English flocked across the Channel and thronged the pavements of Paris. All were impatient to see France thus suddenly emerging from such gloom into such unparalleled brilliancy, and especially to see the man who, at that moment, was the admiration of England and of the world.

The joy which pervaded all classes invested this festival with sublimity. With a delicacy of courtesy characteristic of the First Consul, no carriages but those of Lord Cornwallis were allowed in the streets on that day. The crowd of Parisians, with most cordial and tumultuous acclamations, opened before the representative of the armies of England. The illustrious Fox was one of the visitors on this occasion. He was received by Napoleon with the utmost consideration and with the most delicate attentions. In passing through the gallery of sculpture, his lady pointed his attention to his own statue, filling a niche by the side of Washington and Brutus. Every one who came into direct personal contact with the First Consul at this time was charmed with his character.

Nine deputies from Switzerland, the most able men the republic could furnish, were appointed to meet Napoleon respecting the political arrangements of the Swiss cantons. Punctual to the hour, the First Consul entered a neat, spacious room, where there was a long table covered with green baize. Dr. Jones, of Bristol, the intimate friend of several of these deputies, and who was with them in Paris at the time, thus describes the interview:

"The First Consul entered, followed by two of his ministers, and after the necessary salutation, sat down at the head of the table, his ministers on each side of him. The deputies then took their seats. He spread out before them a large map, as necessary to the subject of their deliberations. He then requested that they would state freely any objection which might occur to them

in the plan which he should propose. They availed themselves of the liberty, and suggested several alterations which they deemed advantageous to France and Switzerland. But from the prompt, clear, and unanswerable reasons which Napoleon gave in reply to all their objections, he completely convinced them of the wisdom of his plans. After an animated discussion of *ten hours*, they candidly admitted that he was better acquainted with the local circumstances of the Swiss cantons, and with what would secure their welfare, than they were themselves. During the whole discussion his ministers did not speak one word. The deputies afterward declared that it was their decided opinion that Napoleon was the most extraordinary man whom they had met in modern times, or of whom they had read in ancient history."

M. Constant and M. Sismondi, who both knew Napoleon well, have remarked: "The quickness of his conception, the depth of his remarks, the facility and propriety of his eloquence, and, above all, the candor of his replies and his patient silence, were more remarkable and attractive than we ever met with in any other individual."

"What your interests require," said Napoleon at this time, "is, 1. Equality of rights among the whole eighteen cantons. 2. A sincere and voluntary renunciation of all exclusive privileges on the part of patrician families. 3. A federative organization, where every canton may find itself arranged according to its language, its religion, its manners, and its interests. The central government remains to be provided for, but it is of much less consequence than the central organization. Situated on the summit of the mountains which separate France, Italy, and Germany, you participate in the disposition of all these countries. You have never maintained regular armies, nor had established accredited agents at the courts of the different governments. Strict neutrality, a prosperous commerce, and family administration can alone secure your interests or be suited to your wishes. Every organization which could be established among you, hostile to the interests of France, would injure you in the most essential particulars."

This was commanding to them a federative organization similar to that of the United States, and *cautioning them against the evil of a centralization of power*. No impartial man can deny that the most profound wisdom marked the principles which Napoleon suggested to terminate the divisions with which the cantons of Switzerland had long been agitated. "These lenient conditions," says Alison, "gave universal satisfaction in Switzerland." The following extract from the noble speech which Napoleon pronounced on the formation of the constitution of the confederacy will be read by many with surprise, by all with interest.

"The re-establishment of the ancient order of things in the democratic cantons is the best course which can be adopted, both for you and me. They are the states whose peculiar form of government render them so interesting in the eyes of all Europe. But for this pure democracy you would exhibit nothing which is not to be found elsewhere. *Beware of extinguishing so remarkable a distinction*. I know well that this democratic system of administration has many inconveniences, but it is established; it has existed for centuries. It springs from the circumstances, situation, and primitive habits of the people, from the genius of the place, and can not with safety be aban-

doned. You must never take away from a democratic society the practical exercise of its privileges. To give such exercise a direction consistent with the tranquillity of the state is the part of true political wisdom. In ancient Rome the votes were counted by classes, and they threw into the last class the whole body of indigent citizens, while the first contained only a few hundred of the most opulent. But the populace were content, and, amused with the solicitation of their votes, did not perceive the immense difference in their relative value."

The moral influence which France thus obtained in Switzerland was regarded with extreme jealousy by all the rival powers. "His conduct and language," says Alison, "on this occasion were distinguished by his usual penetration and ability, and a most unusual degree of lenity and forbearance. And if any thing could have reconciled the Swiss to the loss of their independence, it must have been the wisdom and equity on which his mediation was founded."

The English who visited Paris were astonished at the indications of prosperity which the metropolis exhibited. They found France in a very different condition from the hideous picture which had been described by the London journals. But there were two parties in England. Pitt and his friends submitted with extreme reluctance to a peace which they could not avoid. The English people, however, were overjoyed at the cessation of the horrible war. "But while," says Alison, "these were the natural feelings of the inconsiderate populace, who are ever governed by present impressions, and who were for the most part destitute of the information requisite to form a rational opinion on the subject, there were many men, gifted with greater sagacity and foresight, who deeply lamented the conditions by which peace had been purchased, and from the very first prophesied that it could be of no long endurance. They observed that the war had been abruptly terminated without any one object being gained for which it was undertaken; that it was entered into in order to curb the ambition and to stop the democratic propagandism of France."

These "many men gifted with greater sagacity," with William Pitt at their head, now employed themselves with sleepless vigilance and with fatal success to bring to a rupture a peace which they deemed so untoward. Sir Walter Scott discloses the feelings with which this party were actuated in the observations, "It seems more than probable that the extreme rejoicing of the rabble of London at signing the preliminaries, their dragging about the carriage of Lauriston, and shouting 'Bonaparte forever,' had misled the ruler of France into an opinion that peace was indispensably necessary to England. He may easily enough have mistaken the cries of a London mob for the voice of the British people."*

* "It is generally, perhaps universally, stated that England saw an infraction of the treaty of Amiens in the incorporation of Piedmont, the island of Elba, and the states of Parma with the French empire, and in the armed mediation in the affairs of Switzerland; and these circumstances are alleged as strong instances to prove that Napoleon did not, in spite of his protestations, wish for peace, because he committed acts that would inevitably lead to war, and which England could not allow; but we have it from the chief of the French delegation for the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, that he informed Lord Cornwallis on several occasions of the changes which would take place in France in the relations of France and Italy. The English government were, therefore,

In the midst of all these cares, Napoleon was making strenuous efforts to restore religion to France. It required great moral courage to prosecute such a movement. Nearly all the generals in his armies were rank infidels, regarding every form of religion with contempt. The religious element, by *nature*, predominated in the bosom of Napoleon. He was constitutionally serious, thoughtful, pensive. A profound melancholy ever overshadowed his reflective spirit. His inquisitive mind pondered the mysteries of the past and the uncertainties of the future. Educated in a wild country, where the peasantry were imbued with religious feelings, and having been trained by a pious mother, whose venerable character he never ceased to adore, the sight of the hallowed rites of religion revived in his sensitive and exalted imagination the deepest impressions of his childhood.

He had carefully studied, on his return from Egypt, the New Testament, and appreciated and profoundly admired its beautiful morality. He often conversed with Monge, Lagrange, Laplace, sages whom he honored and loved, and he frequently embarrassed them in their incredulity by the logical clearness of his arguments. The witticisms of Voltaire, and the corruptions of unbridled sin, had rendered the purity of the Gospel unpalatable to France. Talleyrand, annoyed by the remembrance of his own apostasy, bitterly opposed what he called "the religious peace." Nearly all the supporters and friends of the First Consul condemned every effort to bring back that which they denominated the reign of superstition. Napoleon honestly believed that the interests of France demanded that God should be recognized and Christianity respected by the French nation.

"Hear me," said Napoleon one day earnestly to Monge. "I do not maintain these opinions through the positiveness of a devotee, but from reason. My religion is very simple. I look at this universe, so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it can not be the result of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown, omnipotent being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers, and you will not find a more decisive argument, and you can not weaken it. But this truth is too succinct for man. He wishes to know, respecting himself and respecting his future destiny, a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose. Allow religion to inform him of that which he feels the need of knowing, and respect her disclosures."

One day, when this matter was under earnest discussion in the Council of State, Napoleon said, "Last evening I was walking alone in the woods, amid the solitude of nature. The tones of a distant church bell fell upon my ear, instructed of these changes, and they were not the cause of the rupture of peace."—*Encyclopaedia Americana, Article Napoleon.*

"Who, let me ask, first proposed to the Swiss people to *depart from the neutrality* which was their chief protection, and to join the confederacy against the French? I answer, that a noble relation of mine (Lord Herbert Fitzgerald), then the minister of England to the Swiss cantons, was instructed in direct terms to propose to the Swiss, by an official note, to break from the safe line they had laid down for themselves, and to tell them that 'in such a contest neutrality was criminal.' I know that noble lord too well, though I have not been in habits of intimacy with him of late, from the employments in which he has been engaged, to suspect that he would have presented such a paper without the express instructions of his court, or that he would have gone beyond those instructions."—*Speech in Parliament by Mr. Fox.*

Involuntarily I felt deep emotion, so powerful is the influence of early habits and associations. I said to myself, If I feel thus, what must be the influence of such impressions upon the popular mind? Let your philosophers answer that, if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people. It will be said that I am a Papist. I am not. I am convinced that a part of France would become Protestant, were I to favor that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would continue Catholic, and that they would oppose, with the greatest zeal, the division among their fellow-citizens. We should then have the Huguenot wars over again, and interminable conflicts. But by reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and by giving perfect liberty of conscience to the minority, all will be satisfied."

"The sound of a bell," says Bourrienne, "produced an effect upon Napoleon which I could never explain. He listened to it with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and were walking in the road which led to Ruel, how many times has the sound of the bell of the village church interrupted the most serious conversation. He would instantly stop, that the noise of our steps might not cause him to lose a single one of those distant tones which charmed him. He was vexed with me because I did not experience the same impressions. The effect produced upon him was so great that his voice trembled with emotion, and he said to me, 'That recalls the first years which I passed at Brienne. I was then happy.' I have been *twenty times* witness to the singular effect which the sound of a bell had upon Napoleon."

On another occasion he remarked, "What renders me most hostile to the establishment of the Catholic worship are the numerous festivals formerly observed. A saint's day is a day of idleness, and I do not wish for that. People must labor in order to live. I shall consent to four holidays during the year, but to no more. If the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with that, they may take their departure." The loss of time appeared to him such a calamity, that he almost invariably appointed any indispensable celebration upon some day previously devoted to festivity.

The new pontiff was attached to Napoleon by the secret chain of mutual sympathy. They had met, as we have before remarked, during the wars of Italy. Pius VII., then the Bishop of Imola, was surprised and delighted in finding in the young Republican general, whose fame was filling Europe, a man of refinement, of exalted genius, of reflection, of serious character, of unblemished purity of life, and of delicate sensibilities, restraining the irreligious propensities of his soldiers, and respecting the temples of religion. With classic purity and eloquence he spoke the Italian language. The dignity and decorum of his manners, and his love of order, were strangely contrasted with the recklessness of the ferocious soldiers with whom he was surrounded. The impression thus produced upon the heart of the pontiff was never effaced. Justice and generosity are always politic. But he must indeed be influenced by an ignoble spirit who hence infers that every act of magnanimity is dictated by policy. A legate was sent by the Pope to Paris. "Let the holy father," said Napoleon, "put the utmost confidence in me. Let him cast himself into my arms, and I will be for the Church another Charlemagne."

Napoleon had collected for himself a library of well chosen books relating to the organization and the history of the Church, and to the relations of Church and state. He had ordered the Latin writings of Bossuet to be translated for him. These works he had devoured in those short intervals which he could glean from the cares of government. His genius enabled him at a glance to master the argument of an author, to detect any existing sophistry. His memory, almost miraculously retentive, and the philosophical cast of his mind, gave him at all times the perfect command of these treasures of knowledge. He astonished the world by the accuracy, extent, and variety of his information upon all points of religion.

It was his custom, when deeply interested in any subject, to discuss it with all persons from whom he could obtain information. With clear, decisive, and cogent arguments, he advocated his own views, and refuted the erroneous systems successively proposed to him. It was urged upon Napoleon that, if he must have a church, he should establish a French church, independent of that of Rome. The poetic element was too strong in the character of Napoleon for such a thought.

“What!” he exclaimed, “shall I, a warrior, wearing sword and spurs, and doing battle, attempt to become the head of a church, and to regulate Church discipline and doctrine. I wish to be the pacifier of France and of the world, and shall I become the originator of a new schism, a little more absurd and not less dangerous than the preceding ones. I must have a Pope, and a Pope who will approximate men’s minds to each other instead of creating divisions; who will reunite them, and give them to the government sprung from the Revolution as a price for the protection that he shall have obtained from it. For this purpose I must have the true Pope, the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Pope, whose seat is at the Vatican. With the French armies and some deference, I shall always be sufficiently his master. When I shall raise up the altars again, when I shall protect the priests, when I shall feed them, and treat them as ministers of religion deserve to be treated in every country, he will do what I ask of him, through the interest he will have in the general tranquillity. He will calm men’s minds, reunite them under his hand, and place them under mine. Short of this there is only a continuation and an aggravation of the desolating schism which is preying on us, and for me an immense and indelible ridicule.”

The Pope’s legate most strenuously urged some of the most arrogant and exclusive assumptions of the Papal Church.

“The French people must be allured back to religion,” said Napoleon, “not shocked. To declare the Catholic religion *the religion of the state* is impossible. It is contrary to the ideas prevalent in France, and will never be admitted. In place of this declaration, we can only substitute the avowal of the fact that *the Catholic religion is the religion of the majority of Frenchmen*. But there must be perfect freedom of opinion. The amalgamation of wise and honest men of all parties is the principle of my government. I must apply that principle to the Church as well as to the state. It is the only way of putting an end to the troubles of France, and I shall persist in it undeviatingly.”

The question of the re-establishment of Christianity was very earnestly

discussed in the Council of State. To the objections which were urged, Napoleon replied, "You are deceived. The clergy exists, and ever will exist. They will exist as long as the people are imbued with a religious spirit, and that disposition is permanent in the human heart. We have seen republics and democracies. History has many examples of such governments to exhibit, but none of a state without an established worship, without religion, and without priests. Is it not better to organize the public worship and discipline the priests, than to leave both entirely emancipated from the control of the state? At present the clergy openly preach against the Republic, because they experience no benefit from it. Should we transport them? Unquestionably not! for what alone constitutes their authority in the wreck of their fortunes is the fidelity with which they adhere to the Church of their fathers, and that will be increased rather than diminished by all the sufferings they undergo. You may send into exile the English or the Austrians, for they are bound by no ties to our country; but the French, who have families here, and are guilty of no offense but an adherence to their religious opinions, must be treated differently. You can not extinguish their opinions. You must, therefore, attach them to the Republic. If the Protestant faith is proclaimed, one half the country will adopt that creed, and the other half remain Roman Catholic. We shall have the Huguenot wars over again, and interminable divisions. We have nothing to take from the clergy, and as little to ask from them. The affair is entirely a political matter, and the line I have adopted appears the safest that could have been chosen."

The numbers were:	For.	Against.
Tribunate.....	78	7
Legislative body.....	228	21
	306	28*

Napoleon was overjoyed at the prospect not only of a general peace with Europe, but of religious peace in France. In all the rural districts, the inhabitants longed for their churches and their pastors, and for the rites of religion. In the time of the Directory, a famous wooden image of the Virgin had been taken from the church at Loretto, and was deposited in one of the museums of Paris as a curiosity. The sincere Catholics were deeply wounded and irritated by this act, which to them appeared so sacrilegious. Great joy was caused both in France and Italy when Napoleon sent a courier to the Pope restoring this statue, which was regarded with very peculiar veneration. The same ambassador carried the terms of agreement for peace with the Church. This religious treaty with Rome was called "The Concordat." The Pope, in secular power, was helpless. Napoleon could, at any moment, pour a resistless swarm of troops into his territories.

As the French ambassador left the Tuilleries, he asked the First Consul for his instructions. "Treat the Pope," said Napoleon, magnanimously, "as if he had two hundred thousand soldiers." The difficulties in the way of an amicable arrangement were innumerable. The army of France was thoroughly infidel. Most of the leading generals and statesmen who surrounded Napoleon contemplated Christianity in every aspect with hatred and scorn. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, uninstructed by misfortune, was

* *Thibodeaux*, p. 210.

not disposed to abate in the least its arrogant demands, and was clamorous for concessions which even Napoleon had not power to confer. It required all the wisdom, forbearance, and tact of the First Consul to accomplish this reconciliation. Joseph Bonaparte, the accomplished gentleman, the sincere, urbane, sagacious, upright man, was Napoleon's *corps de reserve* in all diplomatic acts.

The preliminaries being finally adjusted, the Pope's legation met at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and on the 15th of July, 1801, this great act was signed. Napoleon announced the event to the Council of State. He addressed them in a speech an hour and a half in length, and all were struck with the precision, the vigor, and the loftiness of his language. By universal consent, his speech was pronounced to be eloquent in the highest degree. But those philosophers, who regarded it as the great glory of the Revolution that all superstition, by which they meant all religion, was swept away, in sullen silence yielded to a power which they could not resist. The people, the millions of France, were with Napoleon.

The following liberal and noble sentiments were uttered in the proclamation by which Napoleon announced the Concordat to the French people: "An insane policy has sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself. At its voice all those pious solemnities ceased in which the citizens called each other by the endearing name of brothers, and acknowledged their common equality in the sight of Heaven. The dying, left alone in his agonies, no longer heard that consoling voice which calls the Christian to a better world. God himself seemed exiled from the face of nature. Ministers of the religion of peace, let a complete oblivion vail over your dissensions, your misfortunes, your faults. Let the religion which unites you bind you by indissoluble cords to the interests of your country. Let the young learn from your precepts that the God of peace is also the God of arms, and that he throws his shield over those who combat for the liberties of France. Citizens of the Protestant faith, the law has equally extended its solicitude to your interests. Let the morality, so pure, so holy, so brotherly, which you profess, unite you all in love to your country, and in respect for its laws; and, above all, never permit disputes on doctrinal points to weaken that universal charity which religion at once inculcates and commands."

To foreign nations, the spectacle of France thus voluntarily returning to the Christian faith was gratifying in the highest degree. It seemed to them the pledge of peace and the harbinger of tranquillity. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia publicly expressed their joy at the auspicious event. The Emperor of Austria styled it "a service truly rendered to all Europe." The serious and devout in all lands considered the voluntary return of the French people to religion, from the impossibility of living without its precepts, as one of the most signal triumphs of the Christian faith.

On the 11th of April, 1802, the event was celebrated by a magnificent religious ceremony in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. No expense was spared to invest the festivity with the utmost splendor. Though many of the generals and the high authorities of the state were extremely reluctant to participate in the solemnities of the occasion, the power and the popularity of

the First Consul were so great that they dared not make any resistance. The Cathedral was crowded with splendor. The versatile populace, ever delighted with change and with shows, were overjoyed. General Rapp, however, positively refused to attend the ceremony. With the bluntness of a soldier, conscious that his well-known devotion to the First Consul would procure for him impunity, he said,

"I shall not attend. But if you do not make these priests your aids or your cooks, you may do with them as you please."

As Napoleon was making preparations to go to the Cathedral, Cambacères entered his apartment.

"Well," said the First Consul, rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, "we go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?"

"Many persons," replied Cambacères, "propose to attend the first representation in order to hiss the piece, should they not find it amusing."

"If any one," Napoleon firmly replied, "takes it into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard."

"But what if the grenadiers themselves," Cambacères rejoined, "should take to hissing like the rest?"

"As to that I have no fear," said Napoleon. "My old mustaches will go here to *Nôtre Dame*, just as at Cairo they would have gone to the mosque. They will remark how I do, and, seeing their general grave and decent, they will be so too, passing the watchword to each other, *Decency*."

"What did you think of the ceremony?" inquired Napoleon of General Delmas, who stood near him, when it was concluded.

"It was a fine piece of mummery," he replied; "nothing was wanting but the million of men who have perished to destroy that which you have now re-established."

Some of the priests, encouraged by this triumphant restoration of Christianity, began to assume not a little arrogance. A celebrated opera dancer died, not in the faith. The priest of St. Roche refused to receive the body into the church, or to celebrate over it the rites of interment. The next day Napoleon caused the following article to be inserted in the *Moniteur*:

"The curate of St. Roche, in a moment of hallucination, has refused the rites of burial to Mademoiselle Cameroi. One of his colleagues, a man of sense, received the procession into the church of St. Thomas, where the burial service was performed with the usual solemnities. The Archbishop of Paris has suspended the curate of St. Roche for three months, to give him time to recollect that Jesus Christ commanded us to pray even for our enemies. Being thus recalled by meditation to a proper sense of his duties, he may learn that all these superstitious observances, the offspring of an age of credulity or of crazed imaginations, tend only to the discredit of true religion, and have been proscribed by the recent Concordat of the French Church."

The most strenuous exertions were made by the clergy to induce Napoleon publicly to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was thought that his high example would be very influential upon others. Napoleon nobly replied, "I have not sufficient faith in the ordinance to be benefited by its reception; and I have too much faith in it to allow me to be guilty of sacrilege. We are well as we are. Do not ask me to go farther.

You will never obtain what you wish. I will not become a hypocrite. Be content with what you have already gained."

It is difficult to describe the undisguised delight with which the peasants all over France again heard the ringing of the church bells upon the Sabbath morning, and witnessed the opening of the church doors, the assembling of the congregations with smiles and congratulations, and the repose of the Sabbath. Mr. Fox, in conversation with Napoleon after the peace of Amiens, ventured to blame him for not having authorized the marriage of priests in France. "I then had," said Napoleon, in his nervous eloquence, "need to pacify. It is with water, and not with oil, that you must extinguish theological volcanoes. I should have had less difficulty in establishing the Protestant religion in my empire."

The magistrates of Paris, grateful for the inestimable blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France, requested him to accept the project of a triumphal monument to be erected in his honor, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon gave the following reply :

"I view with grateful acknowledgments those sentiments which actuate the magistrates of the city of Paris. The idea of dedicating monumental trophies to those men who have rendered themselves useful to the community is a praiseworthy action in all nations. I accept the offer of the monument which you desire to dedicate to me. Let the spot be designated. But leave the labor of constructing it to future generations, should they think fit thus to sanction the estimate which you place upon my services." Beneath the dome of the Invalides may now be seen the estimate which France has placed on the services of Napoleon.

There was an indescribable fascination about the character of Napoleon which no other man ever possessed, and which all felt who entered his presence. Some military officers of high rank, on one occasion, in these days of his early power, agreed to go and remonstrate with him upon some subject which had given them offense. One of the party thus describes the interview :

"I do not know whence it arises, but there is a charm about that man which is indescribable and irresistible. I am no admirer of him. I dislike the power to which he has risen. Yet I can not help confessing that there is a something in him which seems to speak that he is born to command. We went into his apartment determined to declare our minds to him very freely, to expostulate with him warmly, and not to depart till our subjects of complaint were removed. But in his manner of receiving us there was a certain something, a degree of fascination, which disarmed us in a moment; nor could we utter one word of what we had intended to say. He talked to us for a long time with an eloquence peculiarly his own, explaining, with the utmost clearness and precision, the necessity for steadily pursuing the line of conduct he had adopted. Without contradicting us in direct terms, he controverted our opinions so ably that we had not a word to say in reply. We left him, having done nothing else but listen to him instead of expostulating with him, and fully convinced, at least for the moment, that he was in the right and we were in the wrong."

The merchants of Rouen experienced a similar fascination when they

called to remonstrate against some commercial relations which Napoleon had introduced. They were so entirely disarmed by his frankness, his sincerity, and were so deeply impressed by the extent and the depth of his views, that they retired, saying, "The First Consul understands our interests far better than we do ourselves."

"The man," says Lady Morgan, "who, at the head of a vast empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Gerrard, *vertu* with Denon, and literature and science with any one who would listen to him, was certainly out of the roll of common men."

Napoleon now exerted all his energies for the elevation of France. He sought out and encouraged talent wherever it could be found. No merit escaped his princely munificence. Authors, artists, men of science were loaded with honors and emoluments. He devoted most earnest attention to the education of youth. The navy, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and all mechanic arts, secured his assiduous care. He labored to the utmost, and with a moral courage above all praise, to discountenance whatever was loose in morals, or enervating or unmanly in amusements or taste.

The theatre was the most popular source of entertainment in France. He frowned upon all frivolous and immodest performances, and encouraged those only which were moral, grave, and dignified. In the grandeur of tragedy alone he took pleasure. In his private deportment he exhibited the example of a moral, simple, and toilsome life. Among the forty millions of France, there was not to be found a more temperate and laborious man. When nights of labor succeeded days of toil, his only stimulus was lemonade. He loved his own family and friends, and was loved by them with a fervor which soared into the regions of devotion. Never before did mortal man secure such love. Thousands were ready at any moment to lay down their lives through their affection for him. And that mysterious charm was so strong that it has survived his death. Thousands now live who would brave death in any form from love for Napoleon.*

* "If Napoleon had not distinguished himself as a soldier, he would have done so as an author, poet, orator, or mathematician, somehow or other; for he was potent with both tongue and pen as well as sword. His conversation was highly instructive, and he was one of the most eloquent men of modern times. His orders of the day, proclamations, bulletins, speeches, addresses, and answers to addresses—all his writings, from his first appearance in Italy to his last will and testament at St. Helena—many of his sudden sayings, his maxims, sarcasms, witticisms, and unpremeditated observations, breathe an abrupt, vivifying, concentrated, and peculiar spirit, poetical and imaginative, logical and argumentative, fervid and forcible.

"Napoleon was a free talker, never wrapped up in mysterious taciturnity, or disclosed by oracular intimations. Yet he was a listener too, which is a rare talent, and could keep his decision suspended till he heard all that might be said on all sides. Deliberations lasted mostly five or six hours a day, which is longer than an American judicial, much longer than a legislative daily session. Not only would the Emperor, all that time, take his part in the council, but often keep some of the counselors to dine with him, during and after dinner renewing the subject, and analyzing it in every way. In those grave, sometimes technical and complicated questions, the astonishing versatility of his genius, and extent of his attainments for civil as well as military government, the quickness and clearness with which he seized the very point in question in matters he had not been educated to, and might well have been uninformed of, his superior knowledge of men and things, were wonderfully apparent."—Ingersoll's *Second War*, vol. i., p. 154, *Second Series*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE.

Peace in France—Trials of Josephine—State of Morals—Josephine's Plans for Hortense—Louis Bonaparte—Italian Republic—Congress at Lyons—Incessant Activity of Napoleon—Solicitude of England—Schools—Origin of the Decoration of the Legion of Honor—Election as First Consul for Life—Reproof to Lucien and Eliza—Review—Renewal of Difficulties with England.

FRANCE was now at peace with all the world. It was universally admitted that Napoleon was the great pacifier. He was the idol of France. The masses of the people of Europe every where regarded him as their advocate and friend, the enemy of aristocratic usurpation, and the great champion of equality. The people of France no longer demanded *liberty*. Weary years of woe had taught them gladly to relinquish the boon. They only desired a ruler who would take care of them, govern them, protect them from the power of allied despotism, and give them equal rights. Though Napoleon had now but the title of First Consul, and France was nominally a republic, he was, in reality, the most powerful monarch in Europe. His throne was established in the hearts of nearly forty millions of people. His word was law.

It will be remembered that Josephine contemplated the extraordinary grandeur to which her husband had attained, with intense solicitude. She saw that more than ordinary regal power had passed into his hands, and she was not a stranger to the intense desire which animated his heart to have an heir to whom to transmit his name and glory. She knew that many were intimating to him that an heir was essential to the repose of France. She was fully informed that divorce had been urged upon him as one of the stern necessities of state. One day, when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet, Josephine entered softly by a side door, and seating herself affectionately upon his knee, and passing her hand gently through his hair, said to him, with a burst of tenderness,

"I entreat you, my love, do not make yourself king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him."

Napoleon smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why, my poor Josephine, you are mad. You must not listen to these fables which the old dowagers tell you. But you interrupt me now; I am very busy; leave me alone."

Josephine was at times almost delirious in apprehension of the awful calamity which threatened her. She knew the intensity of her husband's love. She also knew the boundlessness of his ambition. She could not be blind to the apparent importance, as a matter of state policy, that Napoleon should possess an heir. She also was fully aware that throughout France marriage had long been regarded but as a partnership of convenience, to be formed and sundered almost at pleasure. "Marriage," said Madame de Staël, "has become but the sacrament of adultery." The nation, under the influence of these views, would condemn her for selfishly refusing assent to

an arrangement apparently essential to the repose of France and of Europe. Never was a woman placed in a situation of more terrible trial. Never was an ambitious man exposed to a more fiery temptation.

Laying aside the authority of Christianity, and contemplating the subject in the light of mere expediency, it seemed a plain duty for Napoleon and Josephine to separate. But gloriously does it illustrate the immutable truth of God's word, that even in such an exigence as this, the path which the Bible pointed out was the only path of safety and of peace. "In separating myself from Josephine," said Napoleon afterward, "and in marrying Maria Louisa, I placed my foot upon an abyss which was covered with flowers."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, beautiful, brilliant, and amiable, then but eighteen years of age, was strongly attached to Duroc, one of Napoleon's aids, a very fashionable and handsome man. Josephine, however, had conceived the idea of marrying Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. She said one day to Bourrienne,

"My two brothers-in-law are my determined enemies. You see all their intrigues. You know how much uneasiness they have caused me. This projected marriage with Duroc leaves me without any support. Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing. He has neither fortune, rank, nor even reputation. He can afford me no protection against the enmity of the brothers. I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much. If I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my brothers-in-law."

These remarks were reported to Napoleon. He replied, "Josephine labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc. He is brave. He is as good as the others. He is general of division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

In the palace the heart may throb with the same joys and griefs as in the cottage. In anticipation of the projected marriage, Duroc was sent on a special mission to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. Duroc wrote often to Hortense while absent. When the private secretary whispered in her ear, in the midst of the brilliant throng of the Tuileries, "I have a letter," she would immediately retire to her apartment. Upon her return, her friends could see that her eyes were moistened with the tears of affection and joy. Josephine cherished the hope that, could she succeed in uniting Hortense with Louis Bonaparte, should Hortense give birth to a son, Napoleon would regard him as his heir. The child would bear the name of Bonaparte; the blood of the Bonapartes would circulate in his veins; and he would be the offspring of Hortense, whom Napoleon regarded as his own daughter, and whom he loved with the strongest parental affection. Thus the terrible divorce might be averted. Urged by motives so powerful, Josephine left no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

Louis Bonaparte was a studious, pensive, imaginative man, of great moral worth, though possessing but little force of character. He had been bitterly disappointed in his affections, and was weary of the world. When but nine-

teen years of age he had formed a very strong attachment for a young lady whom he had met in Paris. She was the daughter of an emigrant noble and his whole being became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon, then in the midst of those victories which paved his way to the throne of France, was apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old Royalist families might endanger his own ambitious projects. He therefore sent him away on a military commission, and secured, by his powerful instrumentality, the marriage of the young lady to another person. The disappointment preyed deeply upon the heart of the sensitive young man. All ambition died within him. He loved solitude, and studiously avoided the cares and pomp of state. Napoleon, not having been aware of the extreme strength of his brother's attachment, when he saw the wound which he had inflicted upon him, endeavored to make all the amends in his power. Hortense was beautiful, full of grace and vivacity. At last Napoleon fell in with the views of Josephine, and resolved, having united the two, to recompense his brother, as far as possible, by lavishing great favors upon them.

It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung to the lost object of his idolatry, and he could not, without pain, think of union with another. Indeed, a more uncongenial alliance could hardly have been imagined. In no one thing were their tastes similar. But who could resist the combined tact of Josephine and power of Napoleon. All obstacles were swept away, and the maiden, loving the hilarity of life, and its gayest scenes of festivity and splendor, was reluctantly led to the silent, pensive scholar, who as reluctantly received her as his bride.

Hortense had become in some degree reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised to place them in high positions of wealth and rank. Louis resigned himself to his lot, feeling that earth had no further joy in store for him. A magnificent *fête* was given in honor of this marriage, at which all the splendors of the ancient royalty were revived. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, as President of the French Republic, succeeded Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was the only child of this marriage who survived his parents.

Napoleon had organized in the heart of Italy a republic containing about five millions of inhabitants. This republic could by no means maintain itself against the monarchies of Europe, unaided by France. Napoleon, surrounded by hostile kings, deemed it essential to the safety of France to secure in Italy a nation of congenial sympathies and interests, with whom he could form the alliance of cordial friendship. The Italians, all inexperienced in self-government, regarding Napoleon as their benefactor and their sole supporter, looked to him for a constitution. Three of the most influential men of the Cisalpine Republic were sent as delegates to Paris, to consult with the First Consul upon the organization of their government. Under the direction of Napoleon a constitution was drafted, which, considering the character of the Italian people, and the hostile monarchical influences which surrounded them, was most highly liberal. A President and Vice-President were to be chosen for ten years. There was to be a Senate of eight members and a House of Representatives of seventy-five members. These were

all to be selected from a body composed of 300 landed proprietors, 200 merchants, and 200 of the clergy and prominent literary men. Thus all the important interests of the state were represented.

In Italy, as in all the other countries of Europe at that time, there were three prominent parties. The Loyalists sought the restoration of monarchy and the exclusive privileges of kings and nobles. The moderate Republicans wished to establish a firm government, which would enforce order, and confer upon all equal rights. The Jacobins wished to break down all distinctions, divide property, and to govern by the blind energies of the mob. Italy had long been held in subjection by the spiritual terrors of the priests and by the bayonets of the Austrians. Ages of bondage had enervated the people, and there were no Italian statesmen capable of taking the helm of government in such a turbulent sea of troubles. Napoleon resolved to have himself proposed as President, and then, reserving to himself the supreme direction, to delegate the details of affairs to distinguished Italians, until they should, in some degree, be trained to duties so new to them.

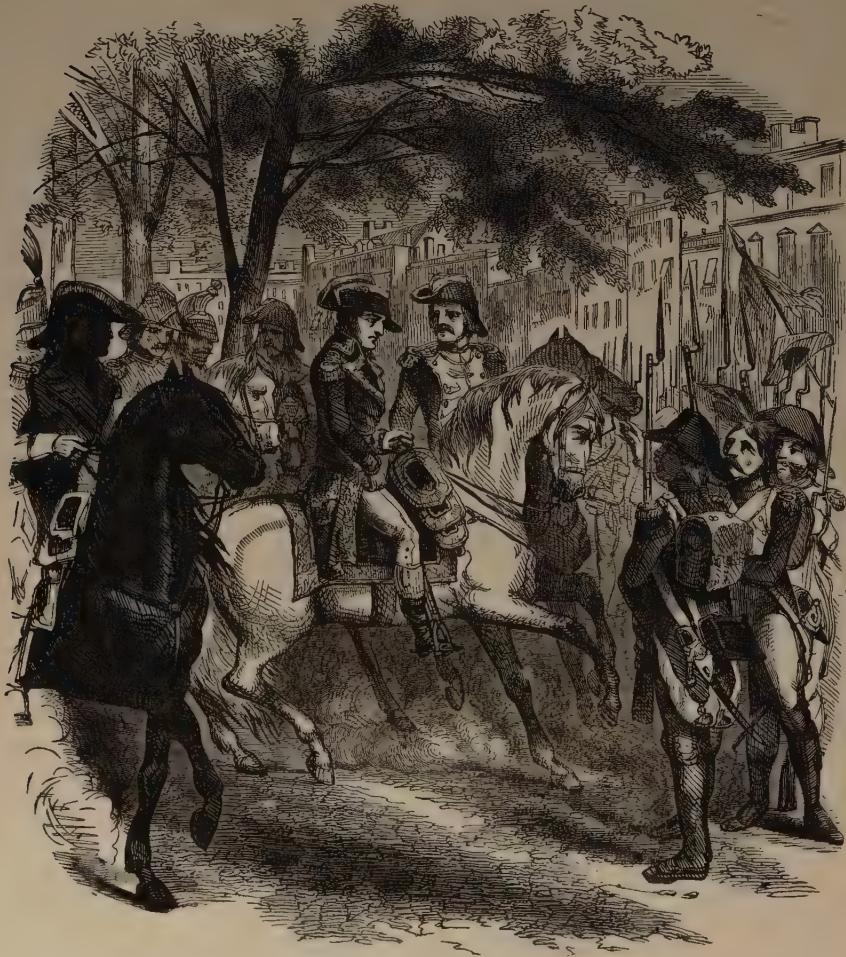
"This plan," says Thiers, "was not, on his part, the inspiration of ambition, but rather of great good sense. His views on this occasion were unquestionably both pure and exalted." But nothing can more strikingly show the almost miraculous energies of Napoleon's mind, and his perfect self-reliance, than the readiness with which, in addition to the cares of the empire of France, he assumed the responsibility of organizing and developing another nation of five millions of inhabitants. This was in 1802. Napoleon was then but thirty-three years of age.

To have surrendered those Italians, who had rallied around the armies of France in their hour of need, again to Austrian domination, would have been an act of treachery. To have abandoned them, in their inexperience, to the Jacobin mob on the one hand, and to Royalist intrigues on the other, would have insured the ruin of the Republic. But by leaving the details of government to be administered by Italians, and at the same time sustaining the constitution by his own powerful hand, there was a probability that the republic might attain prosperity and independence. As the press of business rendered it extremely difficult for Napoleon to leave France, a plan was formed for a vast congress of the Italians to be assembled in Lyons, about half way between Paris and Milan, for the imposing adoption of the republican constitution.

Four hundred and fifty-two deputies were elected to cross the frozen Alps in the month of December. The extraordinary watchfulness and foresight of the First Consul had prepared every thing for them on the way. In Lyons sumptuous preparations were made for their entertainment. Magnificent halls were decorated in the highest style of earthly splendor for the solemnities of the occasion. The army of Egypt, which had recently landed, bronzed by an African sun, was gorgeously attired, to add to the magnificence of the spectacle. The Lyonese youth, exultant with pride, were formed into an imposing body of cavalry.

On the 11th of January, 1802, Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, arrived in Lyons. The whole population of the adjoining country had assembled along the road, anxiously watching for his passage. At night immense

fires illuminated his path, blazing upon every hill-side and in every valley. One continuous shout of "Live Bonaparte!" rolled along with the carriage from Paris to Lyons. It was late in the evening when Napoleon arrived in Lyons. The brilliant city flamed with the splendor of noon-day. The carriage of the First Consul passed under a triumphal arch, surmounted by a sleeping lion, the emblem of France, and Napoleon took up his residence in the Hotel de Ville, which, in most princely sumptuousness, had been decorated for his reception. The Italians adored Napoleon. They felt personally ennobled by his renown, for they considered him their countryman. The Italian language was his native tongue, and he spoke it with the most perfect fluency and elegance. The moment that the name of Napoleon was suggested to the deputies as President of the Republic, it was received with shouts of enthusiastic acclamation.



A deputation was immediately sent to the First Consul to express the unanimous and cordial wish of the Convention that he would accept the

office. While these things were transpiring, Napoleon, ever intensely occupied, was inspecting his veteran soldiers of Italy and of Egypt in a public review. The elements seemed to conspire to invest the occasion with splendor. The day was cloudless, the sun brilliant, the sky serene, the air invigorating. All the inhabitants of Lyons and the populace of the adjacent country thronged the streets. No pen can describe the transports with which the hero was received, as he rode along the lines of these veterans, whom he had so often led to victory. The soldiers shouted in a phrensy of enthusiasm. Old men, and young men, and boys caught the shout, and it reverberated along the streets in one continuous roar. Matrons and maidens, waving banners and handkerchiefs, wept in excess of emotion. Bouquets of flowers were showered from the windows to carpet his path, and every conceivable demonstration was made of the most enthusiastic love.

Napoleon himself was deeply moved by the scene. Some of the old grenadiers, whom he recognized, he called out of the ranks, kindly talked with them, inquiring respecting their wounds and their wants. He addressed several of the officers, whom he had seen in many encounters, shook hands with them, and a delirium of excitement pervaded all minds. Upon his return to the Hotel de Ville, he met the deputation of the Convention. They presented him the address, urging upon him the acceptance of the Presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. Napoleon received the address, intimated his acceptance, and promised, on the following day, to meet the Convention.

The next morning dawned brightly upon the city. A large church, embellished with richest drapery, was prepared for the solemnities of the occasion. Napoleon entered the church, took his seat upon an elevated platform, surrounded by his family, the French ministers, and a large number of distinguished generals and statesmen. He addressed the assembly in the Italian language with as much ease of manner, elegance of expression, and fluency of utterance as if his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of the powers of oratory. He announced his acceptance of the dignity with which they would invest him, and uttered his views respecting the measures which should be adopted to secure the prosperity of the *Italian Republic*, as the new state was henceforth to be called. Repeated bursts of applause interrupted his address, and at its close one continuous shout of acclamation testified the assent and the delight of the assembled multitude. Napoleon remained at Lyons twenty days, occupied apparently, every moment, with the vast affairs which then engrossed his attention. And yet he found time to write daily to Paris, urging forward the majestic enterprises of the new government in France. The following brief extracts from this free and confidential correspondence afford an interesting glimpse of the motives which actuated Napoleon at this time, and of the great objects of his ambition.

"I am proceeding slowly in my operations. I pass the whole of my mornings in giving audience to the deputations of the neighboring departments. The improvement in the happiness of France is obvious. During the past two years the population of Lyons has increased more than 20,000 souls. All the manufacturers tell me that their works are in a state of high activity. All minds seem to be full of energy; not that energy which overturns

empires, but that which re-establishes them, and conducts them to prosperity and riches.

"I beg of you particularly to see that the unruly members whom we have in the constituted authorities are every one of them removed. The wish of the nation is that the government shall not be obstructed in its endeavors to act for the public good, and that the head of Medusa shall no longer show itself either in our tribunes or in our assemblies. The conduct of Siéyes on this occasion completely proves that, having contributed to the destruction of all the constitutions since '91, he wishes now to try his hand against the present. He ought to burn a wax candle to Our Lady for having got out of the scrape so fortunately and in so unexpected a manner. But the older I grow, the more I perceive that each man must fulfill his destiny. I recommend you to ascertain whether the provisions for St. Domingo have actually been sent off. I take it for granted that you have taken proper measures for demolishing the Châtelet. If the Minister of Marine should stand in need of the frigates of the King of Naples, he may make use of them. General Jourdan gives me a satisfactory account of the state of Piedmont.

"I wish that Citizen Royer be sent to the 16th military division to examine into the accounts of the paymaster. I also wish some individual, like Citizen Royer, to perform the same duty for the 13th and 14th divisions. It is complained that the receivers keep the money as long as they can, and that the paymasters postpone payment as long as possible. The paymasters and the receivers are the greatest nuisance in the state.

"Yesterday I visited several factories. I was pleased with the industry and severe economy which pervaded those establishments. Should the wintry weather continue severe, I do not think that the \$25,000 a month, which the Minister of the Interior grants for the purposes of charity, will be sufficient. It will be necessary to add five thousand dollars for the distribution of wood, and also to light fires in the churches and other large buildings to give warmth to a great number of people."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 31st of January. In the mean time, there had been a new election of members of the Tribune and of the legislative body. All those who had manifested any opposition to the measures of Napoleon in the re-establishment of Christianity and in the adoption of the new civil code were left out, and their places supplied by those who approved of the measures of the First Consul. Napoleon could now act unembarrassed. In every quarter there was submission. All the officers of the state, immediately upon his return, sought an audience, and, in that pomp of language which his majestic deeds and character inspired, presented to him their congratulations. He was already a sovereign, in possession of regal power such as no other monarch in Europe enjoyed.

Upon one object all the energies of his mighty mind were concentrated. France was his estate, his diadem, his all. The glory of France was his glory, the happiness of France his happiness, the riches of France his wealth. Never did a father, with more untiring self-denial and toil, labor for his family, than did Napoleon, through days of exertion and nights of sleeplessness, devote every energy of body and soul to the greatness of France. He loved not ease, he loved not personal indulgence, he loved not sensual gratifica-

tion. The elevation of France to prosperity, wealth, and power was a limitless ambition. The almost supernatural success which had thus far attended his exertions did but magnify his desires and stimulate his hopes. He had no wish to elevate France upon the ruins of other nations. But he wished to make France the pattern of all excellence, the illustrious leader at the head of all nations, guiding them to intelligence, to opulence, and to happiness. Such, at this time, was the towering ambition of Napoleon, the most noble and comprehensive which was ever embraced by the conception of man.

Of course, such ambition was not consistent with the equality of other nations, for he determined that France should be the first. But he manifested no disposition to destroy the happiness of others; he only wished to give such an impulse to humanity in France, by the culture of mind, by purity of morals, by domestic industry, by foreign commerce, by great national works, as to place France in the advance upon the race-course of greatness.

In this race France had but one antagonist—England. France had nearly forty millions of inhabitants. The island of Great Britain contained but about fifteen millions. But England, with her colonies, girdled the globe, and, with her fleets, commanded all seas.

“France,” said Napoleon, “must also have her colonies and her fleets.”

“If we permit that,” the statesmen of England rejoined, “we may become a secondary power, and may thus be at the mercy of France.”

It was undeniably so. Shall history be blind to such fatality as this? Is man, in the hour of triumphant ambition, so moderate that we can be willing that he should attain power which places us at his mercy? England was omnipotent upon the seas. She became arrogant and abused that power, and made herself offensive to all nations. Napoleon developed no special meekness of character to indicate that he would be, in the pride of strength which no nation could resist, more moderate and conciliating. Candor can not censure England for being unwilling to yield her high position—to surrender her supremacy on the seas—to become a secondary power—to allow France to become her master. And who can censure France for seeking the establishment of colonies, the extension of commerce, friendly alliance with other nations, and the creation of fleets to protect her from aggression upon the ocean as well as upon the land?

Napoleon himself, with that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, though at times exasperated by the hostility which he now encountered, yet often spoke in terms of respect of the influences which animated his foes. It is to be regretted that his antagonists so seldom reciprocated this magnanimity. There was, in this sanguinary conflict, most certainly a right and a wrong. But it is not easy for man accurately to adjust the balance. God alone can award the issue. The mind is saddened as it wanders amid the labyrinths of conscientiousness and of passion, of pure motives and of impure ambition. This is, indeed, a fallen world. The drama of nations is a tragedy. Melancholy is the lot of man.

England daily witnessed, with increasing alarm, the rapid and enormous strides which France was making. The energy of the First Consul seemed superhuman. His acts indicated the most profound sagacity, the **most far-**

reaching foresight. 'To-day the news reaches London that Napoleon has been elected President of the Italian Republic. Thus, in an hour, five millions of people are added to his empire! To-morrow it is announced that he is establishing a colony at Elba—that a vast expedition is sailing for St. Domingo, to re-organize the colony there. England is bewildered. Again it is proclaimed that Napoleon has purchased Louisiana of Spain, and is preparing to fill the fertile valley of the Mississippi with colonists. In the mean time, all France is in a state of activity. Factories, roads, bridges, canals, fortifications, are every where springing into existence. The sound of the ship-hammer reverberates in all the harbors of France, and every month witnesses the increase of the French fleet. The mass of the English people contemplate with admiration this development of energy. The statesmen of England contemplate it with dread.

For some months Napoleon, in the midst of all his other cares, had been maturing a vast system of public instruction for the youth of France. He drew up, with his own hand, the plan for their schools, and proposed the course of study. It is a little singular that, with his strong scientific predilections, he should have assigned the first rank to classical studies. Perhaps this is to be accounted for from his professed admiration of the heroes of antiquity. His own mind was thoroughly stored with all the treasures of Greek and Roman story. All these schools were formed upon a military model, for, situated as France was in the midst of monarchies at heart hostile, he deemed it necessary that the nation should be universally trained to bear arms. Religious instruction was to be communicated in all these schools by chaplains, military instruction by old officers who had left the army, and classical and scientific instruction by the most learned men Europe could furnish.

The First Consul also devoted special attention to female schools. "France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration," said he, "as good mothers." To attract the youth of France to these schools, one million of dollars was appropriated for over six thousand gratuitous exhibitions for the pupils. Ten schools of law were established, nine schools of medicine, and an institution for the mechanical arts, called the "School of Bridges and Roads," the first model of those schools of art which continue in France until the present day, and which are deemed invaluable. There were no exclusive privileges in these institutions; a system of perfect equality pervaded them. The pupils of all classes were placed upon a level, with an unobstructed arena before them. "This is only a commencement," said Napoleon; "by-and-by we shall do more and better."

Another project which Napoleon now introduced was vehemently opposed—the establishment of the Legion of Honor. One of the leading principles of the Revolution was the entire overthrow of all titles of distinction. Every man, high or low, was to be addressed simply as *Citizen*. Napoleon wished to introduce a system of rewards which should stimulate to heroic deeds, and ennable those who had deserved well of humanity. Innumerable foreigners of distinction had thronged France since the peace. He had observed with what eagerness the populace had followed these foreigners, gazing with delight upon their gay decorations. The court-yard of the Tuilleries was ever

crowded when these illustrious strangers arrived and departed. Napoleon, in his council, where he was always eloquent and powerful, thus urged his views :

“ Look at these vanities which genius pretends so much to disdain. The populace is not of that opinion. It loves these many-colored ribbons as it loves religious pomp. The democrat philosopher calls it vanity. Vanity let it be ; but that vanity is a weakness common to the whole human race, and great virtues may be made to spring from it. With these so much despised baubles heroes are made. There must be worship for the religious sentiment ; there must be visible distinctions for the noble sentiment of glory. Nations should not strive to be singular any more than individuals. The affection of acting differently from the rest of the world is an affection which is reproved by all persons of sense and modesty. Ribbons are in use in all countries. Let them be in use in France. It will be one more friendly relation established with Europe. Our neighbors give them only to the man of noble birth. I will give them to the man of merit—to the one who shall have served best in the army or in the state, or who shall have produced the finest works.”

It was objected that the institution of the Legion of Honor was a return to the aristocracy which the Revolution had abolished. “ What is there aristocratic,” Napoleon exclaimed, “ in a distinction purely personal, and merely for life, bestowed on the man who has displayed merit, whether civil or military—bestowed on him alone, bestowed for his life only, and not passing to his children. Such a distinction is the reverse of aristocratic. It is the essence of aristocracy that its titles are transmitted from the man who has earned them to the son who possesses no merit. The ancient regime, so battered by the ram of the Revolution, is more entire than is believed. All the emigrants hold each other by the hand ; the Vendéans are secretly enrolled ; the priests, at heart, are not very friendly to us. With the words ‘ legitimate king,’ thousands might be roused to arms. It is needful that the men who have taken part in the Revolution should have a bond of union, and cease to depend on the first accident which might strike one single head. For ten years we have only been making ruins ; we must now found an edifice. Depend upon it, the struggle is not over with Europe. Be assured that struggle will begin again.”

It was then urged by some that the Legion of Honor should be confined entirely to military merit. “ By no means,” said Napoleon. “ Rewards are not to be conferred upon soldiers alone. All sorts of merit are brothers. The courage of the president of the Convention resisting the populace, should be compared with the courage of Kleber mounting to the assault of Acre. It is right that civil virtues should have their reward as well as military virtues. Those who oppose this course reason like barbarians. It is the religion of brute force they commend to us. Intelligence has its rights before those of force. Force, without intelligence, is nothing. In barbarous ages, the man of stoutest sinews was the chieftain ; now, the general is the most intelligent of the brave.

“ At Cairo, the Egyptians could not comprehend how it was that Kleber, with his majestic form, was not commander-in-chief. When Mourad Bey

had carefully observed our tactics, he could comprehend how it was that I, and no other, ought to be the general of an army so conducted. You reason like the Egyptians when you attempt to confine rewards to military valor. The soldiers reason better than you. Go to their bivouacs ; listen to them. Do you imagine that it is the tallest of their officers, and the most imposing by his stature, for whom they feel the highest regard ? Do you imagine even that the bravest stands first in their esteem ? No doubt they would despise the man whose courage they suspected ; but they rank above the merely brave man him whom they consider the most intelligent.

“ As for myself, do you suppose that it is solely because I am reputed a great general that I rule France ? No ! It is because the qualities of a statesman and magistrate are attributed to me. France will never tolerate the government of the sword. Those who think so are strangely mistaken. It would require an abject servitude of fifty years before that could be the case. France is too noble, too intelligent a country to submit to material power. Let us honor intelligence, virtue, the civil qualities ; in short, let us bestow upon them, in all professions, the like reward.”

The true spirit of republicanism is certainly equality of rights, not of attainments and honors ; the abolition of hereditary distinctions and privileges, not of those which are founded upon merit. The badge of the Legion of Honor was to be conferred upon all who, by genius, self-denial, and toil, had won renown. The prizes were open to the humblest peasant in the land. Still, the popular hostility to any institution which bore a resemblance to the aristocracy of the ancient nobility was so strong, that, though a majority voted in favor of the measure, there was a strong opposition. Napoleon was surprised. He said to Bourrienne,

“ You are right. Prejudices are still against me. I ought to have waited. There was no occasion for haste in bringing it forward. But the thing is done ; and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not yet gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You will see that extraordinary results will arise from it.”

The order was to consist of six thousand members. It was constituted in four ranks : grand officers, commanders, officers, and private legionaries. The badge was simply a red ribbon in the button-hole. To the first rank there was allotted an annual salary of \$1000 ; to the second, \$400 ; to the third, \$200 ; to the fourth, \$50. The private soldier, the retired scholar, and the skillful artist were thus decorated with the same badge of distinction which figured upon the breasts of generals, nobles, and monarchs. That this institution was peculiarly adapted to the state of France, is evident from the fact that it has survived all the revolutions of subsequent years. “ Though of such recent origin,” says Thiers, “ it is already consecrated as if it had passed through centuries ; to such a degree has it become the recompense of heroism, of knowledge, of merit of every kind—so much have its honors been coveted by the grandees and the princes of Europe the most proud of their origin.”*

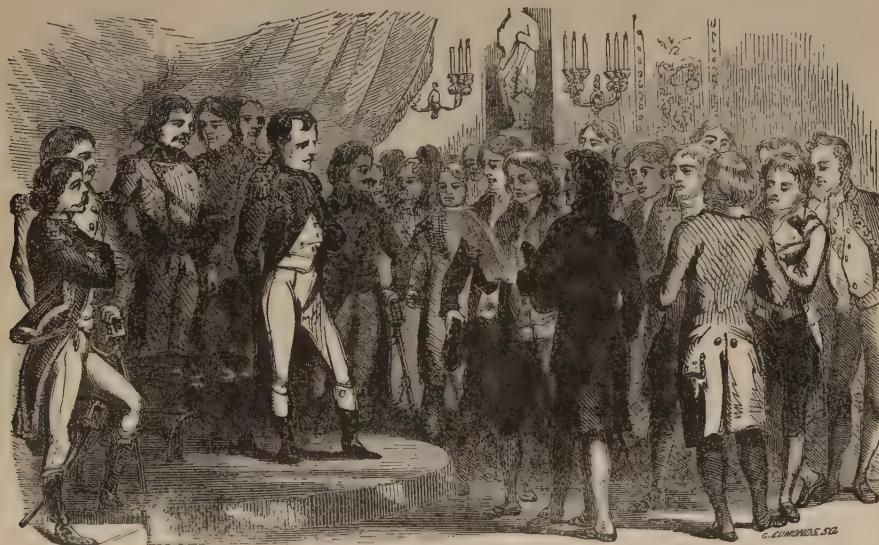
* The oath administered to those who received the cross of the Legion of Honor was as follows : “ I swear, on my honor, to devote myself to the service of the Republic, to the preservation of the integrity of its territory, to the defense of its government, its laws, and the property by them con-

The popularity of Napoleon was now unbounded. A very general and earnest disposition was expressed to confer upon the First Consul a magnificent testimonial of the national gratitude—a testimonial worthy of the illustrious man who was to receive it, and of the powerful nation by which it was to be bestowed. The President of the Tribunal thus addressed that body :

“ Among all nations, public honors have been decreed to men who, by splendid actions, have honored their country, and saved it from great dangers. What man ever had stronger claims to the national gratitude than General Bonaparte ? His valor and genius have saved the French people from the excesses of anarchy and from the miseries of war ; and France is too great, too magnanimous, to leave such benefits without reward.”

A deputation was immediately chosen to confer with Napoleon upon the subject of the tribute of gratitude and affection which he should receive. Surrounded by his colleagues and the principal officers of the state, he received them the next day in the Tuilleries. With seriousness and modesty he listened to the high eulogium upon his achievements which was pronounced, and then replied :

“ I receive with sincere gratitude the wish expressed by the Tribune. I desire no other glory than that of having completely performed the task imposed upon me. I aspire to no other reward than the affection of my fellow-citizens. I shall be happy if they are thoroughly convinced that the



RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES.

evils which they may experience will always be to me the severest of misfortunes ; that life is dear to me solely for the services which I am able to render to my country ; that death itself will have no bitterness for me, if my last looks can see the happiness of the Republic as firmly secured as is its glory.”

secrated ; to oppose, by every means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, all acts tending to re-establish the feudal system, or to revive the titles and distinctions belonging to it ; finally, to contribute, to the utmost of my power, to the maintenance of liberty and equality.” After the establishment of the Empire, the oath was slightly changed to meet the new order of things.

But how was Napoleon to be rewarded? That was the great and difficult question. Was wealth to be conferred upon him? For wealth he cared nothing. Millions had been at his disposal, and he had emptied them all into the treasury of France. Ease, luxury, self-indulgence had no charms for him. Were monuments to be reared to his honor, titles to be lavished upon his name? Napoleon regarded these but as means for the accomplishment of ends. In themselves they were nothing. The only one thing which he desired was *power*—power to work out vast results for others, and thus to secure for himself renown which should be pure and imperishable.

But how could the *power* of Napoleon be increased? He was already almost absolute. Whatever he willed, he accomplished. Senators, legislators, and tribunes all co-operated in giving energy to his plans. It will be remembered that Napoleon was elected First Consul for ten years. It seemed that there was absolutely nothing which could be done, gratifying to the First Consul, but to prolong the term of his consulship, by either adding to it another period of ten years, or by continuing it during his life. “What does he wish?” was the universal inquiry. Every possible means were tried, but in vain, to obtain a single word from his lips significant of his desires.

One of the senators went to Cambacères and said, “What would be gratifying to General Bonaparte? Does he wish to be king? Only let him say so, and we are ready to vote for the re-establishment of royalty. Most willingly will we do it for him, for he is worthy of that station.”

But the First Consul shut himself up in impenetrable reserve. Even his most intimate friends could catch no glimpse of his secret wishes. At last the question was plainly and earnestly put to him.

With great apparent humility, he replied, “I have not fixed my mind upon any thing. Any testimony of the public confidence will be sufficient for me, and will fill me with satisfaction.”

The question was then discussed whether to add ten years to his consulship, or to make him First Consul for life. Cambacères knew well the boundless ambition of Napoleon, and was fully conscious that any limited period of power would not be in accordance with his plans. He ventured to say to him,

“You are wrong not to explain yourself. Your enemies—for, notwithstanding your services, you have some left even in the Senate—will abuse your reserve.”

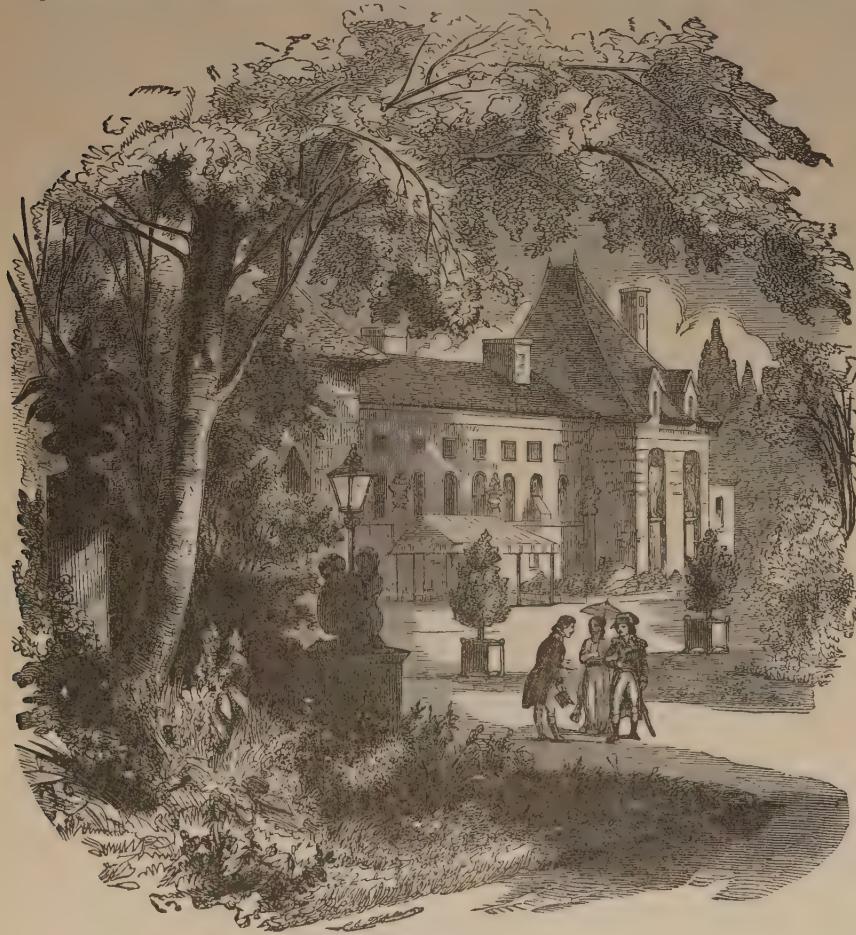
Napoleon calmly replied, “Let them alone. The majority of the Senate is always ready to do more than it is asked. They will go further than you imagine.”

On the evening of the 8th of May, 1802, the resolution was adopted of prolonging the powers of the First Consul for *ten years*. Napoleon was probably surprised and disappointed. He, however, decided to return a grateful answer, and to say that not from the Senate, but from the suffrages of the people alone, could he accept a prolongation of that power to which their voices had elevated him. The following answer was transmitted to the Senate the next morning:

“The honorable proof of your esteem, given in your deliberation of the 8th, will remain forever engraven on my heart. In the three years which

have just elapsed, fortune has smiled upon the Republic. But fortune is fickle. How many men whom she has loaded with favors have lived a few years too long. The interest of my glory and that of my happiness would seem to have marked the term of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed; but the glory and the happiness of the citizen ought to be silent when the interest of the state and the public partiality call him. You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I will make it, if the wishes of the people command what your suffrage authorizes."

Napoleon immediately left Paris for his country seat at Malmaison. This beautiful chateau was about twelve miles from the metropolis. Josephine had purchased the peaceful rural retreat at Napoleon's request, during his



MALMAISON.

first Italian campaign. Subsequently, large sums had been expended in enlarging and improving the grounds, and it was ever the favorite residence of both Napoleon and Josephine. Cambacères called an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State. After much deliberation, it was resolved, by an

immense majority, that the following proposition should be submitted to the people: "Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be First Consul for life?" It was then resolved to submit a second question: "Shall the First Consul have the power of appointing his successor?" This was, indeed, re-establishing monarchy under a republican name.

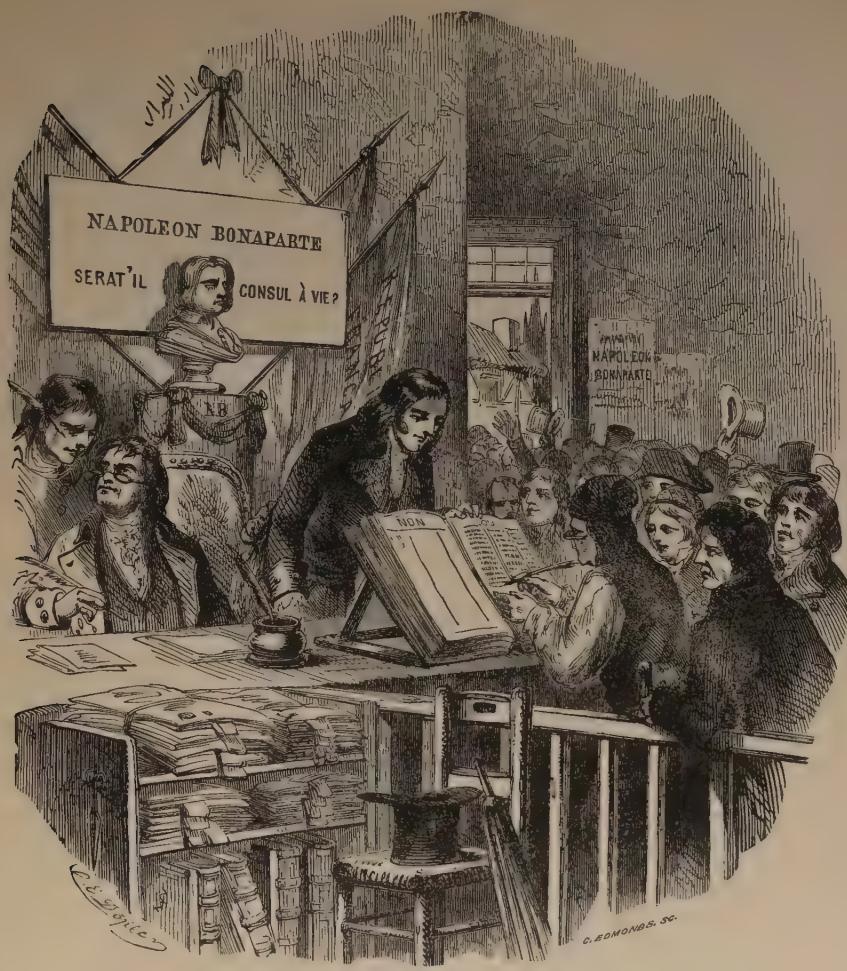
Cambacères immediately repaired to Malmaison to submit these resolutions to Napoleon. To the amazement of all, he immediately and firmly rejected the second question. Energetically he said,

"Whom would you have me appoint my successor? My brothers? But will France, which has consented to be governed by me, consent to be governed by Joseph or Lucien? Shall I nominate you consul, Cambacères? You? Dare you undertake such a task? And then the will of Louis XIV. was not respected; is it likely that mine would be? A dead man, let him be who he will, is nobody." In opposition to all urgency, he ordered the second question to be erased, and the first only to be submitted to the people. It is impossible to divine the motive which influenced Napoleon in this most unexpected decision. Some have supposed that even then he had in view the Empire and the hereditary monarchy, and that he wished to leave a chasm in the organization of the government as a reason for future change. Others have supposed that he dreaded the rivalries which would arise among his brothers and his nephews from his having at his disposal so resplendent a gift as the Empire of France. But the historian treads upon dangerous ground when he begins to judge of motives. That which Napoleon actually *did* was moderate and noble in the highest degree. He declined the power of appointing his successor, and submitted his election to the suffrages of the people. A majority of 3,568,885 voted for the consulate for life, and only eight thousand and a few hundreds against it. Never before or since was an earthly government established by such unanimity. Never had a monarch a more indisputable title to his throne.

Upon this occasion La Fayette added to his vote these qualifying words: "I can not vote for such a magistracy until public freedom is sufficiently guaranteed. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte." In a private conversation with the First Consul, he added, "A free government, and you at its head—that comprehends all my desires." Napoleon remarked, "In theory, La Fayette is perhaps right. But what is theory? A mere dream when applied to the masses of mankind. He thinks he is still in the United States—as if the French were Americans. He has no conception of what is required for this country."

A day was fixed for a grand diplomatic festival, when Napoleon should receive the congratulations of the constituted authorities and of the foreign ambassadors. The soldiers, in brilliant uniform, formed a double line from the Tuilleries to the Luxembourg. The First Consul was seated in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses. A cortège of gorgeous splendor accompanied him. All Paris thronged the streets through which he passed, and the most enthusiastic applause rent the heavens. To the congratulatory address of the Senate, Napoleon replied:

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country. The French nation wishes that mine should be wholly consecrated to France. I obey its will. Through



ELECTION OF CONSUL FOR LIFE.

my efforts, by your assistance, citizen senators, by the aid of the authorities, and by the confidence and support of this mighty people, the liberty, equality, and prosperity of France will be rendered secure against the caprices of fate and the uncertainty of futurity. The most virtuous of nations will be the most happy, as it deserves to be; and its felicity will contribute to the general happiness of all Europe. Proud, then, of being thus called, by the command of that Power from which every thing emanates, to bring back order, justice, and equality to the earth, when my last hour approaches, I shall yield myself up with resignation, and without any solicitude respecting the opinions of future generations."

On the following day, the new articles modifying the Constitution in accordance with the change in the consulship were submitted to the Council of State. The First Consul presided, and, with his accustomed vigor and perspicuity, explained the reasons of each article, as he recounted them one by one. The articles contained the provision that Napoleon should nomi-

nate his successor to the Senate. To this, after a slight resistance, he yielded. The most profound satisfaction now pervaded France. Even Josephine began to be tranquil and happy. She imagined that all thoughts of royalty and of hereditary succession had now passed away. She contemplated with no uneasiness the power which Napoleon possessed of choosing his successor. Napoleon sympathized cordially with her in her high gratification that Hortense was soon to become a mother. This child was already, in their hearts, the selected heir to the power of Napoleon.

On the 15th of August, Paris magnificently celebrated the anniversary of the birth-day of the First Consul. This was another introduction of monarchical usages. All the high authorities of the Church and the state, and the foreign diplomatic bodies, called upon him with congratulations. At noon, in all the churches of the metropolis, a *Te Deum* was sung, in gratitude to God for the gift of Napoleon. At night the city blazed with illuminations. The splendors and the etiquette of royalty were now rapidly introduced, and the same fickle populace, who had so recently trampled princes and thrones into blood and ruin, were now captivated with the reintroduction of these discarded splendors. Napoleon soon established himself in the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud, which he had caused to be repaired with great magnificence.

On the Sabbath, the First Consul, with Josephine, invariably attended divine service. Their example was soon followed by most of the members of the court, and the nation as a body returned to Christianity, which, even in its most corrupt form, saves humanity from those abysses of degradation into which infidelity plunges it. Immediately after divine service he conversed in the gallery of the chateau with the visitors who were then waiting for him. The brilliance of his intellect, and his high renown, caused him to be approached with emotions of awe. His words were listened to with intensest eagerness. He was the exclusive object of observation and attention. No earthly potentate had ever attained such a degree of homage, pure and sincere, as now circled around the First Consul.

Napoleon was very desirous of having his court a model of decorum and of morals. Lucien owned a beautiful mansion near Neuilly. Upon one occasion he invited Napoleon, and all the inmates of Malmaison, to attend some private theatricals at his dwelling. Lucien and Eliza were the performers in a piece called *Alzire*. The ardor of their declamation, the freedom of their gestures, and, above all, the indelicacy of the costume which they assumed, displeased Napoleon exceedingly. As soon as the play was over, he exclaimed,

“It is a scandal. I ought not to suffer such indecencies. I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it.” As soon as Lucien entered the saloon, having resumed his usual dress, Napoleon addressed him before the whole company, and requested him in future to desist from all such representations. “What!” said he, “when I am endeavoring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon a platform almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!”

One day at this time, Bourrienne, going from Malmaison to Ruel, lost a beautiful watch. He proclaimed his loss by means of the bellman at Ruel.

An hour after, as he was sitting down to dinner, a peasant boy brought him the watch, which he had found on the road. Napoleon heard of the occurrence. Immediately he instituted inquiries respecting the young man and the family. Hearing a good report of them, he gave the three brothers employment, and amply rewarded the honest lad. "Kindness," says Bourrienne, "was a very prominent trait in the character of Napoleon."

If we now take a brief review of what Napoleon had accomplished since his return from Egypt, it must be admitted that the records of the world are to be searched in vain for a similar recital. No mortal man before ever accomplished so much, or accomplished it so well in so short a time.

Let us for a moment return to his landing at Frejus on the 8th of October, 1799, until he was chosen First Consul for life, in August, 1802, a period of not quite three years. Proceeding to Paris almost alone, he overthrew the Directory and seized the supreme power, restored order into the administration of government, established a new and very efficient system for the collection of taxes, raised public credit, and supplied the wants of the suffering army. By great energy and humanity he immediately terminated the horrors of that unnatural war which had for years been desolating La Vendée. Condescending to the attitude of a suppliant, he implored of Europe peace.

Europe chose war. By a majestic conception of military combinations, he sent Moreau with a vast army to the Rhine; stimulated Massena to the most desperate strife at Genoa; and then, creating as by magic an army from materials which excited but the ridicule of his foes, he climbed, with artillery and horse, and all the munitions of war, the icy pinnacles of the Alps, and fell like an avalanche upon his foes on the plain of Marengo. With far inferior numbers, he snatched the victory from the victors; and in the exultant hour of the most signal conquest, wrote again from the field of blood imploring peace. His foes, humbled and at his mercy, gladly availed themselves of his clemency, and promised to treat. Perfidiously, they only sought time to regain their strength. He then sent Moreau to Hohenlinden, and beneath the walls of Vienna extorted peace from Continental Europe.

England still prosecuted the war. The First Consul, by his genius, won the heart of Paul of Russia, secured the affection of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and formed a league of all Europe against the Mistress of the Seas. While engaged in this work, he paid the creditors of the state, established the Bank of France, overwhelmed the highway robbers with utter destruction, and restored security in all the provinces; cut magnificent communications over the Alps, founded hospitals on their summits, surrounded exposed cities with fortifications, opened canals, constructed bridges, created magnificent roads, and commenced the compilation of that civil code which will remain an ever-during monument of his labors and his genius. In opposition to the remonstrances of his best friends, he re-established Christianity, and with it proclaimed perfect liberty of conscience. Public works were every where established to encourage industry. Schools and colleges were founded. Merit of every kind was stimulated by abundant rewards.

Vast improvements were made in Paris, and the streets cleaned and irri-

gated. In the midst of all these cares, he was defending France against the assaults of the most powerful nation on the globe ; and he was preparing, as his last resort, a vast army, to carry the war into the heart of England. Notwithstanding the most atrocious libels with which England was filled against him, his fame shone resplendent through them all, and he was popular with the English people. Many of the most illustrious of the English statesmen advocated his cause. His gigantic adversary, William Pitt, vanquished by the genius of Napoleon, was compelled to retire from the ministry, and the world was at peace.

The difficulties, perplexities, and embarrassments which were encountered in these enterprises were infinite. Napoleon says, with that magnanimity which history should recognize and applaud, “We are told that all the First Consul had to look to was to do justice. But to whom was he to do justice ? To the proprietors whom the Revolution had violently despoiled of their properties, for this only, that they had been faithful to their legitimate sovereign, and to the principle of honor which they had inherited from their ancestors, or to those new proprietors who had purchased these domains, adventuring their money on the faith of laws flowing from an illegitimate authority ? Was he to do justice to those Royalist soldiers, mutilated in the fields of Germany, La Vendée, and Quiberon, arrayed under the white standard of the Bourbons, in the firm belief that they were serving the cause of their king against a usurping tyranny, or to the million of citizens who, forming around the frontiers a wall of brass, had so often saved their country from the inveterate hostility of its enemies, and had borne to so transcendent a height the glory of the French eagle ? Was he to do justice to that clergy, the model and the example of every Christian virtue, stripped of its birthright, the reward of fifteen hundred years of benevolence, or to the recent acquirers, who had converted the convents into work-shops, the churches into warehouses, and had turned to profane uses all that had been deemed most holy for ages ?”

“At this period,” says Thiers, “Napoleon appeared so moderate after having been so victorious, he showed himself so profound a legislator after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few among the personages who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, and the energy of his will, and the impetuosity of his desires. They trembled even at seeing him do good in the way he did—so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The wise and sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the savior of France, said, nevertheless, one day, in a tone of deep feeling, to Cambacères, ‘This young man begins like Cæsar ; I fear that he will end like him.’”

“Napoleon,” says the Duke of Gaëta, “on his arrival at power, had one question of immense importance to resolve : for a long time it engrossed his meditations : *Would it be possible to maintain a republican form of government ?*

"The result of that system, thus far, had not been successful with us. The remembrance of the excesses of the Revolution was recent. We were threatened with the renewal of those excesses, with aggravated violence, at the moment in which the fortune of France placed her in the hands of the only man capable of rescuing her from anarchy. But could he hope to control, for any length of time, by the ascendancy of his genius, those passions which threatened incessantly the overthrow of all order, if he maintained a political organization which favored their deadly influence ?

"It is true that this organization has succeeded in the United States. But how great the difference between our situation, moral and physical, and that of a country entirely new, sparsely settled, and of manners generally austere, and which, besides, separated by the ocean from the continent of Europe, excites no fear among those powers that they shall experience any danger from the example of that which passes so far from themselves. But how could they look with tranquillity upon a similar example in a neighboring country, so powerful as France in position and territory ? Was not all Europe, in fact, coalesced against the infant republic ; and was not France at the point of being crushed in the terrible strife when the national will placed the direction of affairs in the hands of Napoleon ?

"These considerations seem to render more than doubtful the possibility of maintaining the new order of things produced by the Revolution. Obstacles of a similar nature would unquestionably oppose the establishment of a monarchy under an illustrious captain elevated from the multitude. It would be equally necessary to prepare for a vigorous resistance to the attacks, more or less prolonged, of the ancient European dynasties. These attacks would never yield but to the power of victories.

"Nevertheless, in approaching as near as possible to the governmental forms of England, a system sanctioned by time, Napoleon flattered himself to be able, with less difficulty, to preserve for the nation the enjoyment of the principal advantages that France had acquired at so high a price, in replacing her under political forms to which she had long been accustomed, and, on the other hand, to diminish, perhaps, the hostility of the European powers to a new government, whose system would thus, at least, more nearly resemble that which existed among themselves."

These opinions, recorded by the Duke of Gaëta, will undoubtedly be cherished by most thinking men who impartially reflect upon the then condition of France. That Napoleon *sincerely* adopted them there can be no room for doubt. That they were entertained cordially by the great mass of the French people, is beyond all intelligent denial.

CHAPTER XXV.

RUPTURE OF THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

Congratulations sent to Napoleon—Dissatisfaction of the English Government—Peltier, the Bourbon Pamphleteer—The Algerines—Violation of the Treaty of Amiens by England—Remonstrances of Fox—Indignation of Napoleon—Defenseless Condition of France—Interview with Lord Whitworth—England commences the War—Testimony of Ingersoll—of Thiers—of Hazlitt—of Scott—of Alison—of Lockhart—Remarks of Napoleon.

THE elevation of Napoleon to the supreme power for life was regarded by most of the states of Continental Europe with satisfaction, as tending to diminish the dreaded influences of republicanism, and to assimilate France with the surrounding monarchies. Even in England, the prime minister, Mr. Addington, assured the French ambassador of the cordial approbation of the British government of an event destined to consolidate order and power in France. The King of Prussia, the Emperor Alexander, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, sent him their friendly congratulations. Even Catharine, the haughty Queen of Naples, mother of the Empress of Austria, being then at Vienna, in ardent expression of her gratification to the French ambassador, said, “General Bonaparte is a great man. He has done me much injury, but that shall not prevent me from acknowledging his genius. By checking disorder in France he has rendered a service to all of Europe. He has attained the government of his country because he is most worthy of it. I hold him out every day as a pattern to the young princes of the imperial family. I exhort them to study that extraordinary personage, to learn from him how to direct nations, how to make the yoke of authority durable by means of genius and glory.”

“It is clear,” said Napoleon, “that if we wish for good faith or for permanency in our treaties of peace, it is necessary that the governments which surround us should adopt our forms, or that our institutions should become more in harmony with theirs. There must always exist a hostile spirit between the old monarchies and a new republic. Here you see the root of European discord.”

The Duke of Gaëta, to whom Napoleon made this remark, observes, “The First Consul could not more favorably express the end toward which he was disposed to direct his measures (the re-establishment of a monarchy), and the motives which influenced him in that decision. It was, in his opinion, the only means of obtaining a solid and an abiding peace.”

But difficulties were rapidly rising between England and France. The English were much disappointed in not finding that sale of their manufactures which they had anticipated. The cotton and iron manufactures were the richest branches of industry in England. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the development of the manufacturing resources of France, encouraged those manufactures by the almost absolute prohibition of the rival articles. William Pitt and his partisans, still retaining immense influence, regarded

with extreme jealousy the rapid strides which Napoleon was making to power, and incessantly declaimed in the journals against the ambition of France. Most of the Royalist emigrants who had refused to acknowledge the new government, and were still devoted to the cause of the Bourbons, had taken refuge in London.

They had been the allies with England in the long war against France. The English government could not refrain from sympathizing with them in their sufferings. It would have been ungenerous not to have done so. The emigrants were many of them supported by pensions paid them by England. At the same time, they were constantly plotting conspiracies against the life of Napoleon, and sending assassins to shoot him. "I will yet teach those Bourbons," said Napoleon, in a moment of indignation, "that I am not a man to be shot at like a dog." Napoleon complained bitterly that his enemies, then attempting his assassination, were in the pay of the British government. Almost daily the plots of these emigrants were brought to light by the vigilance of the French police.

A Bourbon pamphleteer, named Peltier, circulated widely through England the most atrocious libels against the First Consul, his wife, her children, his brothers and sisters. They were charged with the most low, degrading, and revolting vices. These accusations were circulated widely through England and America. They produced a profound impression. They were believed. Many were interested in the circulation of these reports, wishing to destroy the popularity of Napoleon, and to prepare the populace of England for the renewal of the war. Napoleon remonstrated against such infamous representations of his character being allowed in England. But he was informed that the British press was free; that there was no resource but to prosecute for libel in the British courts; and that it was the part of true greatness to treat such slanders with contempt. But Napoleon felt that such false charges were exasperating nations, were paving the way to deluge Europe again in war, and that causes tending to such woes were too potent to be despised.

The Algerines were now sweeping with their piratic crafts the Mediterranean, exacting tribute from all Christian powers. A French ship had been wrecked upon the coast, and the crew were made prisoners. Two French vessels and a Neapolitan ship had also been captured and taken to Algiers. The indignation of Napoleon was aroused. He sent an officer to the Dey with a letter, informing him that if the prisoners were not released and the captured vessels instantly restored, and a promise given to respect in future the flags of France and Italy, he would send a fleet and an army, and overwhelm him with ruin.

The Dey had heard of Napoleon's career in Egypt. He was thoroughly frightened, restored the ships and the prisoners, implored clemency, and with barbarian injustice doomed to death those who had captured the ships in obedience to his commands. Their lives were saved only through the intercession of the French minister. Napoleon then performed one of the most gracious acts of courtesy toward the Pope. The feeble monarch had no means of protecting his coasts from the pirates who still swarmed in those seas. Napoleon selected two fine brigs in the naval arsenal at Toulon, equipped

them with great elegance, armed them most effectively, filled them with naval stores, and conferring upon them the apostolical names of St. Peter and St. Paul, sent them as a present to the pontiff. With characteristic grandeur of action, he carried his attentions so far as to send a cutter to bring back the crews, that the papal treasury might be exposed to no expense. The venerable Pope, in the exuberance of his gratitude, insisted upon taking the French seamen to Rome. He treated them with every attention in his power; exhibited to them St. Peter's, and dazzled them with the pomp and splendor of cathedral worship. They returned to France loaded with presents, and exceedingly gratified with the kindness with which they had been received.

It was stipulated in the treaty of Amiens that both England and France should evacuate Egypt, and that England should surrender Malta to its ancient rulers. Malta, impregnable in its fortifications, commanded the Mediterranean, and was the key of Egypt. Napoleon had therefore, while he professed a willingness to relinquish all claim to the island himself, insisted upon it, as an essential point, that England should do the same. The question upon which the treaty hinged was the surrender of Malta to a neutral power. The treaty was signed. Napoleon promptly and scrupulously fulfilled his agreements. Several embarrassments, for which England was not responsible, delayed for a few months the evacuation of Malta. But now nearly a year had passed since the signing of the treaty. All obstacles were removed from the way of its entire fulfillment, and yet the troops of England remained both in Egypt and in Malta. The question was seriously discussed in Parliament and in the English journals, whether England were bound to fulfill her engagements, since France was growing so alarmingly powerful.

Generously and eloquently Fox exclaimed, "I am astonished at all I hear, particularly when I consider who they are that speak such words. Indeed, I am more grieved than any of the honorable friends and colleagues of Mr. Pitt at the growing greatness of France, which is daily extending her power in Europe and in America. That France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of the Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. By one of those sublime movements which history should recommend to imitation, and preserve in eternal memorial, she repelled her invaders. Though warmly attached to the cause of England, we have felt an involuntary movement of sympathy with that generous outburst of liberty, and we have no desire to conceal it. No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties. But because France now appears too great to us—greater than we thought her at first—to break a solemn engagement, to retain Malta, for instance, would be an unworthy breach of faith which would compromise the honor of Britain. I am sure that if there were in Paris an assembly similar to that which is debating here, the British navy and its dominion over the seas would be talked of in the same terms as we talk in this house of the French armies, and their dominion over the land."

Napoleon sincerely wished for peace. He was constructing vast works to embellish and improve the empire. Thousands of workmen were employed in cutting magnificent roads across the Alps. He was watching, with intense interest, the growth of fortifications and the excavation of canals. He was in the possession of absolute power, was surrounded by universal admiration, and, in the enjoyment of profound peace, was congratulating himself upon being the pacifier of Europe. He had disbanded his armies, and was consecrating all the resources of the nation to the stimulation of industry. He therefore left no means of forbearance and conciliation untried to avert the calamities of war.

He received Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador in Paris, with great distinction. The most delicate attentions were paid to his lady, the Duchess of Dorset. Splendid entertainments were given at the Tuileries and at St. Cloud in their honor. Talleyrand consecrated to them all the resources of his courtly and elegant manners. The two associate consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, were also unwearied in attentions. Still, all these efforts on the part of Napoleon to secure friendly relations with England were unavailing. The British government still, in open violation of the treaty, retained Malta. The honor of France was at stake in enforcing the sacredness of treaties. Malta was too important a post to be left in the hands of England. At last, England boldly demanded the evacuation of Holland by the French, and the entire surrender of Malta to the court of St. James. Napoleon was exceedingly indignant. He exclaimed, "The days of the Pompadours* and Du Barry† are over. The French wish sincerely for peace, but for a peace becoming honorable men." Napoleon resolved to have a personal interview himself with Lord Whitworth, and to explain to him, with all frankness, his sentiments and his resolves.

It was on the evening of the 18th of February, 1803, that Napoleon received Lord Whitworth in his cabinet in the Tuileries. A large writing-table occupied the middle of the room. Napoleon invited the ambassador to take a seat at one end of the table, and seated himself at the other. "I have wished," said he, "to converse with you in person, that I may fully convince you of my real opinions and intentions." Then, with that force of language and that perspicuity which no man ever excelled, he recapitulated his transactions with England from the beginning; that he had offered peace immediately upon his accession to the consulship; that peace had been refused; that eagerly he had renewed negotiations, as soon as he could with any propriety do so; and that he had made great concessions to secure the peace of Amiens.

"But my efforts," said he, "to live on good terms with England have met with no friendly response. The English newspapers breathe but animosity

* *Jeanne Antoinette, Marchioness of Pompadour*, mistress of Louis XV. She first attracted the king's notice when he was hunting in the forest of Senart. She finally obtained almost boundless power over the mind of the king, and many of the evils which oppressed France are attributed to the power which she possessed of filling the most important offices of the state with her favorites.

† *Marie Jeanne Gomart de Vaubernier, Countess of Barry*, the successor of the Marchioness of Pompadour in the guilty love of Louis XV. She acquired prodigious influence at court, and conferred the power and the revenues of the empire upon her favorites. During the Revolution she perished miserably upon the guillotine.



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

against me. The journals of the emigrants are allowed a license of abuse which is not justified by the British Constitution. Pensions are granted to Georges and his accomplices who are plotting my assassination. The emigrants, protected in England, are continually making excursions to France to stir up civil war. The Bourbon princes are received with the insignia of the ancient royalty. Agents are sent to Switzerland and Italy to raise up difficulties against France. Every wind which blows from England brings me but hatred and insult. Now we have come to a situation from which we must relieve ourselves. Will you or will you not execute the treaty of Amiens? I have executed it on my part with scrupulous fidelity. That treaty obliged me to evacuate Naples, Tarento, and the Roman States within three months. In less than two months all the French troops were out of those countries. Ten months have elapsed since the exchange of the ratifications, and the English troops are still in Malta and at Alexandria. It is useless to try to deceive me on this point. Will you have peace or will you have war? If you are for war, only say so; we will wage it unrelentingly. If you wish for peace, you must evacuate Alexandria and Malta.

"The rock of Malta, on which so many fortifications have been erected, is, in a maritime point of view, an object of great importance; but, in my estimation, it has an importance infinitely greater, inasmuch as it implicates the honor of France. What would the world say if we were to allow a solemn treaty signed with us to be violated? It would doubt our energy. For my part, my resolution is fixed. I had rather see you in possession of the Heights of Montmartre than in possession of Malta.

"If you doubt my desire to preserve peace, listen, and judge how far I am sincere. Though yet very young, I have obtained a power, a renown, to which it would be difficult to add. Do you imagine that I am solicitous to risk this power, this renown, in a desperate struggle? If I have a war with Austria, I shall contrive to find the way to Vienna. If I have a war

with you, I will take from you every ally upon the Continent. You will blockade us; but I will blockade you in my turn. You will make the Continent a prison for us, but I will make the seas a prison for you. However, to conclude the war, there must be more direct efficiency. There must be assembled 150,000 men and an immense flotilla. We must try to cross the Strait, and perhaps I shall bury in the depths of the sea my fortune, my glory, my life. It is an awful temerity, my lord, the invasion of England."

Here, to the amazement of Lord Whitworth, Napoleon enumerated frankly and powerfully all the perils of the enterprise; the enormous preparations it would be necessary to make of ships, men, and munitions of war; the difficulty of eluding the English fleet. "The chance that we shall perish," said he, "is vastly greater than the chance that we shall succeed. Yet this temerity, my lord, awful as it is, I am determined to hazard, if you force me to it. I will risk my army and my life. With me that great enterprise will have chances which it can not have with any other. See now if I ought, prosperous, powerful, and peaceful as I now am, to risk power, prosperity, and peace in such an enterprise. Judge if, when I say I am desirous of peace, I am not sincere.

"It is better for you, it is better for me, to keep within the limits of treaties. You must evacuate Malta. You must not harbor my assassins in England. Let me be abused, if you please, by the English journals, but not by those miserable emigrants who dishonor the protection you grant them, and whom the Alien Act permits you to expel from the country. Act cordially with me, and I promise you, on my part, an entire cordiality. See what power we should exercise over the world if we could bring our two nations together. You have a navy which, with the incessant efforts of ten years, in the employment of all my resources, I should not be able to equal. But I have 500,000 men ready to march under my command whithersoever I choose to lead them. If you are masters of the seas, I am master of the land. Let us, then, think of uniting rather than of going to war, and we shall rule at pleasure the destinies of the world. France and England united can do every thing for the interests of humanity."

England, however, still refused, upon one pretense and another, to yield Malta; and both parties were growing more and more exasperated, and were gradually preparing for the renewal of hostilities. Napoleon, at times, gave very free utterance to his indignation.

"Malta," said he, "gives the dominion of the Mediterranean. Nobody will believe that I consent to surrender the Mediterranean to the English unless I fear their power. I thus lose the most important sea in the world, and the respect of Europe. I will fight to the last for the possession of the Mediterranean; and if I once get to Dover, it is all over with those tyrants of the seas. Besides, as we must fight, sooner or later, with a people to whom the greatness of France is intolerable, the sooner the better. I am young. The English are in the wrong, more so than they will ever be again. I had rather settle the matter at once. They shall not have Malta."

Still Napoleon assented to the proposal for negotiating with the English for the cession of some other island in the Mediterranean. "Let them obtain a port to put into," said he; "to that I have no objection. But I am

determined that they shall not have two Gibraltares in that sea—one at the entrance, and one at the middle." To this proposition, however, England refused assent.

Napoleon then proposed that the island of Malta should be placed in the hands of the Emperor of Russia, leaving it with him in trust till the discussions between France and England were decided. It had so happened that the Emperor had just offered his mediation, if that could be available, to prevent a war. This the English government also declined, upon the plea that it did not think that Russia would be willing to accept the office thus imposed upon her. The English ambassador now received instructions to demand that France should cede Malta to England for ten years; and that England, by way of compensation, would recognize the Italian Republic. The ambassador was ordered to apply for his passports if these conditions were not accepted within seven days. To this insulting proposition France would not accede. The English minister demanded his passports and left France. Immediately the English fleet commenced its attack upon French merchant-ships, wherever they could be found; and the world was again deluged in war.

No fact in history can be more conclusively proved than that Napoleon was not responsible for the rupture of the peace of Amiens. As the settlement of this question is a matter of much moment, we will introduce some additional testimony.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said, "At Amiens I sincerely thought that the fate of France and of Europe, and my own destiny, were permanently fixed. The English cabinet, however, again kindled the flame of war. England is alone responsible for all the miseries with which Europe has since been assailed. For my part, I intended to devote myself wholly to the internal interests of France. I am confident that I should have wrought miracles. I should have lost nothing in the scale of glory, and I should have gained much in the scale of happiness. I should then have achieved the moral conquest of Europe, which I was afterward on the point of accomplishing by the force of arms. Of how much glory was I thus deprived! My enemies always spoke of my love of war. But was I not constantly engaged in self-defense? After every victory I gained, did I not immediately make proposals for peace?

"The truth is, I never was master of my own actions. I never was entirely myself. I might have conceived many plans, but I never had it in my power to execute any. I held the reins with a vigorous hand, but the fury of the waves was greater than any force I could exert in resisting them. I prudently yielded rather than incur the risk of sinking through stubborn opposition. I was never truly my own master, but was always controlled by circumstances. Thus, at the commencement of my rise, during the consulate, my sincere friends and warm partisans frequently asked me, with the best intentions, and as a guide for their own conduct, what point I was driving at. I always answered that I did not know. They were surprised—probably dissatisfied; and yet I spoke the truth. Subsequently, during the Empire, when there was less familiarity, many faces seemed to put the same question to me. I might still have given the same reply. In fact, I was not

master of my own actions, because I was not foolish enough to attempt to twist events into conformity with my system. On the contrary, I moulded my system according to the unforeseen succession of events. This often appeared like unsteadiness and inconsistency, and of this fault I was sometimes unjustly accused."

The Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll says, "The facts, as understood in Paris at the time, were, that England, mortified by the treaty of Amiens and French Republican progress, resolved on renewal of war, on which the re-establishment of Tory complete ascendancy depended, with restoration of Pitt as prime minister. Bonaparte was well aware of the British government's determination to renew hostilities, and desire of pretexts for the rupture."*

Thiers says, "After mature reflection, we can not condemn France for this renewal of the conflict between the two nations. The First Consul, on this occasion, conducted with perfect good faith. Unfortunately, a weak administration, desirous of preserving peace, but fearing the war party, alarmed at the noise which was made about Switzerland, committed the blunder of countermanding the evacuation of Malta. From that moment peace was irrevocably sacrificed; for the rich prize of Malta, once held forth to British ambition, could not possibly be refused to it afterward. The promptness and moderation of the French intervention in Switzerland having put an end to the grievance made out of it, the British cabinet would have been very glad to evacuate Malta, but durst not. The First Consul summoned it, in the language of justice and wounded pride, to execute the treaty of Amiens. Summons after summons led to the deplorable rupture which we have just recorded."†

William Hazlitt says, "Great Britain declared war against France the 18th of May, 1803. Period ever fatal and memorable! the commencement of another Iliad of woes, not to be forgotten while the world shall last! The former war had failed, and the object of this was to make another desperate effort to put down, by force of arms, at every risk, the example of a revolution which had overturned a hateful but long-established tyranny, and which had hitherto been successful over every attempt to crush it, by external or internal means.

"Of all the fictions that were made use of to cloak this crying iniquity, the pleas of justice and humanity were the most fallacious. No very great ceremony was employed on the present occasion, but rather a cavalier and peremptory tone was encouraged. Malta was merely a criminal pretext. The encroachments of France, and the extension of its influence since the conclusion of the treaty, were said to endanger our possessions in India, and to require Malta as an additional security. But had we not extended our conquests in India in the mean time? Or would this have been held a valid plea if the French had broken off the treaty on that ground? But we ourselves are always exceptions to the rules we impose magisterially upon others."‡

* *Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 203.

† For a full account of this transaction, see *Thiers' Consulate and Empire*, vol. i., p. 499.

‡ "In order to put ourselves into a situation to judge impartially in this case, and to see on which side the impediments to peace and amity lay, let us for a moment reverse the picture, and turn the

Sir Walter Scott says, "The English ministry lowered their claim of retaining Malta in perpetuity to the right of holding it for ten years. Bonaparte, on the other hand, would listen to no modification of the treaty of Amiens, but offered, as the guarantee afforded by the occupation of Neapolitan troops was objected to, that the garrison should consist of Russians or Austrians. To this proposal Britain would not accede. Lord Whitworth left Paris, and on the 18th of May, 1803, Britain declared war against France.

tables the other way. Let us suppose that, from the cessation of hostilities, a system of unqualified abuse and unsparing ribaldry had commenced on the other side of the water, against the English nation and government, and that his majesty, King George III., had been daily accused of the most shocking public and private vices, and his name coupled with epithets that can not be repeated; that the females of the royal family had been held up to opprobrium and contempt, as engaged in the grossest and most scandalous intrigues; that, on application being made to put a stop to the evil, the only redress that could be obtained was an appeal to a court of justice, where all the charges were insisted on with a double relish and acrimony, amid a shout of exultation and jubilee from the whole venal press.

"Let us suppose that the ruling monarch of this country had been, without the intermission of a day, taunted with the mention of his constitutional malady, and with his being the descendant of a petty German elector. Let us suppose the surviving branches of the Stuart family to be maintained in France at the public expense, and their pretensions to the throne of England sometimes broadly insinuated, never clearly disavowed, but kept in a doubtful state, to be brought forward at a moment's warning; that bands of organized rebels and assassins, in the pay of these princes, hovered constantly on the English coast to excite insurrection, and glided even into royal palaces; that they had several times attempted the life of the king, but that they were still in the same favor, and kept up a clandestine intercourse with the republican government.

"Let us suppose that remonstrances were made against these proceedings, which were received with official coldness and contempt; but let us suppose it to have been considered as a mark of want of zeal and devotion to the person and government of the First Consul for a Frenchman to visit England, or to be introduced at the English court; let us suppose every advance toward confidence or cordiality to be carefully shunned, every handle for recrimination or distrust to be eagerly seized upon; that the articles of the pretended treaty for peace were executed slowly, one by one; that the reluctance to conclude it evidently increased in proportion to the delays that had taken place; that at last, when the farce could be kept up no longer, it was suddenly put an end to by a flat refusal to execute one of the stipulations, and by forged rumors of preparations in the ports of England to invade France—who would have asked in that case on which side the bar to peace lay, or which government harbored a rooted and rancorous desire for the renewal of the war? But it may be said there was a difference between Napoleon Bonaparte and George III. Yes, it was on that difference that the whole question turned. It was the sense of degradation, and of the compromise of the kingly dignity in condescending to make peace, on a friendly and equal footing, with an individual who had risen from the people, and who had no power over them but from the services he had rendered them, that produced a repugnance, amounting to loathing, to a peace with the republic—that plunged us into all the horrors and calamities of war, and brought us back, in the end, to the arms and to the blessings of legitimate government! Persons who are fond of dwelling on the work of retribution might perhaps trace its finger here. The monarch survived the accomplishment of all his wishes, but without knowing that they had been accomplished. To those who long after passed that way, at whatever hour of the night, a light shone from one of the watch-towers of Windsor Castle: it was from the chamber of a king, old, blind, bereft of reason, with double darkness bound, of body and mind. Nor was that film ever removed, nor those eyes or that understanding restored, to hail the sacred triumph of kings over mankind; but the light streamed and streamed, indicating no dawn within, for long years after the celebration of that day which gladdened the hearts of monarchs and of menial nations, and through that second night of slavery which succeeded—the work of a single breast, which it had dearly accomplished in darkness, in self-oblivion, and in more than kingly solitude."—*Hazlitt's Napoleon*, vol. ii., p. 248-252.

Unquestionably there is the commencement of retribution even in this life. But prosperity is not always the test of Divine approval. Still, when our enemies meet with reverses, we are ever ready to cry out, "It is a judgment." When calamities befall our friends, we more devoutly exclaim, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Napoleon breathed his last upon the rock of St. Helena. George III. descended to the tomb through dreary years of blindness and insanity.

The bloody war which succeeded the short peace of Amiens originated, to use the words of the satirist, in high words, jealousies, and fears. *There was no special or determinate cause of quarrel, which could be removed by explanation, apology, or concession.*"

Mr. Lockhart remarks, "On the 18th of May, Great Britain declared war. Orders had previously been given for seizing French shipping wherever it could be found. It is said that two hundred vessels, containing property to the amount of three millions sterling (\$15,000,000), had been laid hold of accordingly *ere the proclamation of hostilities reached Paris.* Whether the custom of thus unceremoniously seizing private property under such circumstances be right or wrong, there can be no doubt that the custom had been long established, acted upon by England on all similar occasions, and of course considered, after the lapse of ages and the acquiescence of innumerable treaties, as part and parcel of the European system of warfare."

Sir Archibald Alison says, "Upon coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the contest was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government manifested a feverish desire to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the transactions between the two countries are concerned, they are the aggressors."

In noble words, which will meet with a response in every generous heart, Napoleon said to his ministers, in view of this new outburst of war, "Since the English wish to force us to leap the ditch, we will leap it. They may take some of our frigates or our colonies, but I will carry terror into the streets of London. I give them warning that they will bewail the end of this war with tears of blood. The ministers have made the King of England tell a lie in the face of Europe. There were no armaments going on in France. There has been no negotiation. They have not transmitted to me a single note. Lord Whitworth could not help acknowledging it. And yet it is by the aid of such vile insinuations that a government seeks to excite the passions. For the last two months I have endured all sorts of insults from the English government. I have let them fill up the measure of their offenses. They have construed that into feebleness, and have redoubled their presumption to the point of making their ambassador say, '*Do so and so, or I shall depart in seven days.*' Is it thus that they address a great nation ?

"He was requested to write, and that his note would be laid before the eyes of government. 'No,' was the reply; '*I have orders to communicate only verbally.*' Is not this an unheard of form of negotiating? Does it not show a marked determination to shuffle, equivocate, play at fast and loose as they please, and leave no proof against themselves? But if they falsify facts, what proof can be placed in their sincerity in other respects? They are deceived if they think to dictate laws to forty millions of people. They have been led to believe that I dreaded war lest it should shake my authority. I will raise two millions of men if it be necessary. The result of the first war has been to aggrandize France by the addition of Belgium and Piedmont. The result of this will be to consolidate our federative system still more firmly. The bond of union between two great nations can be no other than justice and the observation of treaties. The one toward which

they are violated can not, ought not to suffer it, under pain of degradation. Let her but once give way, and she is lost. It would be better for the French people to bend to the yoke, and erect the throne of the King of England in Paris, than to submit to the caprices and arbitrary pretensions of her government.

“One day they will demand the salute from our vessels, another they will forbid our navigators to pass beyond such a latitude. Already, even, they observe with jealousy that we are clearing out our harbors and re-establishing our marine. They complain of it; they demand guarantees. A short time ago the Vice-admiral Lesseignes touched at Malta. He had no ships with him. He found fifteen English ones there. They wanted him to fire a salute. Lesseignes refused. Some words passed. If he had yielded, I would have had him carried in procession on an ass, which is a mode of punishment more ignominious than the guillotine. I flatter myself that when our conduct shall be made known, there is not a corner of Europe in which it will not meet with approbation. When England consented to a peace, she thought that we should tear one another to pieces in the interior—that the generals would give France trouble. The English have done all they could, but their intrigues of every kind have been in vain. Every one has occupied himself only in repairing his losses. A little sooner or little later we must have had war. It is best to have it at once, before our maritime commerce is restored.”

When these events were communicated to the Legislative Body, M. Fontaine thus addressed them :

“France is ready to cover herself once more with those arms which have conquered Europe. It is not France which will declare war, but she will accept the challenge without fear, and will know how to maintain it with energy. Our country is become anew the centre of civilized Europe. England can no longer say that she is defending the indispensable principles of society, menaced to its foundations. It is we who may hold this language if war is rekindled. It is we who shall then have to avenge the right of nations and the cause of humanity, in repelling the unjust attacks of a government that negotiates to deceive, that asks for peace to prepare for war, and that signs treaties only to break them. If the signal is once given, France will rally, by a unanimous movement, around the hero she admires. All the parties whom he keeps in order near him will only dispute who shall manifest most zeal and courage. All feel the want of his genius, and acknowledge that he alone can sustain the weight and grandeur of our new destinies.”

The Duke of Gaëta, who was one of the most prominent members of Napoleon’s council, in his very interesting memoirs, speaks of Napoleon’s earnest and uninterrupted efforts to promote peace, and of the efforts of the Allies to represent him as provoking war. “It is thus,” says he, “that malevolence attempts to tarnish the reputation of Napoleon. No one can be ignorant that Napoleon’s most earnest desire, upon his attainment of power, was to secure peace with England, and that he was invariably repulsed in all his advances. In the midst of negotiations which he hoped would lead to peace, Mr. Dundas, the English Secretary of State, informed Monsieur Otto, Commissary of the French Republic, that

“‘ It was the decision of the King of England that the orders to capture and destroy the boats of the French fishermen, and to make their crews prisoners of war, should anew be put into execution.’

“ As soon as the First Consul was informed of this, he ordered the French Commissioner to leave London, and to communicate, on his departure, the following note to the British government :

“‘ The undersigned, having transmitted to his government the declaration of the British minister, which announces that the French fishermen are to be pursued and captured—a declaration in virtue of which many barks and fishing boats have already been taken, the First Consul has considered that, since this act of the British government, contrary to the usages of civilized nations, and also to the laws which govern them, even in times of war, must give to the actual war an aspect of bitterness and fury unparalleled, and also exasperate still more the two nations, and put at a still greater distance the period of peace, therefore the undersigned can no longer remain in a country where not only all disposition toward peace is abjured, but where even the laws and usages of war are violated and contemned. The undersigned has consequently received orders to leave England, where he finds a further residence entirely useless. *He is, at the same time, charged to declare that the French government, having had always for its first desire to contribute to a general peace, and for its maxim to mitigate, as far as possible, the calamities of war, can not consent, on its part, to render poor fishermen the victims of prolonged hostilities. It will, on the contrary, abstain from all reprisals, and it has ordered the armed ships of France to continue to leave all fishermen free and unmolested.*’”*

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, in the following proclamation, announced to France the rupture of the peace of Amiens.

“ We are forced to make war, to repel an unjust aggression. We will do so with glory. If the King of England is resolved to keep Great Britain in a state of war till France shall recognize his right of executing or violating treaties at his pleasure, as well as the privilege of outraging the French government in official and private publications, without allowing us to complain, we must mourn for the fate of humanity. We assuredly wish to leave to our descendants the French name honored and without a stain. Whatever may be the circumstances, we shall, on all occasions, leave it to England to take the initiative in all proceedings of violence against the peace and independence of nations ; and she shall receive from us an example of that moderation which alone can afford any real security for social order and public happiness.”

Napoleon, at St. Helena, in speaking of the injustice of this unprovoked and wanton attack, remarked, “ During the past four years I had reunited all the parties into which France had been divided before my accession to power. The list of emigrants was closed. I had at first marked, then erased, and finally granted an amnesty to all those who wished to return to their country. All their existing and unsold property had been restored, with the exception of the forests, of which the law assigned them the revenues. There no longer remained on that list any names except those of

* *Chroniques Contemporaines, par M. Gaudin, Duc de Gaëte*, p. 126.

persons immediately attached to the princes of the house of Bourbon, who did not wish to take advantage of the amnesty. Thousands upon thousands of the emigrants had returned, and been subjected to no other conditions than the oath of fidelity and obedience to the Republic. These laws effected great amelioration in public affairs. They, however, were accompanied by the inevitable inconvenience of imboldening, by their very mildness and indulgence, the foes of the consular government—the Royalist party and our foreign enemies."

The English government, with insults, rejected Napoleon's overtures for peace when he ascended the consular throne. At last, intimidated by the clamor of the English people, the government reluctantly made peace. But, watching for an opportunity to renew the war, the English government violated the most solemn stipulations of the treaty of Amiens, seized two hundred French vessels, containing fifteen millions of dollars, and commenced the annihilation of French commerce before her declaration of hostilities had time to reach Paris. Then, to defame the character of that great man who nobly roused his country to self-defense, she filled the world with the cry that Napoleon, through insatiate ambition and a bloodthirsty spirit, had provoked the war. This deed of infamy can not be painted in colors too black.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

Verdict of History—Power of England—Seizure of French Ships—Retaliatory Seizure of English Travelers—Preparations for the Invasion of England—Tour through Belgium—Plans for crossing the Straits of Dover—The young English Sailor—The Secretary—The Camp at Boulogne—Consternation of England—Testimony of Wellington—Plans for the Assassination of Bonaparte.

IMPARTIAL history, without a dissenting voice, must award the responsibility of the rupture of the peace of Amiens to the government of Great Britain. Napoleon had nothing to hope for from war, and every thing to fear. The only way in which he could even approach his formidable enemy was by crossing the sea and invading England. He acknowledged, and the world knew, that such an enterprise was an act of desperation. England was the undisputed mistress of the seas, and no naval power could stand before her ships. The voice of poetry was the voice of truth—

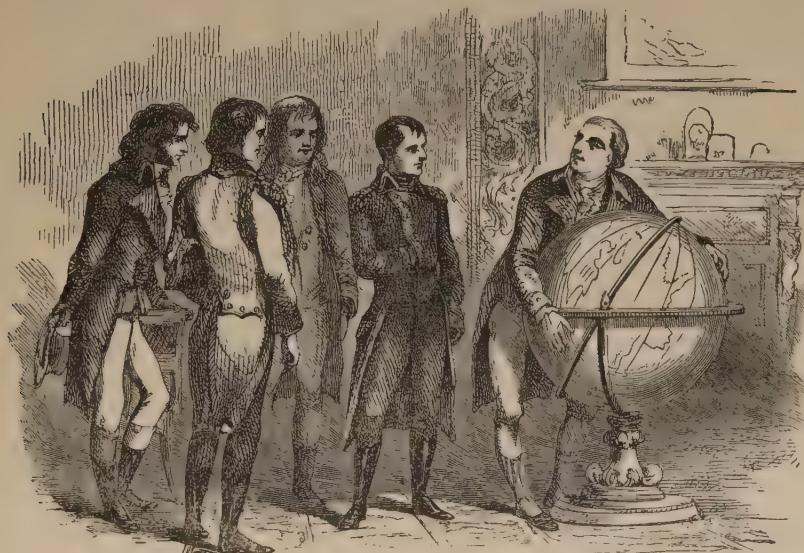
"Britannia needs no bulwarks to frown along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain-wave, her home is on the deep."

England, with her invincible navy, could assail France in every quarter. She could sweep the merchant ships of the infant republic from the ocean, and appropriate to herself the commerce of all climes. Thus war proffered to England security and wealth. It promised the commercial ruin of a dreaded rival, whose rapid strides toward opulence and power had excited the most intense alarm. The temptation thus presented to the British cabinet to renew the war was powerful in the extreme. It required more virtue than ordinarily falls to the lot of cabinets to resist. Unhappily for suffering humanity, England yielded to the temptation. She refused to fulfill the

stipulations of a treaty solemnly ratified, retained possession of Malta in violation of her plighted faith, and renewed the assault upon France.

In a communication which Napoleon made to the legislative bodies just before the rupture, he said, "Two parties contend in England for the possession of power. One has concluded a peace. The other cherishes implacable hatred against France. Hence arises this fluctuation in councils and in measures, and this attitude, at one time pacific and again menacing. While this strife continues, there are measures which prudence demands of the government of the Republic. Five hundred thousand men ought to be, and will be, ready to defend our country and to avenge insult. Strange necessity, which wicked passions impose upon two nations, who should be, by the same interests and the same desires, devoted to peace! But let us hope for the best, and believe that we shall yet hear from the cabinet of England the counsels of wisdom and the voice of humanity."

When Mr. Fox was in Paris, he was one day, with Napoleon and several other gentlemen, in the gallery of the Louvre, looking at a magnificent globe, of unusual magnitude, which had been deposited in the museum. Some one remarked upon the very small space which the island of Great Britain seemed to occupy. "Yes," said Mr. Fox, as he approached the globe, and attempted to encircle it in his extended arms, "England is a small island, but with her power she girdles the world."



SCENE IN THE LOUVRE.

This was not an empty boast. Her possessions were every where. In Spain, in the Mediterranean, in the East Indies and West Indies, in Asia, Africa, and America, and over innumerable islands of the ocean, she extended her sceptre. Rome, in her proudest day of grandeur, never swayed such power. To Napoleon, consequently, it seemed but mere trifling for this England to complain that the infant republic of France, struggling against the hostile monarchies of Europe, was endangering the world by her ambition,

because she had obtained an influence in Piedmont, in the Cisalpine Republic, in the feeble Duchy of Parma, and had obtained the island of Elba for a colony. To the arguments and remonstrances of Napoleon England could make no reply but by the broadsides of her ships.

"You are seated," said England, "upon the throne of the exiled Bourbons."

"And your king," Napoleon replies, "is on the throne of the exiled Stuarts."

"But the First Consul of France is also President of the Cisalpine Republic," England rejoins.

"And the King of England," Napoleon adds, "is also Elector of Hanover."

"Your troops are in Switzerland," England continues.

"And yours," Napoleon replies, "are in Spain, having fortified themselves upon the rock of Gibraltar."

"You are ambitious, and trying to establish foreign colonies," England rejoins.

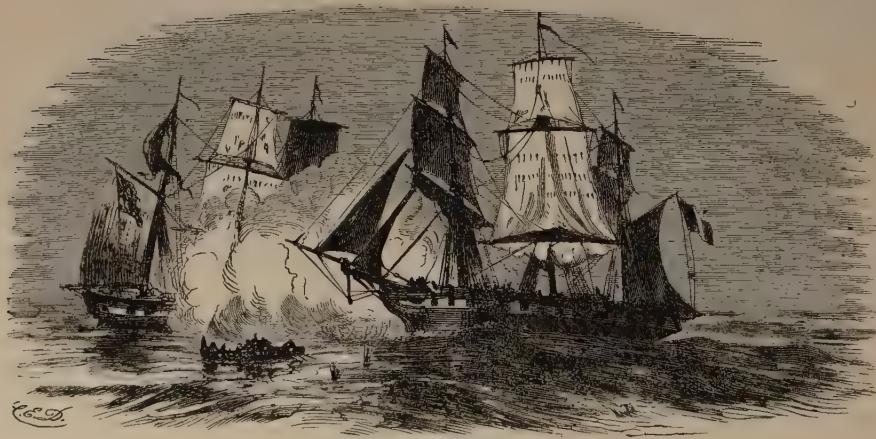
"But you," Napoleon replies, "have ten colonies where we have one."

"We believe," England says, "that you desire to appropriate to yourself Egypt."

"You have," Napoleon retorts, "appropriated to yourself India."

Indignantly England exclaims, "Nelson, bring on the fleet! Wellington, head the army! This man must be put down. His ambition endangers the liberties of the world. Historians of England! inform the nations that the usurper Bonaparte, by his arrogance and aggression, is deluging the Continent with blood."

Immediately on the withdrawal of the British ambassador from Paris, and even before the departure of the French minister from London, England, without any public declaration of hostilities, commenced her assaults upon France. The merchant ships of the Republic, unsuspecting of danger,



SEA COMBAT.

freighted with treasure, were seized, even in the harbors of England, and wherever they could be found, by the vigilant and almost omnipresent navy of the Queen of the Seas. Two French ships of war were attacked and

captured. These disastrous tidings were the first intimation that Napoleon received that the war was renewed.

The indignation of the First Consul was thoroughly aroused. The retaliating blow he struck, though merited, yet terrible, was characteristic of the man. At midnight he summoned to his presence the Minister of Police, and ordered the arrest of every Englishman in France between the ages of eighteen and sixty. These were all to be detained as hostages for the prisoners England had captured upon the seas. The tidings of this decree rolled a billow of woe over the peaceful homes of England; for there were thousands of travelers upon the Continent, unapprehensive of danger, supposing that war would be declared before hostilities would be resumed. These were the first-fruits of that terrific conflict into which the world again was plunged.

No tongue can tell the anguish thus caused in thousands of homes. Most of the travelers were gentlemen of culture and refinement—husbands, fathers, sons, brothers—who were visiting the Continent for pleasure. During twelve weary years these hapless men lingered in exile. Many died and mouldered to the dust in France. Children grew to manhood, strangers to their imprisoned fathers, knowing not even whether they were living or dead. Wives and daughters, in desolated homes, through lingering years of suspense and agony, sank in despair into the grave. The hulks of England were also filled with the husbands and fathers of France, and beggary and starvation reigned in a thousand cottages, clustered in the valleys and along the shores of the Republic, where peace and contentment might have dwelt but for this horrible and iniquitous strife. As in all such cases, the woes fell mainly upon the innocent—upon those homes where matrons and maidens wept away years of agony.

The imagination is appalled in contemplating this melancholy addition to the ordinary miseries of war. William Pitt, whose genius inspired this strife, was a man of gigantic intellect, of gigantic energy. But he was an entire stranger to all those kindly sensibilities which add lustre to human nature. He was neither a father nor a husband, and no emotions of gentleness, of tenderness, of affection, ever ruffled the calm, cold, icy surface of his soul.

The order to seize all the English in France was thus announced in the *Moniteur*: “The government of the Republic, having heard read, by the Minister of Marine and Colonies, a dispatch from the maritime prefect at Brest, announcing that two English frigates had taken two merchant vessels in the Bay of Audrieu, without any previous declaration of war, and in manifest violation of the law of nations:

“All the English, from the ages of eighteen to sixty, or holding any commission from his Britannic majesty, who are at present in France, shall immediately be constituted prisoners of war, to answer for those citizens of the Republic who may have been arrested and made prisoners by the vessels or subjects of his Britannic majesty previous to any declaration of hostilities.

(Signed)

“BONAPARTE.”

Napoleon treated the captives whom he had taken with great humanity, holding as prisoners of war only those who were in the military service,

while the rest were detained in fortified places on their parole, with much personal liberty. The English held the French prisoners in floating hulks, crowded together in a state of inconceivable suffering. Napoleon at times felt that, for the protection of the French captives in England, he ought to retaliate, by visiting similar inflictions upon the English prisoners in France. It was not an easy question for a humane man to settle. But instinctive kindness prevailed, and Napoleon spared the unhappy victims who were in his power. The cabinet of St. James remonstrated energetically against Napoleon's capture of peaceful travelers upon the land.

Napoleon replied, "You have seized unsuspecting voyagers upon the sea."

England rejoined, "It is customary to capture every thing we can find upon the ocean belonging to an enemy, and therefore it is right."

Napoleon answered, "I will make it customary to do the same thing upon the land, and then that also will be right."

There the argument ended. But the poor captives were still pining away in the hulks of England, or wandering in sorrow around the fortresses of France. Napoleon proposed to exchange the travelers he had taken upon the land for the voyagers the English had taken upon the sea; but the cabinet of St. James, asserting that such an exchange would sanction the validity of their capture, refused the humane proposal, and heartlessly left the captives of the two nations to their terrible fate. Napoleon assured the detained of his sympathy, but informed them that their destiny was entirely in the hands of their own government, and to that alone they must appeal.

"Your ministers," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "made a great outcry about the English travelers whom I detained in France, although they themselves had set the example by seizing upon all the French vessels, and persons on board of them, upon whom they could lay their hands, either in their harbors or at sea, before the declaration of war, and before I had detained the English in France. I said then, if you detain my travelers at sea, where you can do what you like, I will detain yours on the land, where I am equally powerful. But after this I offered to release all the English I had seized in France before the declaration of war, provided you would, in like manner, release the French and their property which you had seized on board the ships. This your ministers refused. Your ministers never publish *all the truth* unless when they can not avoid it, or when they know that it will come to the knowledge of the public through other channels. In other cases they turn, disguise, or suppress every thing, as best answers their views."

Such is war, even when conducted by two nations as enlightened and humane as England and France. Such is that horrible system of retaliation which war necessarily engenders. This system of reprisals, visiting upon the innocent the crimes of the guilty, is the fruit which ever ripens when war buds and blossoms. Napoleon had received a terrific blow. With instinctive and stupendous power he returned it. Both nations were now exasperated to the highest degree. The most extraordinary vigor was infused into the deadly strife. The power and the genius of France was concentrated in the ruler whom the almost unanimous voice of France had elevated to the supreme power. Consequently, the war assumed the aspect of an assault upon an individual man. France was quite unprepared for this sudden

resumption of hostilities. Napoleon had needed all the resources of the state for his great works of internal improvement. Large numbers of troops had been disbanded, and the army was on a peace establishment.

All France was, however, roused by the sleepless energy of Napoleon. The Electorate of Hanover was one of the European possessions of the King of England. Ten days had not elapsed, after the first broadside from the British ships had been heard, ere a French army of twenty thousand men invaded Hanover, captured its army of 16,000 troops, with 400 pieces of cannon, 30,000 muskets, and 3500 superb horses, and took entire possession of the province. The King of England was deeply agitated when he received the tidings of this sudden loss of his patrimonial dominions.

The First Consul immediately sent new offers of peace to England, stating that in the conquest of Hanover "he had only in view to obtain pledges for the evacuation of Malta, and to secure the execution of the treaty of Amiens." The British minister coldly replied that his sovereign would appeal for aid to the German empire.

"If a general peace is ever concluded," said Napoleon often, "then only shall I be able to show myself such as I am, and become the moderator of Europe. France is enabled, by her high civilization, and the absence of all aristocracy, to moderate the extreme demands of the two principles which divide the world by placing herself between them; thus preventing a general conflagration, of which none of us can see the end or guess the issue. For this I want ten years of peace, and the English oligarchy will not allow it."

Napoleon was forced into war by the English. The allied monarchs of Europe were roused to combine against him. This compelled France to become a camp, and forced Napoleon to assume the dictatorship. The width of the Atlantic Ocean alone has saved the United States from the assaults of a similar combination.

It had ever been one of Napoleon's favorite projects to multiply colonies, that he might promote the maritime prosperity of France. With this object in view, he purchased Louisiana of Spain. It was his intention to cherish, with the utmost care, upon the fertile banks of the Mississippi, a French colony. This territory, so valuable to France, was now at the mercy of England, and would be immediately captured. Without loss of time, Napoleon sold it to the United States. It was a severe sacrifice for him to make, but cruel necessity demanded it.

The French were every where exposed to the ravages of the British navy. Blow after blow fell upon France with fearful vigor, as her cities were bombarded, her colonies captured, and her commerce annihilated. The superiority of the English upon the sea was so decisive, that wherever the British flag appeared, victory was almost invariably her own. But England was inapproachable. Guarded by her navy, she reposed in her beautiful island in peace, while she rained down destruction upon her foes in all quarters of the globe. "It is an awful temerity, my lord," said Napoleon to the British ambassador, "to attempt the invasion of England."

But desperate as Napoleon acknowledged the undertaking to be, there was nothing else which he could even attempt. And he embarked in this

enterprise with energy so extraordinary, with foresight so penetrating, with sagacity so conspicuous, that the world looked upon his majestic movements with amazement, and all England was aroused to a sense of fearful peril. The most gigantic preparations were immediately made upon the shores of the Channel for the invasion of England. An army of three hundred thousand men, as by magic, sprung into being. All France was aroused to activity. Two thousand gun-boats were speedily built and collected at Boulogne, to convey across the narrow strait a hundred and fifty thousand troops,

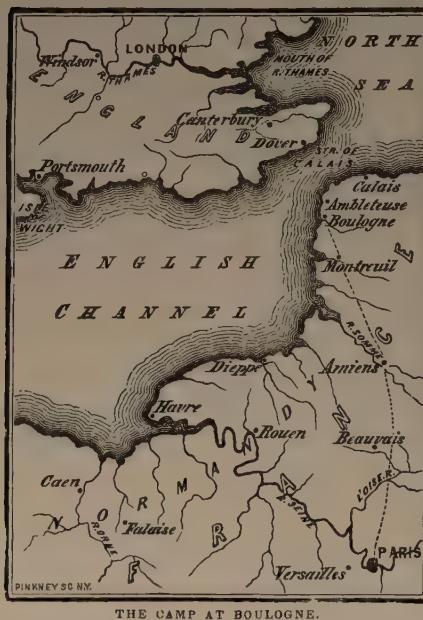
ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon. All the foundries of France were in full blast, constructing mortars, howitzers, and artillery of the largest calibre. Every province of the Republic was aroused and inspired by the almost superhuman energies of the First Consul.

He attended to the minutest particulars of all the arrangements. While believing that destiny controls all things, he seemed to leave nothing for destiny to control. Every possible contingency was foreseen and guarded against. The national enthusiasm was so great, the conviction was so unanimous that there remained for France no alternative but by force to repel aggression, that Napoleon proudly formed a legion of the Vendéean Royalists, all composed, both officers and soldiers, of those who but

a few months before had been fighting against the Republic. It was a sublime assertion of his confidence in the attachment of united France.

To meet the enormous expenses which this new war involved, it was necessary to impose a heavy tax upon the people. This was not only borne cheerfully, but from all parts of the Republic rich presents flowed into the treasury, tokens of the affection of France for the First Consul, and of the deep conviction of the community of the righteousness of the cause in which they were engaged. One of the departments of the state built and equipped a frigate, and sent it to Boulogne as a free gift. The impulse was electric. All over France the whole people rose, and vied with each other in their offerings of good-will. Small towns gave flat-bottomed boats, larger towns frigates, and the more important cities ships of the line. Paris gave a ship of 120 guns, Lyons one of 100, Bordeaux an 84, and Marseilles a 74. Even the Italian Republic, as a token of its gratitude, sent one million dollars to build two ships: one to be called the President, and the other the Italian Republic. All the mercantile houses and public bodies made liberal presents. The Senate gave for its donation a ship of 120 guns. These free gifts amounted to over ten millions of dollars.

Napoleon established himself at Boulogne, where he spent much of his



THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

time, carefully studying the features of the coast, the varying phenomena of the sea, and organizing in all its parts the desperate enterprise he contemplated. The most rigid economy, by Napoleon's sleepless vigilance, was infused into every contract, and the strictest order pervaded the national finances. It was impossible that strife so deadly should rage between England and France, and not involve the rest of the Continent. Under these circumstances, Alexander of Russia entered a remonstrance against again enkindling the horrid flames of war throughout Europe, and offered his mediation.

Napoleon promptly replied, "I am ready to refer the question to the arbitration of the Emperor Alexander, and will pledge myself by a bond to submit to the award, whatever it may be."

England declined the pacific offer. The *cabinet* of Russia then made some proposals for the termination of hostilities.

Napoleon replied, "I am still ready to accept the personal arbitration of the Czar himself, for that monarch's regard to his reputation will render him just. But I am not willing to submit to a negotiation conducted by the Russian *cabinet* in a manner not at all friendly to France." He concluded with the following characteristic words: "The First Consul has done every thing to preserve peace. His efforts have been vain. He could not refrain from seeing that war was the decree of destiny. He will make war, and he will not flinch before a proud nation capable for twenty years of making all the powers of the earth bow before it."

Napoleon now resolved to visit Belgium and the departments of the Rhine. Josephine accompanied him. He was hailed with transport wherever he appeared, and royal honors were showered upon him. Every where his presence drew forth manifestations of attachment to his person, hatred for the English, and zeal to combat the determined foes of France. But, wherever Napoleon went, his scrutinizing attention was directed to the dock-yards, the magazines, the supplies, and the various resources and capabilities of the country. Every hour was an hour of toil, for toil seemed to be his only pleasure. From this brief tour Napoleon returned to Boulogne.

The Straits of Calais, which Napoleon contemplated crossing, notwithstanding the immense preponderance of the British navy filling the Channel, is about thirty miles in width. There were four contingencies which seemed to render the project not impossible. In summer there are frequent calms in the Channel of forty-eight hours' duration. During this calm the English ships of the line would be compelled to lie motionless. The flat-bottomed boats of Napoleon, impelled by strong rowers, might then pass even in sight of the enemy's squadron. In the winter there were frequently dense fogs, unaccompanied by any wind. Favored by the obscurity and the calm, a passage might then be practicable. There was still a third chance, more favorable than either. There were not unfrequently tempests so violent that the English squadron would be compelled to leave the Channel and stand out to sea. Seizing the moment when the tempest subsided, the French flotilla might perhaps cross the Straits before the squadron could return. A fourth chance offered. It was, by skillful combinations to concentrate suddenly in the Channel a strong French squadron, and to push the flotilla across under the protection of its guns. For three years Napoleon consecrated his untir-

ing energies to the perfection of all the mechanism of this herculean enterprise.

Yet no one was more fully alive than himself to the tremendous hazards to be encountered. It is impossible now to tell what would have been the result of a conflict between the English squadron and those innumerable gun-boats, manned by one hundred and fifty thousand men, surrounding in swarms every ship-of-the-line, piercing them in every direction with their guns, and sweeping their decks with a storm of bullets, while in their turn they were run down by the large ships dashing in full sail through their midst, sinking some in their crushing onset, and blowing others out of the water with their tremendous broadsides. “By sacrificing 100 gun-boats and 10,000 men,” said Admiral Decrés, a man disposed to magnify difficulties, “it is not improbable that we may repel the assault of the enemy’s squadron, and cross the Straits.”

“One loses,” said Napoleon, “that number in battle every day. And what battle ever promised the results which a landing in England authorizes us to hope for?”

The amount of business now resting upon the mind of Napoleon seems incredible. He was personally attending to all the complicated diplomacy of Europe. Spain was professing friendship and alliance, and yet treacherously engaged in acts of hostility. Charles IV., perhaps the most contemptible monarch who ever wore a crown, was then upon the throne of Spain. His wife was a shameless libertine. Her paramour, Godoy, called the Prince of Peace, a weak-minded, conceited, worn-out debauchee, governed the degraded empire. Napoleon remonstrated against the perfidy of Spain, and the wrongs France was receiving at her hands. The miserable Godoy returned an answer, mean-spirited, hypocritical, and sycophantic. Napoleon sternly shook his head, and ominously exclaimed, “All this will yet end in a clap of thunder.”

In the midst of these scenes, Napoleon was continually displaying those generous and magnanimous traits of character which won the enthusiastic love of all who knew him. On one occasion a young English sailor had escaped from imprisonment in the interior of France, and had succeeded in reaching the coast near Boulogne. Secretly he had constructed a little skiff of the branches and the bark of trees, as fragile as the ark of bulrushes. Upon this frail float, which would scarcely buoy up his body, he was about to venture out upon the stormy Channel, with the chance of being picked up by some English cruiser. Napoleon, informed of the desperate project of the young man, who was arrested in the attempt, was struck with admiration in view of the fearless enterprise, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

“Did you really intend,” inquired Napoleon, “to brave the terrors of the ocean in so frail a skiff?”

“If you will but grant me permission,” said the young man, “I will embark immediately.”

“You must doubtless, then, have some mistress to revisit, since you are so desirous to return to your country?”

“I wish,” replied the noble sailor, “to see my mother. She is aged, poor, and infirm.”

The heart of Napoleon was touched. "You shall see her," he energetically replied; "and present to her from me this purse of gold. She must be no common mother who can have trained up so affectionate and dutiful a son."

He immediately gave orders that the young sailor should be furnished with every comfort, and sent in a cruiser, with a flag of truce, to the first British vessel that could be found. When one thinks of the moral sublimity of the meeting of the English and French ships under these circumstances, with the white flag of humanity and peace fluttering in the breeze, one can not but mourn with more intensity over the horrid barbarity and brutality of savage war. Perhaps in the next interview between these two ships they fought for hours, hurling bullets and balls through the quivering nerves, and lacerated sinews, and mangled frames of brothers, husbands, and fathers.

Napoleon's labors at this time in the cabinet were so enormous, dictating to his agents in all parts of France, and to his ambassadors all over Europe, that he kept three secretaries constantly employed. One of these young men, who was lodged and boarded in the palace, received a salary of 1200 dollars a year. Unfortunately, however, he had become deeply involved in debt, and was incessantly harassed by the importunities of his creditors. Knowing Napoleon's strong disapprobation of all irregularities, he feared utter ruin should the knowledge of the facts reach his ears. One morning, after having passed a sleepless night, he rose at the early hour of five, and sought refuge from his distraction in commencing work in the cabinet. But Napoleon, who had already been at work for some time, in passing the door of the cabinet to go to his bath, heard the young man humming a tune.

Opening the door, he looked in upon his young secretary, and said, with a smile of satisfaction, "What! so early at your desk! Why, this is very exemplary. We ought to be well satisfied with such service. What salary have you?"

"Twelve hundred dollars, sire," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Napoleon; "that, for one of your age, is very handsome. And, in addition, I think you have your board and lodging?"

"I have, sire."

"Well, I do not wonder that you sing. You must be a very happy man."

"Alas! sire," he replied, "I ought to be, but I am not."

"And why not?"

"Because, sire," he replied, "I have too many *English* tormenting me. I have also an aged father, who is almost blind, and a sister who is not yet married, dependent upon me for support."

"But, sir," Napoleon rejoined, "in supporting your father and your sister, you do only that which every good son should do. But what have you to do with the *English*?"

"They are those," the young man answered, "who have loaned me money, which I am not able to repay. All those who are in debt call their creditors the *English*."

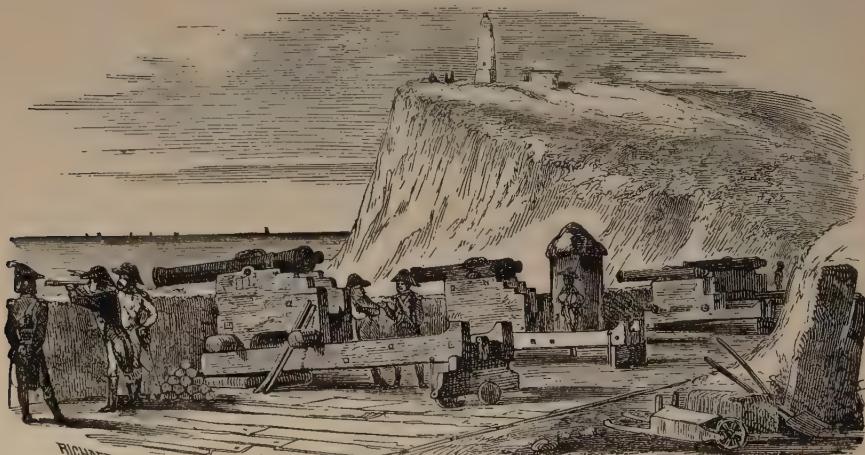
"Enough! enough! I understand you. You are in debt, then? And how is it that with such a salary you run into debt? I wish to have no man about my person who has recourse to the gold of the *English*. From this

hour you will receive your dismission. Adieu, sir!" Saying this, Napoleon left the room and returned to his chamber. The young man was stupefied with despair.

But a few moments elapsed when an aid entered and gave him a note, saying, "It is from Napoleon." Trembling with agitation, and not doubting that it confirmed his dismissal, he opened it and read,

"I have wished to dismiss you from my cabinet, for you deserve it; but I have thought of your aged and blind father, and of your young sister, and, for their sake, I pardon you. And, since they are the ones who must most suffer from your misconduct, I send you, with leave of absence for one day only, the sum of two thousand dollars. With this sum disembarass yourself immediately of all the *English* who trouble you, and hereafter conduct yourself in such a manner as not to fall into their power. Should you fail in this, I shall give you leave of absence without permission to return."

Upon the bleak cliff of Boulogne, swept by the storm and the rain, Napoleon had a little hut erected for himself. Often, leaving the palace of St. Cloud by night, after having spent a toilsome day in the cares of state, he passed with the utmost rapidity over the intervening space of 180 miles. Arriving about the middle of the next day, apparently unconscious of fatigue, he examined every thing before he allowed himself a moment of sleep. The English exerted all their energies to impede the progress of the majestic enterprise. Their cruisers, incessantly hovering around, kept up an almost uninterrupted fire upon the works. Their shells, passing over the cliff, exploded in the harbor and in the crowded camps. The laborers, inspired by the presence of Napoleon, continued proudly their toil, singing as they worked, while the balls of the English were flying around them.



NAPOLEON'S HUT AT BOULOGNE.

For their protection, Napoleon finally constructed large batteries, which would throw twenty-four pound shot three miles, and thus kept the English ships at that distance. It would, however, require a volume to describe the magnitude of the works constructed at Boulogne. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the health and the comfort of the soldiers.

They were all well paid, warmly clothed, fed with an abundance of nutritious food, and their camp, divided into quarters traversed by long streets, presented the cheerful aspect of a neat, thriving, well-ordered city. The soldiers, thus protected, enjoyed perfect health, and, full of confidence in the enterprise for which they were preparing, hailed their beloved leader with the most enthusiastic acclamations whenever he appeared.

Spacious as were the quays erected at Boulogne, it was not possible to range all the vessels alongside. They were consequently placed nine deep, the first one only touching the quays. A horse, with a band passing round him, was raised by means of a pulley, transmitted nine times from yard to yard, as he was borne aloft in the air, and in about two minutes was deposited in the ninth vessel. By constant repetition, the embarkation and disembarkation was accomplished with almost inconceivable promptness and precision. In all weather, in summer and winter, unless it blew a gale, the boats went out to maneuver in the presence of the enemy. The exercise of landing from the boats along the cliff was almost daily performed. The men first swept the shore by a steady fire of artillery from the boats, and then, approaching the beach, landed men, horses, and cannon. There was not an accident which could happen in landing on an enemy's coast, except the fire from hostile batteries, which was not thus provided against, and often braved. In all these exciting scenes the First Consul was every where present. The soldiers saw him now on horseback upon the cliff, gazing proudly upon their heroic exertions; again he was galloping over the hard, smooth sands of the beach, and again on board one of the gun-boats, going out to try her powers in a skirmish with one of the British cruisers.

Frequently he persisted in braving serious danger, and at one time, when visiting the anchorage in a violent gale, the boat was swamped near the shore. The sailors threw themselves into the sea, and bore him safely through the billows to the land. It is not strange that those who had seen the kings of France squandering the revenues of the realm to minister to their own voluptuousness and debauchery, should have regarded Napoleon as belonging to a different race. One day, when the atmosphere was peculiarly clear, Napoleon, upon the cliffs of Boulogne, saw dimly in the distant horizon the outline of the English shore. Roused by the sight, he wrote thus to Cambacères: "From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen this day the coast of England, as one sees the heights of Calvary from the Tuilleries. We could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try."

Napoleon, though one of the most bold of men in his conceptions, was also the most cautious and prudent in their execution. He had made, in his own mind, arrangements, unrevealed to any one, suddenly to concentrate in the Channel the whole French squadron, which, in the harbors of Toulon, Ferrol, and La Rochelle, had been thoroughly equipped, to act in unexpected concert with the vast flotilla. "Eight hours of night," said he, "favorable for us, will now decide the fate of the world."

England, surprised at the magnitude of these preparations, began to be seriously alarmed. She had imagined her ocean-engirdled isle to be in a state of perfect security. Now she learned that within thirty miles of her

coast an army of one hundred and fifty thousand most highly-disciplined troops was assembled, that more than two thousand gun-boats were prepared to transport this host, with ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon, across the Channel, and that Napoleon, who had already proved himself to be the greatest military genius of any age, was to head this army on its march to London. The idea of one hundred and fifty thousand men, led by Bonaparte, was enough even to make the most powerful nation shudder. The British naval officers almost unanimously expressed the opinion that it was impossible to be secure against a descent on the English coast by the French, under favor of a fog, a calm, or a long winter's night. The debates in Parliament as to the means of resisting the danger were anxious and stormy. A vote was passed authorizing the ministers to summon all Englishmen, between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five, to arms. In every country town, the whole population were seen, every morning, exercising for war. The aged king, George III., reviewed these raw troops, accompanied by the exiled Bourbon princes, who wished to recover, by the force of the arms of foreigners, that throne from which they had been ejected by the will of the people.

From the Isle of Wight to the mouth of the Thames, a system of signals was arranged to give the alarm. Upon the slightest intimation of danger, beacon-fires were to blaze at night on every headland. Carriages were constructed for the rapid conveyance of troops to any threatened point. Mothers and maidens in beautiful, happy England, placed their heads upon their pillows in terror, for the bloodhounds of war were unleashed, and England had unleashed them. She suffered bitterly for the crime; she suffers still, in that enormous burden of taxes which the ensuing years of war and woe have bequeathed to her children.

There was ample cause for this alarm. Napoleon, justly exasperated, had determined to bring the war to a crisis. He was making arrangements for the invasion on a scale such as the world had never witnessed before. It was, indeed, necessary to defend the coast of England. The Duke of Wellington stated in 1847, "I have examined and reconnoitered, over and over again, the whole coast from the North Foreland to Selsy Bill, near Portsmouth, and I say that, excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore, at any time of tide, with any wind, and in any weather, and from which such a body of infantry, so thrown on shore, would not find, within the distance of five miles, a road into the interior of the country. In that space of coast, there are not less than seven small harbors, or mouths of rivers, and without defense, of which an enemy, having landed his infantry on the coast, might take possession, and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibre, and establish himself and his communications with France."*

Under these circumstances, the British government lent its most efficient aid to those royal conspirators in London who were plotting the assassination of Napoleon. They were supplied with funds by the British ministry, and the ships of Great Britain were at their service to land them on the French coast. The infamous George Cadoudal, already implicated in the horrible

* *North British Review*, No. xxxvi.

butchery of the infernal machine, was still living in London with the French refugees in a state of opulence from the money furnished by the British government. The Count d'Artois, subsequently Charles X.; his son, the Duke de Berri; their kinsman, the father of the Duke d'Enghien, and many other persons, prominent in the Bourbon interests, were intimately associated with this brawny assassin in the attempts, by any means, fair or foul, to crush the man who had ventured to recognize the suffrages of the nation as a fair title to the chief magistracy of France. The English government supplied these conspirators liberally with money, asking no questions, for conscience' sake, respecting the details of their plans.

The Duke d'Enghien, son of the Duke of Bourbon, was a bold soldier, about thirty-four years of age. He had stationed himself at Ettenheim, a village in the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden, a short distance over the Rhine. At this place, he was distant but nineteen miles from Strasbourg, the frontier city of France in that direction. At several outposts in the neighbouring states there were English ministers or agents ready to co-operate in the various endeavors for the overthrow of Napoleon. Drake was at Munich, Spencer Smith at Stuttgard, Taylor at Cassel, Wickham at Berne, Rumboldt at Hamburg. These agents of the British government were amply provided with funds to aid the emigrants, who, under English pay, were hanging on the French borders, seeking in any way the destruction of the First Consul.

Innumerable conspiracies were formed by these desperate men for the assassination of Napoleon. More than thirty were detected by the vigilant police. Napoleon, at last, became exceedingly exasperated. He felt that England was ignominiously supplying those with funds whom she knew to be aiming at his assassination. He was indignant that the Bourbon princes should assume that he, elected to the chief magistracy of France by the unanimous voice of the nation, was to be treated as an outlaw, to be hunted down by assassins. "My blood," he exclaimed bitterly, "is not ditch water. I will one day teach those Bourbons a lesson which they will not soon forget."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BOURBON CONSPIRACY.

Conspiracies in London—Countenanced by the British Ministers—Jealousy of Moreau—Plan of the Conspirators—Moreau and Pichegru—Clemency of Napoleon—Evidence against the Duke d'Enghien—Arrest of the Duke—His Trial—Condemnation—Execution—Trial of Moreau—His Exile—Testimony of Joseph Bonaparte—Remarks from *Encyclopædia Americana*—Extravagant Denunciation of Lamartine.

A CONSPIRACY was now organized in London by Count d'Artois, and others of the French emigrants, upon a gigantic scale. Count de Lisle, sometimes also called Count de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., was then residing at Warsaw. The plot was communicated to him, but he repulsed it. The plan involved the expenditure of millions, which were furnished by the British government. Mr. Hammond, under Secretary of State at London, and

the English ministers at Hesse, at Stuttgart, and at Batavia, all upon the confines of France, were in intimate communication with the disaffected in France, endeavoring to excite civil war. Three prominent French emigrants, the Princes of Condé, grandfather, son, and grandson, were then in the service and pay of Great Britain, with arms in their hands against their country, and ready to obey any call for active service. The grandson, the Duke d'Enghien, was in the Duchy of Baden, awaiting, on the banks of the Rhine, the signal for his march into France, and attracted to the village of Ettenheim by his attachment for a young lady there, a Princess de Rohan.

The plan of the conspirators was this: A band of a hundred resolute men, headed by the daring and indomitable George Cadoudal, were to be introduced stealthily into France, to waylay Napoleon when passing to Malmaison, disperse his guard, consisting of some ten outriders, and kill him upon the spot. The conspirators flattered themselves that this would not be considered assassination, but a battle. Having thus disposed of the First Consul, the next question was, how, in the midst of the confusion that would ensue, to regain for the Bourbons and their partisans their lost power. To do this, it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the army.

"In reply to some arguments," says O'Meara, "which I offered to convince him that the English ministry were ignorant of that part of Pichegru's plot which embraced assassination," Napoleon replied,

"I do not suppose that any of the English ministers actually said to Georges or Pichegru, 'You must kill the First Consul.' But they well knew that such formed the chief, and, indeed, the only hope of success. And yet they, knowing this, furnished them with money, and provided ships to land them in France, which, to all intents and purposes, renders them accomplices. If they had been tried by an English jury, they would have been condemned as such. Lord —— took great pains to persuade the foreign courts that they were ignorant of the project of assassination, and wrote several letters, in which he acknowledged that the English had landed men for the purpose of overturning the French government, but denied the other. However, he made a very lame business of it, and none of the Continental governments gave any credit to his assertion. It was naturally condemned; as, on the ground of retaliation, none of the sovereigns were safe. Fox had some conversation with me on the subject. He, too, like you, denied that the ministry were privy to the scheme of assassination, but finally, after hearing what I had to say, he condemned the whole transaction."

In nothing is the infirmity of our nature more conspicuous, than in the petty jealousies which so often rankle in the bosoms of great men. General Moreau had looked with an envious eye upon the gigantic strides of General Bonaparte to power. His wife, a weak, vain, envious woman, could not endure the thought that General Moreau should be only the second man in the empire, and she exerted all her influence over her vacillating and unstable husband to convince him that the conqueror of Hohenlinden was entitled to the highest gifts France had to confer.

One day, by accident, she was detained a few moments in the antechamber of Josephine. Her indignation was extreme. General Moreau was in a mood of mind to yield to the influence of these reproaches. As an indication

of his displeasure, he allowed himself to repel the favors which the First Consul showered upon him. He at last was guilty of the impropriety of refusing to attend the First Consul at a review. In consequence, he was omitted in an invitation to a banquet which Napoleon gave on the anniversary of the Republic. Thus coldness increased to hostility. Moreau, with bitter feelings, withdrew to his estate of Grosbois, where, in the enjoyment of opulence, he watched with an evil eye the movements of one whom he had the vanity to think his rival.

Under these circumstances, it was not thought difficult to win over Moreau, and, through him, the army. Then, at the very moment when Napoleon had been butchered on his drive to Malmaison, the Loyalists all over France were to rise; the emigrant Bourbons, with arms and money, supplied by England, in their hands, were to rush over the frontier; the British navy and army were to be ready with their powerful co-operation; and the Bourbon dynasty was to be re-established. Such was this infamous conspiracy of the Bourbons.

But in this plan there was a serious difficulty. Moreau prided himself upon being a very decided Republican, and had denounced even the consulate for life, as tending to the establishment of royalty. Still, it was hoped that the jealousy of his disposition would induce him to engage in any plot for the overthrow of the First Consul. General Pichegru, a man illustrious in rank and talent, a warm advocate of the Bourbons, and alike influential with Monarchists and Republicans, had escaped from the wilds of Sinamar, where he had been banished by the Directory, and was then residing in London. Pichegru was drawn into the conspiracy, and employed to confer with Moreau. Matters being thus arranged, Cadoudal, with a band of bold and desperate men, armed to the teeth, and with an ample supply of funds, which had been obtained from the English treasury, set out from London for Paris.

Upon the coast of Normandy, upon the side of a precipitous craggy cliff, ever washed by the ocean, there was a secret passage, formed by a cleft in the rock, known only to smugglers. Through the cleft, one or two hundred feet in depth, a rope-ladder could be let down to the surface of the sea. The smugglers thus scaled the precipice, bearing heavy burdens upon their shoulders. Cadoudal had found out this path, and easily purchased its use. To facilitate communication with Paris, a chain of lodging-places had been established in solitary farm-houses and in the castles of Loyalist nobles, so that the conspirators could pass from the cliff of Biville to Paris without exposure to the public roads or to any inn. Captain Wright, an officer in the English navy, a bold and skillful seaman, took the conspirators on board his vessel, and secretly landed them at the foot of this cliff. Cautiously, Cadoudal, with some of his trusty followers, crept along from shelter to shelter until he reached the suburbs of Paris.

From his lurking place he dispatched emissaries, bought by his abundance of gold, to different parts of France, to prepare the Royalists to rise. Much to his disappointment, he found Napoleon almost universally popular, and the Loyalists themselves settling down in contentment under his efficient government. Even the priests were attached to the First Consul, for he

had rescued them from the most unrelenting persecution. In the course of two months of incessant exertions, Cadoudal was able to collect but thirty men, who, by liberal pay, were willing to run the risk of trying to restore the Bourbons. While Cadoudal was thus employed with the Royalists, Pichegru and his agents were sounding Moreau and the Republicans. General Lajolais, a former officer of Moreau, was easily gained over. He drew from Moreau a confession of his wounded feelings, and of his desire to see the consular government overthrown in almost any way. Lajolais did not reveal to the illustrious general the details of the conspiracy, but hastening to London by the circuitous route of Hamburg, to avoid detection, told his credulous employers that Moreau was ready to take any part in the enterprise.

At the conferences now held in London by this band of conspirators, plotting assassination, the Count d'Artois had the criminal folly to preside—the future monarch of France guiding the deliberations of a band of assassins. When Lajolais reported that Moreau was ready to join Pichegru the moment he should appear, Charles, then Count d'Artois, exclaimed with delight, “Ah ! let but our two generals agree together, and I shall speedily be restored to France !” It was arranged that Pichegru, Rivière, and one of the Polignacs, with others of the conspirators, should immediately join George Cadoudal, and, as soon as every thing was ripe, Charles and his son, the Duke of Berri, were to land in France, and take their share in the infamous project. Pichegru and his party embarked on board the vessel of Captain Wright, and were landed, in the darkness of the night, beneath the cliff of Biville. These illustrious assassins climbed the smugglers’ rope, and skulking from lurking-place to lurking-place, joined the desperado, George Cadoudal, in the suburbs of Paris. Moreau made an appointment to meet Pichegru by night upon the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

It was a dark and cold night, in the month of January, 1804, when these two illustrious generals, the conqueror of Holland and the hero of Hohenlinden, approached, and, by a preconcerted signal, recognized each other. Years had elapsed since they had stood side by side as soldiers in the army of the Rhine. Both were embarrassed, for neither of these once honorable men were accustomed to deeds of darkness. They had hardly exchanged salutations, when George Cadoudal appeared, he having planned the meeting, and being determined to know its result. Moreau, disgusted with the idea of having any association with such a man, was angry in being subjected to such an interview, and, appointing another meeting with Pichegru at his own house, abruptly retired. They soon met, and had a long and serious conference.

Moreau was perfectly willing to conspire for the overthrow of the consular government, but insisted that the supreme power should be placed in his own hands, and not in the hands of the Bourbons. Pichegru was grievously disappointed at the result of this interview. He remarked to the confidant who conducted him to Moreau’s house, and thence back to his retreat,

“And this man, too, has ambition, and wishes to take his turn in governing France. Poor creature ! he could not govern her for four-and-twenty hours.”

When Cadoudal was informed of the result of the interview, he impulsively exclaimed, "If we must needs have any usurper, I should infinitely prefer Napoleon to this brainless and heartless Moreau!" The conspirators were now almost in a state of despair. They found, to their surprise, in entire contradiction to the views which had been so confidently proclaimed in England, that Napoleon was admired and beloved by nearly all the French nation, and that it was impossible to organize even a respectable party in opposition to him.

Various circumstances now led the First Consul to suspect that some serious plot was in progress. The three English ministers at Hesse, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, were found actively employed in endeavoring to foment intrigues in France. The minister at Bavaria, Mr. Drake, had, as he supposed, bribed a Frenchman to act as his spy. This Frenchman carried all Drake's letters to Napoleon, and received from the First Consul drafts of the answers to be returned. In this curious correspondence, Drake remarks in one of his letters,

"All plots against the First Consul must be forwarded; for it is a matter of right little consequence by whom the animal be stricken down, provided you are all in the hunt."

Napoleon caused these letters to be deposited in the Senate, and to be exhibited to the diplomats of all nations, who chose to see them. Some spies had also been arrested by the police, and condemned to be shot. One, on his way to execution, declared that he had important information to give. He was one of the band of George Cadoudal, and confessed the whole plot. Other conspirators were soon arrested. Among them, M. Lozier, a man of education and polished manners, declared that Moreau had sent to the Royalist conspirators in London one of his officers, offering to head a movement in behalf of the Bourbons, and to influence the army to co-operate in that movement. When the conspirators, relying upon this promise, had reached Paris, he continued, Moreau took a different turn, and demanded that he himself should be made the successor of the First Consul.

When the first intimation of Moreau's guilt was communicated to Napoleon, it was with difficulty that he could credit it. The First Consul immediately convened a secret council of his ministers. They met in the Tuilleries at night. Moreau was a formidable opponent even for Napoleon to attack. He was enthusiastically admired by the army, and his numerous and powerful friends would aver that he was the victim of the jealousy of the First Consul. It was suggested by some of the council that it would be good policy not to touch Moreau. Napoleon remarked,

"They will say that I am afraid of Moreau. That shall not be said. I have been one of the most merciful of men; but, if necessary, I will be one of the most terrible. I will strike Moreau as I would strike any one else, as he has entered into a conspiracy, odious alike for its objects and for the connections which it presumes."

It was decided that Moreau should be immediately arrested. Cambaères, a profound lawyer, declared that the ordinary tribunals were not sufficient to meet this case, and urged that Moreau should be tried by a court-martial composed of the most eminent military officers, a course which

would have been in entire accordance with existing laws. Napoleon opposed the proposition.

“It would be said,” he remarked, “that I had punished Moreau, by causing him, under the form of law, to be condemned by my own partisans.”

Early in the morning Moreau was arrested and conducted to the Temple. Excitement spread rapidly through Paris. The friends of Moreau declared that there was no conspiracy; that neither George Cadoudal nor Pichegrus were in France; that the whole story was an entire fabrication, to enable the First Consul to get rid of a dangerous rival. Napoleon was extremely sensitive respecting his reputation. It was the great object of his ambition to enthrone himself in the hearts of the French people as a great benefactor. He was deeply wounded by these cruel taunts.

“It is indeed hard,” said he, “to be exposed to plots the most atrocious, and then to be accused of being the inventor of those plots; to be charged with jealousy, when the vilest jealousy pursues me; to be accused of attempts upon the life of another, when the most desperate attacks are aimed at my own.”

All the enthusiasm of his impetuous nature was now aroused to drag the whole plot to light in defense of his honor. He was extremely indignant against the Royalists. He had not overturned the throne of the Bourbons. He had found it overturned, France in anarchy, and the Royalists in exile and beggary. He had been the generous benefactor of these Royalists, and had done every thing in his power to render them service. In defiance of deeply-rooted popular prejudices, and in opposition to the remonstrances of his friends, he had recalled the exiled emigrants, restored to them as far as possible their confiscated estates, conferred upon them important trusts, and had even lavished upon them so many favors as to have drawn upon himself the accusation of meditating the restoration of the Bourbons. In return for such services, they were endeavoring to blow him up with infernal machines, and to butcher him on the highway.

As for Moreau, he regarded him simply with pity, and wished only to place upon his head the burden of a pardon. The most energetic measures were now adopted to search out the conspirators in their lurking-places. Every day new arrests were made. Two of the conspirators made full confessions. They declared that the highest nobles of the Bourbon court were involved in the plot, and that a distinguished Bourbon prince was near at hand, ready to place himself at the head of the Royalists as soon as Napoleon should be slain.

The First Consul, exasperated to the highest degree, exclaimed, “These Bourbons fancy that they may shed my blood like that of some wild animal, and yet my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarm with which they seek to inspire me. I pardon Moreau the weakness and the errors to which he is urged by a stupid jealousy, but I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands. I will teach them with what sort of a man they have to deal.”

Fresh arrests were still daily made, and the confessions of the prisoners all established the point that there was a young prince who occasionally appeared in their councils, who was treated with the greatest consideration, and

who was to head the movement. Still Cadoudal, Pichegru, and other prominent leaders of the conspiracy eluded detection. As there was ample evidence that these men were in Paris, a law was passed in the Legislative Assembly, without opposition, that any person who should shelter them should be punished by death, and that whosoever should be aware of their hiding-place, and yet fail to expose them, should be punished with six years' imprisonment.

A strict guard was also placed for several days at the gates of Paris, allowing no one to leave, and with orders to shoot any person who should attempt to scale the wall. Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the other prominent conspirators were now in a state of terrible perplexity. They wandered by night from house to house, often paying one or two thousand dollars for the shelter of a few hours. One evening, Pichegru, in a state of despair, seized a pistol, and was about to shoot himself through the head, when he was prevented by a friend. On another occasion, with the boldness of desperation, he went to the house of M. Marbois, one of the ministers of Napoleon, and implored shelter. Marbois knew the noble character of the master whom he served. With grief, but without hesitancy, he allowed his old companion the temporary shelter of his roof, and did not betray him. He subsequently informed the First Consul of what he had done. Napoleon, with characteristic magnanimity, replied to this avowal in a letter expressive of his high admiration of his generosity in affording shelter under such circumstances to one who, though an outlaw, had been his friend.

At length Pichegru was betrayed. He was asleep at night. His sword and loaded pistols were by his side, ready for desperate defense. The gendarmes cautiously entered his room and sprang upon his bed. He was a powerful man, and he struggled with herculean but unavailing efforts. He was, however, speedily overpowered, bound, and conducted to the Temple. Soon after, George Cadoudal was arrested. He was in a cabriolet. A po-



lice officer seized the bridle of the horse. Cadoudal drew a pistol and shot him dead upon the spot. He then leaped from the cabriolet, and severely wounded another officer who attempted to seize him. He made the utmost efforts to escape on foot, under cover of the darkness of the night, but, surrounded by the crowd, he was soon captured. This desperado appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed before his examiners. There were upon his person a dagger, pistols, and twelve thousand dollars in gold and in bank notes. Boldly he avowed his object of attacking the First Consul, and proudly declared that he was acting in co-operation with the Bourbon princes.

The certainty of the conspiracy was now established, and the Senate transmitted a letter of congratulation to the First Consul upon his escape. In his reply, Napoleon remarked, "I have long since renounced the hope of enjoying the pleasures of private life. All my days are occupied in fulfilling the duties which my fate and the will of the French people have imposed upon me. Heaven will watch over France and defeat the plots of the wicked. The citizens may be without alarm; my life will last as long as it will be useful to the nation. But I wish the French people to understand, that existence without their confidence and affection would afford me no consolation, and would, as regards them, have no beneficial objects."

Napoleon sincerely pitied Moreau and Pichegru, and wished to save them from the ignominious death they merited. He sent a messenger to Moreau, assuring him that a frank confession should secure his pardon and restoration to favor. But it was far more easy for Napoleon to forgive than for the proud Moreau to accept his forgiveness. With profound sympathy, Napoleon contemplated the position of Pichegru. As he thought of this illustrious general, condemned and executed like a felon, he exclaimed to M. Real,

"What an end for the conqueror of Holland! But the men of the Revolution must not thus destroy each other. I have long thought of forming a colony at Cayenne. Pichegru was exiled thither, and knows the place well; and of all our generals, he is best calculated to form an establishment there. Go and visit him in his prison, and tell him that I pardon him; that it is not toward him or Moreau, or men like them, that I am inclined to be severe. Ask him how many men, and what amount of money he would require for founding a colony in Cayenne, and I will supply him, that he may go thither and re-establish his reputation in rendering a great service to France." Pichegru was so much affected by this magnanimity of the man whose death he had been plotting, that he bowed his head and wept convulsively. The illustrious man was conquered.

But Napoleon was much annoyed in not being able to lay hold upon one of those Bourbon princes who had so long been conspiring against his life, and inciting others to perils from which they themselves escaped. One morning, in his study, he inquired of Talleyrand and Fouché respecting the place of residence of the various members of the Bourbon family. He was told, in reply, that Louis XVIII. and the Duke d'Angoulême lived in Warsaw; the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Berri in London, where also were the Princes of Condé, with the exception of the Duke d'Enghien, the most enterprising of them all, who lived at Ettenheim, near Strasburg. It was in this vicinity that the British ministers Taylor, Smith, and Drake had been

busying themselves in fomenting intrigues. The idea instantly flashed into the mind of the First Consul that the Duke d'Enghien was thus lurking near the frontier of France to take part in the conspiracy. He immediately sent an officer to Ettenheim to make inquiries respecting the prince. The officer returned with the report that the Duke d'Enghien was living there with a Princess of Rohan, to whom he was warmly attached. He was often absent from Ettenheim, and occasionally went in disguise to Strasburg. He was in the pay of the British government, a soldier against his own country, and had received orders from the British cabinet to repair to the banks of the Rhine, to be ready to take advantage of any favorable opportunity which might be presented to invade France. This was an act of high treason.

Napoleon immediately surmised that this prince was the Duke d'Enghien. His frequent absences from Ettenheim were naturally associated with his frequent interviews with the conspirators. It also so happened that there was an officer in the suite of the prince who was treated with much consideration. This was the Marquis of Thumery. The officer who had been sent from Paris, incognito, to investigate the matter, misled by the German pronunciation of the name, very honestly reported that General Dumouriez was in the retinue of the duke.

This fatal report reached Paris on the 10th of March. That same morning a deposition had been made by one of the accomplices of Georges that there was a conspiracy; that a prince was at its head; that this prince, if he had not already come, would soon arrive. This deposition was laid before the First Consul at the same time with the report of the officer of gendarmerie from Ettenheim. The coincidence struck the mind of the First Consul with great force. He no longer entertained a doubt that this prince was the Duke d'Enghien. The supposed presence of General Dumouriez in his suite added almost demonstrative confirmation to this decision. It was certain that the prince alluded to could not have come from London, since the cliff at Biville had been so narrowly watched. The whole plot seemed now, to Napoleon, as clear as day. As soon as the assassins had struck him down, a mangled corpse, the Count d'Artois was to enter France through Normandy, with Pichegru; the Duke d'Enghien was to enter through Alsace, with Dumouriez; and thus the Bourbon princes, aided by foreign armies, were to re-establish the Bourbon throne by the assassination of the First Consul, and on the ruins of the Republic. This was, in fact, the design of the conspirators. The Duke d'Enghien was waiting for his orders to march; but it subsequently appeared that he had not taken any part in the plan for the assassination of Napoleon. He was guilty of high treason, but he was not an accomplice with murderers. He was a traitor, but he was not an assassin. Yet, treasonable as was his enterprise, the heart refuses with severity to condemn. We almost sympathize in his attempts to regain, even by the aid of foreign arms, the throne of his exiled family. Napoleon was no stranger to the appeals of generosity. He felt for the exiled Bourbons, and ever manifested a disposition to do every thing in his power to alleviate their bitter lot. Had he not been fully convinced that the Duke d'Enghien was plotting his assassination, he would not have consented even to his arrest.

Very judiciously Thiers remarks, "The First Consul's mind, usually so

strong and clear, could not resist so many appearances so well calculated to mislead. He was convinced. It is necessary to have witnessed minds under the bias of an inquiry of this sort, and more especially when passion, of whatever kind, disposes them to belief in what they suspect, to be able to understand how ready such minds are to jump at conclusions, and to learn how very precious are those delays and forms of law which save men from those conclusions so quickly drawn from some merely accidental circumstances.”*

A council was immediately called to decide what should be done. The ministers were divided in opinion. Some urged sending a secret force to arrest the duke, with all his papers and accomplices, and bring them to Paris. Cambacères, apprehensive of the effect that such a violation of the German territory might produce in Europe, opposed the measure. Napoleon replied to him kindly, but firmly, “I know your motive for speaking thus—your devotion to me. I thank you for it. But I will not allow myself to be put to death without resistance. I will make those people tremble, and teach them to keep quiet for the time to come.”

Orders were immediately given for three hundred dragoons to repair to the banks of the Rhine, cross the river, dash forward to Ettenheim, surround the town, arrest the prince and all his retinue, and convey them to Strasburg. As soon as the arrest was made, Colonel Caulaincourt was directed to hasten to the Grand Duke of Baden with an apology from the First Consul for violating his territory, stating that the gathering of the hostile emigrants so near the frontiers of France authorized the French government to protect itself, and that the necessity for prompt and immediate action rendered it impossible to adopt more tardy measures. The Duke of Baden expressed his satisfaction with the apology.

On the 15th of March, 1804, the detachment of dragoons set out, and proceeded with such rapidity as to surround the town before the duke could receive any notice of their approach. He was arrested in his bed, and hurried, but partially clothed, into a carriage, and conveyed with the utmost speed to Strasburg. He was from thence taken to the Castle of Vincennes, in the vicinity of Paris. A military commission was formed, composed of the colonels of the garrison, with General Hullin as President. The prince was brought before the commission.

He was calm and haughty, for he had no apprehension of the fate which awaited him. He was accused of high treason, in having sought to excite civil war, and in bearing arms against France. To arraign him upon this charge was to condemn him, for of this crime he was clearly guilty. Though he denied all knowledge of the plot in question, boldly and rather defiantly he avowed that he had borne arms against France, and that he was on the banks of the Rhine for the purpose of serving against her again.

“I esteem,” said he, “General Bonaparte as a great man, but, being myself a prince of the house of Bourbon, I have vowed against him eternal hatred. A Condé,” he added, “can never re-enter France but with arms in his hands. My birth, my opinions, render me forever the enemy of your government.”

* *Thiers' Consulate and Empire*, vol. i., p. 562.



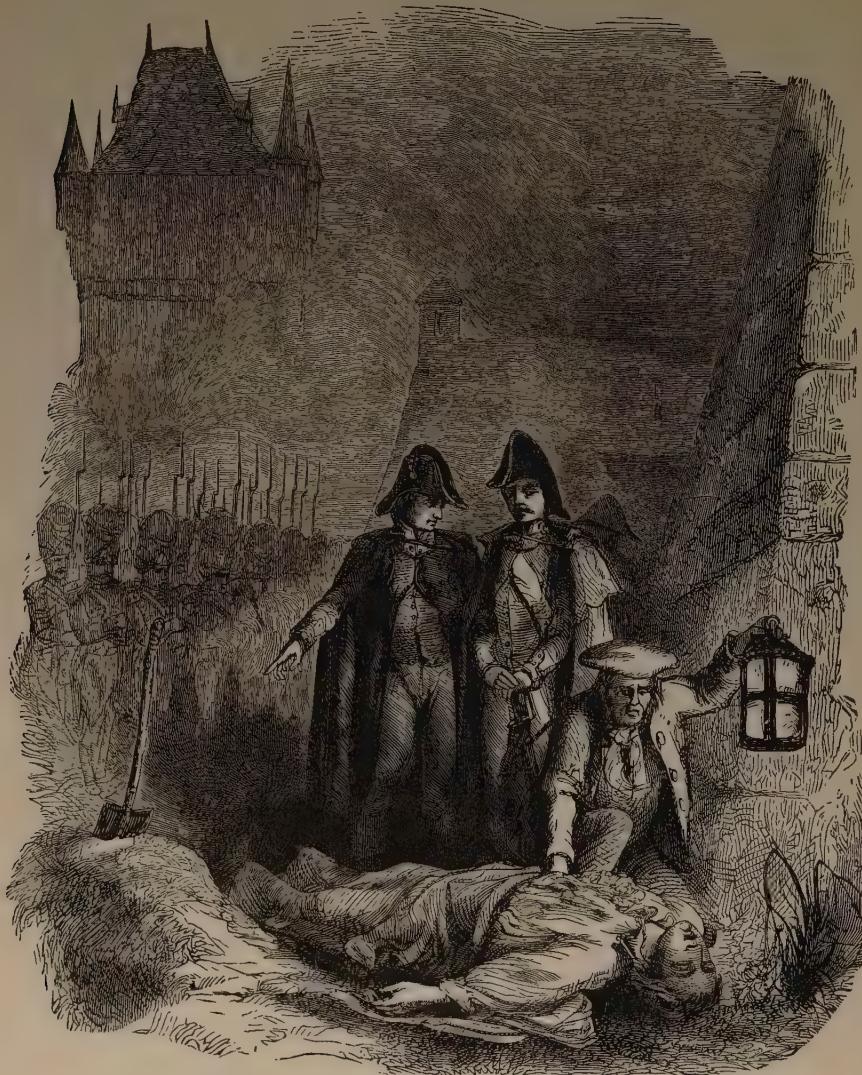
ARREST OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

By the laws of the Republic, for a Frenchman to serve against France was a capital offense. Napoleon, however, would not have enforced this law in the case of the duke, had he not fully believed that he was implicated in the conspiracy, and that it was necessary, to secure himself from assassination, that he should strike terror into the hearts of the Bourbons. The prince implored permission to see the First Consul. The court refused this request, which, if granted, would undoubtedly have saved his life. Napoleon also commissioned M. Réal to proceed to Vincennes and examine the prisoner. Had M. Réal arrived in season to see the duke, he would have made a report of facts which would have rescued the prince from his tragical fate; but, exhausted by the fatigue of several days and nights, he had retired to rest, and had given directions to his servants to permit him to sleep undisturbed.*

The order of the First Consul was consequently not placed in his hands until five o'clock in the morning. It was then too late. The court sorrowfully pronounced sentence of death. By torchlight the unfortunate prince was led down the winding staircase which led into a fosse of the chateau. There he saw, through the gray mist of the morning, a file of soldiers drawn up for his execution. Calmly he cut off a lock of his hair, and, taking his watch from his pocket, requested an officer to solicit *Josephine* to present

* "Put on trial according to the secret and summary method of court-martial, the prince, denying all part in any plan of assassination, not only confessed, but rather vauntingly acknowledged that he had borne arms against the French Republic; and also, that he had been several times in Strasburg, though he denied that it was for any treasonable purpose. His guilt thus established, and that guilt high treason, a special law of the Republic rendering it a capital offense for a French emigrant to return to France, and the general law against treason, by bearing arms against its government, both violated, by the prisoner's confession, the court-martial had no option but to find him guilty and sentence him to death. According to American ideas of treason and of individuality, such a suffering prince was no martyr."—*Charles J. Ingersoll*.

those tokens of his love to the Princess de Rohan. Turning to the soldiers, he said, "I die for my king and for France;" and, giving the command to fire, he fell, pierced by seven balls.



EXECUTION OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

There are many indications that Napoleon subsequently deplored the tragical fate of the prince. It subsequently appeared that the mysterious stranger, to whom the prisoners so often alluded, was Pichegru. When this fact was communicated to Napoleon, he was deeply moved, and, musing long and painfully, gave utterance to an exclamation of grief that he had consented to the seizure of the unhappy prince.

He, however, took the whole responsibility of his execution upon himself. In his testament at St. Helena, he wrote, "I arrested the Duke d'Enghien

because that measure was necessary to the security, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois maintained, on his own admission, sixty assassins. In similar circumstances I would do the same."

The spirit is saddened in recording these terrible deeds of violence and of blood. It was a period of anarchy, of revolution, of conspiracies, of war. Fleets were bombarding cities, and tens of thousands were falling in a day upon a single field of battle. Human life was considered of but little value. Bloody retaliations and reprisals were sanctified by the laws of contending nations. Surrounded by those influences, nurtured from infancy in the midst of them, provoked beyond endurance by the aristocratic arrogance which regarded the elected sovereign of France as a usurper beyond the pale of law, it is only surprising that Napoleon could have passed through a career so wonderful, and so full of temptations, with a character so seldom sullied by blemishes of despotic injustice.

This execution of a prince of the blood royal sent a thrill of indignation through all the courts of Europe. The French ambassadors were treated, in many instances, with coldness amounting to insult. The Emperor Alexander sent a remonstrance to the First Consul. He thus provoked a terrible reply from the man who could hurl a sentence like a bomb-shell. The young monarch of Russia was seated upon the bloodstained throne from which the daggers of assassins had removed his father. And yet not one of these assassins had been punished.

With crushing irony, Napoleon remarked, "France has acted as Russia, under similar circumstances, would have done; for had she been informed that the assassins of Paul were assembled at a day's march from her frontiers, would she not, at all hazards, have seized upon them there?" This was not one of these soft answers which turn away wrath: it stung Alexander to the quick.

Absorbed by these cares, Napoleon had but little time to think of the imprisoned conspirators awaiting their trial. Pichegru, hearing no further mention of the First Consul's proposal, and informed of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, gave himself up for lost. His proud spirit could not endure the thought of a public trial and an ignominious punishment. One night, after having read a treatise of Seneca upon suicide, he laid aside his book, and by means of his silk cravat and a wooden peg, which he used as a tourniquet, he strangled himself. His keepers found him in the morning dead upon his bed.

The trial of the other conspirators soon came on. Moreau, respecting whom great interest was excited, as one of the most illustrious of the Republican generals, was sentenced to two years imprisonment. Napoleon immediately pardoned him, and granted him permission to retire to America. As that unfortunate general wished to dispose of his estate, Napoleon gave orders for it to be purchased at the highest price. He also paid the expenses of his journey to Barcelona, preparatory to his embarkation for the New World. George Cadoudal, Polignac, Rivière, and several others, were condemned to death. There was something in the firm and determined energy of George Cadoudal which singularly interested the mind of the First Consul. He wished to save him.

"There is one man," said Napoleon, "among the conspirators whom I regret—that is George Cadoudal. His mind is of the right stamp. In my hands he would have done great things. I appreciate all the firmness of his character, and I would have given it a right direction. I made Réal say to him, that if he would attach himself to me, I would not only pardon him, but give him a regiment. What do I say? I would have made him one of my aides-de-camp. Such a step would have excited a great clamor, but I should not have cared for it. Cadoudal refused every thing. He is a bar of iron. What can I now do? He must undergo his fate, for such a man is too dangerous in a party. It is a necessity of my situation."

The evening before his execution, Cadoudal desired the jailer to bring him a bottle of excellent wine. Upon tasting the contents of the bottle brought, and finding it of an inferior quality, he complained, stating that it was not such wine as he desired. The jailer brutally replied, "It is good enough for such a miscreant as you." Cadoudal, with perfect deliberation and composure, corked up the bottle, and, with his herculean arm, hurled it at the head of the jailer with an aim so well directed that he fell lifeless at his feet. The next day, with several of the conspirators, he was executed.

Josephine, who was ever to Napoleon a ministering angel of mercy, was visited by the wife of Polignac, who, with tears of anguish, entreated Josephine's intercession in behalf of her condemned husband. Her tender heart was deeply moved by a wife's delirious agony, and she hastened to plead for the life of the conspirator. Napoleon, endeavoring to conceal the struggle of his heart beneath a severe exterior, replied,

"Josephine, you still interest yourself for my enemies. They are all of them as imprudent as they are guilty. If I do not teach them a lesson they will begin again, and will be the cause of new victims."

Thus repulsed, Josephine, almost in despair, retired. But she knew that Napoleon was soon to pass through one of the galleries of the chateau. Calling Madame Polignac, she hastened with her to the gallery, and they both threw themselves in tears before Napoleon. He, for a moment, glanced sternly at Josephine, as if to reproach her for the trial to which she had exposed him. But his yielding heart could not withstand this appeal. Taking the hand of Madame Polignac, he said,

"I am surprised in finding, in a plot against my life, Armand Polignac, the companion of my boyhood at the military school. I will, however, grant his pardon to the tears of his wife. I only hope that this act of weakness on my part may not encourage fresh acts of imprudence. Those princes, madame, are most deeply culpable who thus compromise the lives of their faithful servants without partaking their perils."

General Lajolais had been condemned to death. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of Josephine and Hortense. Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose



MADAME POLIGNAC INTERCEDING FOR HER HUSBAND.

him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned ; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his ministers. The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed, " Pardon, sire ! pardon for my father ! "

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure, " I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition ? Leave me, miss ! " So saying, he turned to pass from her.

But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused

with tears, and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful upturned face, exclaimed, “Pardon ! pardon ! pardon ! it is for my father !”

“And who is your father ?” said Napoleon, kindly. “Who are you ?”

“I am Miss Lajolais,” she replied, “and my father is doomed to die.” Napoleon hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed, “Ah, miss, but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the state. I can do nothing for you !”

“Alas, sire !” the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, “I know it : but the first time papa was innocent ; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him !”

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said,

“Well, my child ! yes ! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me.”

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the prison of the Conciergerie with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac !

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice, “Poor child ! poor child ! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and of her mother.”

Six others of the conspirators also soon received a pardon. Such was the termination of the Bourbon conspiracy for the assassination of Napoleon.

Upon this subject the “Encyclopædia Americana” remarks, with much candor :

“It is known to every impartial investigator that Napoleon was far from being of a cruel disposition ; that he was never deaf to prayers for mercy, if the great interests of France allowed him to listen to them. He pardoned most of the persons implicated in the conspiracy of Georges ; he pardoned the prince of Hatzfield ; he offered pardon even to Staps, the young assassin at Schönbrun ; in short, proofs enough exist to show that his disposition was the opposite of cruel. The narratives of several persons concerned in the duke’s death tend also to exculpate the First Consul. Savary, duke of Rovigo, informs us in his *Mémoires* that the Consul heard, through him, of the execution of the prince with amazement, and greatly regretted it. The Count Réal, Counselor of State, then prefect of Paris, and therefore charged with the police of that city, declares the same. He has asserted in the

United States, where he has lived a long time, in presence of Joseph Bonaparte, count de Survilliers, Mr. Duponceau, General Lallemand, Captain Sary, and others, that Napoleon did not know of the execution of the duke until after it had taken place, and that he learned it with amazement from Savary's mouth, and that the Consul had intended to set the prince at liberty."

This agrees with the following statement, which we have from the most authentic source. Joseph, the brother of the Consul, found him, after this catastrophe, much affected, and highly indignant at those persons whom he accused of having occasioned this catastrophe. He regretted much that he had lost so fine an opportunity of doing an act of mercy. Even long after, in conversation with his brother, he frequently alluded to this sad event, and, with his usual vivacity, observed,

"It would have been noble to pardon a prince who, in plotting against me, had done what his position demanded of him. He was young," continued Napoleon ; "my favors would have attached him to me ; he would have become better acquainted with the state of France, and would have ended by entering my service. It would have been gratifying to have had the descendant of the great Condé for aid-de-camp." This view is corroborated by Napoleon's own assertions, in *Las Casas' Memorial*, vol. vii., p. 437. The declarations of Napoleon himself, in his will, however, are at variance with this view of the subject. He there says, "I ordered the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and executed, because it was necessary for the safety, the welfare, and the honor of the French nation. Under the same circumstances I should act in the same way ; the death of the Duke d'Enghien is to be imputed to those who plotted in London against the life of the First Consul, and who intended to bring the Duke de Berri by Biville, and the Duke d'Enghien by Strasburg, into France."

Savary, who was himself a witness of the regrets of the Consul on account of the death of the duke, gives the following explanation of this inconsistency : that Napoleon preferred, even on his death-bed, to take the charge of the duke's death upon himself, rather than to allow his power to be doubted ; and that he acted thus from regard to the dignity of a sovereign, who, if he enjoys the credit of the good which is done in his name, would act unworthily in throwing the blame of the evil done in his name upon others. He says, "When the Emperor uses the words '*Le Duc d'Enghien est mort, parceque je l'ai voulu*,' his meaning amounts only to this : 'When I reigned, no one dared conceive the thought of disposing of the life or liberty of any one. It might have been possible to impose upon me, but never for a moment to encroach upon my power.'

"It is certain that, in the critical situation in which he found himself, walking upon volcanoes, still active and ever ready for eruption, he could not have suffered it to be believed that such an act could be committed without his consent. A belief in his power was of the utmost importance to the peace and order of France. The welfare of France required that he should take upon himself the responsibility of every act done in his name.

"Bignon says that, in a note written by Napoleon himself, not yet published, there is the following passage respecting the Duke d'Enghien. 'If guilty, the commission was right to sentence him to death ; if innocent, they

ought to have acquitted him, because no order whatever can justify a judge in violating his conscience.'"

The following statements from the "American Quarterly Review" of September, 1830, also throw much light upon this very important subject: "We have it in our power, from high authority, that of a person not now in this country, to state, what the Duke of Rovigo was not aware of, the reason why the Duke d'Enghien suffered death without the knowledge or sanction of the First Consul. The prisoner, in extremity, asked to see the First Consul, which was not permitted; but the judge advocate, Dantancourt, humanely suggested to him to write a letter, which was done, and the letter sent to Réal. During that eventful night the First Consul had been called up five times, on the arrival of as many messengers, with insignificant dispatches. So often disturbed, he gave orders not to be called again unless for a very serious occasion. M. Réal sent the Duke d'Enghien's letter to Malmaison by a private horseman of the gendarmerie, who, uninformed as to its contents, gave no intimation that it required immediate attention. It was laid on a table, where it had remained unnoticed till after the First Consul had deliberately risen, and made his toilet as usual, without the least notion of its contents. In the mean while—indeed, before he got out of bed—the ill-starred writer of that neglected letter was shot. The interview between the First Consul and Réal, which immediately followed that between the First Consul and Savary, disclosed the deplorable cause, as Savary's tidings had revealed the catastrophe. Réal's reception was that of a man who had been guilty of unpardonable negligence. He will, no doubt, at some proper time, submit his account to the world. But he knows that the Duke d'Enghien was not sacrificed to a tyrant's passions, policy, or fears; that the general agitation and very natural misunderstanding which his family and friends had occasioned throughout the capital and the council, the over-zealous, perhaps treacherous advice of some, the over-active, precipitate dispatch of others, and one of those misadventures which are so common in the affairs of this world, are the causes to which this disaster is owing. Once done, however, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, never to recant, or apologize, or recede was one of Bonaparte's imperious maxims. He felt the full force of the French proverb, 'that whoever excuses, accuses himself,' and nothing would induce him to disown a deed done under his orders, though they were violated to his infinite injury and mortification, in almost every stage of the proceeding. Both accounts are correct; at all events, both exculpate Napoleon from the haste of the process.

"We can give assurance, on authority which can not mistake or be mistaken (if wrong, it must be intentionally so, and we have been deceived ourselves, which we can not believe), that the idea of the death of the Duke d'Enghien never crossed the First Consul's mind till he was astonished and confounded by the tidings communicated to him by Savary of his execution. Whatever the precipitation of some of his ministers or the intrigues of others may have designed; however his own ideas may have been surprised, his measures hurried, and the result enchain'd, it is certain, unless we are grossly misinformed (and if we are, it is designedly), that the sudden, violent, and impolitic death of the victim of various untoward circumstances

was as unexpected and as unwelcome to him at whose door it is laid as an unpardonable crime, as to any one living. The question was not whether he should be put to death, but whether he should be put on his trial."

Joseph Bonaparte, immediately after the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, called upon his brother Napoleon. He thus records the interview. Joseph, alluding to some past events, had said, "Who would then have thought that you would be one day called on to pronounce, as a judge, the destiny of a grandson of the Prince of Condé?" At these words," continues Joseph, "I saw Napoleon's countenance change, and a tear start, for my brother Napoleon's nature was good and kind, though he often took as much pains to appear stern as others do to appear gentle. Leaning on my arm, 'What events,' said he, 'and what misfortunes in that family! But who knows whether, out of this arrest, may not spring good for the family, for the country, and for me? for out of it I will find means to show what I really am. I am strong enough not to fear the Bourbons. I am great enough, I think, for them not to suppose that I will degrade myself to the miserable part of Monk. They tell me that the Duke d'Enghien is even disposed to anticipate my favorable sentiments by writing to me; but whether he does or does not, he shall find in me none but favorable dispositions; a wish to pardon him—not merely the wish, but the will. I, who am here to conciliate, I like to imagine to myself the romance of reconciliation, and I smile at the possibility of extending a friendly hand to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien. You would like to see, one day, a descendant of the great Condé among your brother's aides-de-camp. For my part, I should be delighted, I assure you; and my heart is filled with good and generous sentiments toward him.'"

Such then are the established facts. The Duke d'Enghien was guilty of high treason. He was in the pay of England, with arms in his hands, fighting against his own country. He was lingering on the frontier, ready to march with invading armies into France. Yet Napoleon was generously disposed to overlook this crime of high treason, in reference to the peculiar political misfortunes of the family of the duke. But the Bourbons had entered into an atrocious conspiracy for the assassination of the First Consul. The evidence seemed overwhelming that the duke was actively engaged in this conspiracy. Napoleon resolved to bring him to trial, still magnanimously intending to pardon the unhappy man. He thought that such an act of clemency would prove his kind feelings toward the rejected Bourbons, and that he had no disposition to aggravate their misfortunes. The duke was arrested, accused of the crime of high treason, tried, found guilty beyond all possibility of doubt, condemned, and, by an untoward accident, executed before Napoleon had an opportunity to interpose the contemplated pardon. The duke fell before the majesty of a just law. Napoleon regretted his death; he regretted it doubly when he learned that, though the duke, by his own defiant confession, was guilty of high treason, still, that he probably was not involved with the conspirators in plotting assassination. But he proudly refused to make any apology to the Bourbon clamor. He would not attempt to mitigate unjust obloquy by criminating the officers of the law. With that spirit of self-respect to which none can refuse their homage, he assumed the whole responsibility of the act.

Upon the basis of such facts, Lamartine, echoing the sentiments of aristocratic Europe, exclaims, "The First Consul had said, '*Tis well!*' But conscience, equity, and humanity protest alike against this satisfaction of a murderer who applauds himself. He claimed the crime to himself alone in his revelations at St. Helena. Let him, then, keep it all to himself! He has mowed down millions of men by the hands of war, and mad humanity, partial against itself for what it calls glory, has pardoned him. He has slain one alone cruelly, like a coward, in the dark, by the consciences of prevaricating judges, and by the balls of mercenary executioners, without risking his own breast—not as a warrior, but even as a murderer. Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon him this spilling of blood. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalides, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out of one single block of granite, harmonizing with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand, the sentinels of ages, around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on his sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered, by the light of a lantern, at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shown, at the angle of a wall round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marsh-mallows, and they exclaim, 'It is there!' With a cry of indignation, they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim, and an implacable resentment against the assassin!

"This resentment is a vengeance for the past, but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterward to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour, the victim has all eternity!"*

This legal execution of one convicted of high treason the Allies have audaciously stigmatized as murder and assassination. Had European aristocracy crushed Republicanism in America as in France, Washington would also have been called the murderer and assassin of André. He was so called, till the success of this great republic overwhelmed the ridiculous accusation

* "When Peltier was acquitted, in defiance of Consul Bonaparte's efforts to convict him, of libels promoting his assassination, I was in London, where the French Bourbon princes and their abettors, almost without concealment, 'by divine right,' urged that atrocity. At the same time, I was hard by there when Colonel Despard and several others, convicted of treason, were executed, according to the terrific English method of that punishment. The proof of Despard's treason was slight, that of Enghien's unquestionable. Not a sigh, scarce a sympathy, followed Colonel Despard's mangled corpse to the grave, while myriads of bosoms soon swelled with indignation at the death of the Duke d'Enghien."—*History of the Second War in the United States*, by Charles J. Ingersoll.

Treason against the Emperor Napoleon was considered a virtue which merited reward; treason against King George III. was a crime which merited death by torture.

with contempt. Our sympathies cluster around D'Enghien and André, yet they both were guilty and merited their doom. Washington would gladly have pardoned André could he have done so without periling the cause of American freedom, and Napoleon grieved deeply that an untoward accident deprived him of the opportunity of extending a pardon to the Duke d'Enghien.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

Desire for the Empire—Decree of the Senate—Address of Cambacères—Reply of Napoleon—Fête at Boulogne—Naval Battle—Letter to the Pope—His Reception at Paris—Religious Sanction of the Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine—Coronation—The Empire.

THE conspiracy of the French princes for the assassination of Napoleon roused Republican France to increased efforts to consolidate the new government. The execution of the Duke d'Enghien, a prince of the blood royal, exasperated the feudal monarchs of Europe, and inspired them with additional hostility against the supremacy of the people. The Royalists considered Napoleon, with his almost superhuman energy, as the only obstacle to their projects. They were ready, at every hazard, to strike him down. The people of France, profoundly admiring the wisdom and efficiency of his government, were grateful for the harmony which he had restored to the Republic, and for the abounding prosperity with which, by his labors, it had been crowned.

Immediately, in the legislative bodies, in the streets of Paris, through all the principal towns in the departments, and in the camps distributed along the coasts, all tongues were busy in pleading that the crown should be placed upon that brow on whose safety reposed the destinies of France. It was declared that experience had abundantly proved that republicanism was not adapted to the genius of the French people; that the object of the Revolution was accomplished in reforming abuses, in abolishing the old feudal system, and in limiting the royal authority; and that now the dignity and the safety of France required that Napoleon should be invested with regal power, that he might thus be on a level with surrounding monarchs.

Never was the impulsive character of the French people more conspicuous than on this occasion. Fouché, in the ardor of his zeal, was the first to approach Napoleon with an expression of the universal desire. In reiterated interviews, he represented the necessity of putting an end to the anxieties of France by returning to that monarchical form of government which might appease the hostility of the surrounding nations, which would invest the person of Napoleon with new sacredness, and which would consolidate the work of the Revolution. A blaze of enthusiasm flamed over all France at the idea of investing the First Consul, the friend and the idol of the people, with imperial dignity. Addresses were now poured in upon Napoleon without number, imploring him to accept the crown of France. The First Consul sent for Lebrun and Cambacères, to confer with them upon the subject. Frank-

ly he avowed that he wished to ascend the throne, stating that it was manifest to every one that France desired a king; that every day she was receding farther from the wild excesses of the Revolution; that the adoption of the forms of monarchy would be an act of conciliation to the rest of Europe, and would enable him, with less opposition from abroad, to promote the popular interests of France.

Napoleon, with his accustomed prudence, immediately sent to most of the governments of Europe to ascertain if the change would be acceptable to them. France was at war with England, consequently the consent of that power was out of the question. The hostile attitude which Russia had recently assumed rendered it a point of dignity not to address her. Prussia, Austria, Spain, and the minor powers were consulted. As it was now generally esteemed impossible, throughout Europe, that the Bourbons could be restored, all the courts experienced much satisfaction at the idea of having the Republic abolished in France. The King of Prussia wrote, with his own hand, to his minister in Paris in the following cordial terms:

“I unhesitatingly authorize you to seize the earliest possible opportunity to make known to M. Talleyrand that, after having seen the supreme power conferred for life upon the First Consul, I should see, with still greater interest, the public order, established by his wisdom and his great actions, consolidated by the hereditary establishment of his family, and that I should not hesitate to acknowledge it.”

This letter, written but about a fortnight after the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, seems to indicate that, however deeply that event might have been deplored by the courts of Europe, the exasperating circumstances which led to the reprisal were fully appreciated. The Emperor Francis of Austria promptly assured Napoleon of his readiness to recognize that change in the government of France which could not but be acceptable to the surrounding monarchies. This was the general sentiment throughout all of the courts of Europe.

Bourrienne, in conversation with Napoleon, one day remarked that he thought it would be impossible for Napoleon to get himself acknowledged Emperor by the old reigning families of Europe. “If it comes to that,” he replied, “I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them.”

The Senate of France, by unanimous acclamation, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, “That Napoleon Bonaparte should be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the French Republic.” The Senate, in its enthusiasm, resolved to go in a body to St. Cloud, to present the decree to the First Consul, and to salute him as Emperor. It was the 18th of May, 1804. The fields were green, the trees in full foliage, and the bland atmosphere of the most lovely of spring mornings exhilarated all spirits. A long procession of carriages, escorted by a brilliant guard of cavalry, conveyed the senators to the rural palace of St. Cloud. Napoleon, with that perfect tranquillity of spirit which seemed never to forsake him, was ready to receive them. Josephine stood by his side, flushed with agitation, trembling in anticipation of the future, yet gratified at the new honor about to be conferred upon her husband. Cambacères, the

President of the Senate, bowing profoundly before his former colleague, now his new sovereign, thus addressed him :

“Sire,—Four years ago the affection and the gratitude of the French people intrusted the reins of government to your majesty, and the constitution of the state had already left to you the choice of a successor. The more imposing title which is now decreed to you, therefore, is but a tribute that the nation pays to its own dignity, and to the necessity it experiences of offering you new proofs of its daily increasing respect and attachment. How, indeed, can the French people reflect, without enthusiasm, upon the happiness it has experienced since Providence prompted it to throw itself into your arms ? Our armies were vanquished, the finances in disorder, public credit was annihilated ; the remnants of our ancient splendor were disputed by factions ; the ideas of religion, and even of morality, were obscured. Your majesty appeared ; you recalled victory to our standards ; you restored order and economy in the public expenditure. The nation, encouraged by the use you made of them, took confidence in its own resources. Your wisdom calmed down the fury of parties ; religion saw her altars raised again. Finally—and that is, doubtless, the greatest of the miracles worked by your genius—that people, whom civil ferments had rendered indocile to all restraints, and inimical to all authority, have been, by you, taught to cherish and respect a power exercised only for its repose and glory.”

The moment these words were concluded, the cry of “*Vive l’Empereur*” resounded, in tones of deepest enthusiasm, throughout the palace. The multitude, drawn by the occasion to the court-yard and the gardens, caught the cry, and repeated it with reiterated and joyful shouts. As soon as silence was restored, Napoleon briefly replied in the following terms :

“Every thing which can contribute to the weal of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title, which you believe to be useful to the glory of the nation. I submit to the people the sanction of the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent the honors with which she shall invest my family. At all events, my spirit will no longer be with my posterity on that day when it shall cease to merit the love and confidence of the Grand Nation.”

Cambacères then addressed a few words of congratulation to the Empress Josephine, to which she replied only by her tears. Napoleon, desirous of surrounding the newly-established throne by all those influences which could give it stability, resolved to have himself crowned by the Pope in Paris. It will be remembered that Pope Pius VII. was the personal friend of Napoleon. He felt grateful for the favors which the First Consul had conferred upon the Church. Never before had a Pope condescended to leave Rome to place the crown upon a monarch’s brow. Pius VII., however, promptly yielded to the wishes of his illustrious friend.

It was now the month of May. Napoleon wished, before the coronation, to accomplish his projected attack upon England. The preparations were finally so matured that even Napoleon became sanguine of success. He immediately visited all the camps upon the coast, and inspected them with the utmost care. He even examined the flotilla, boat by boat, to see if every order had been strictly attended to. Every thing was in accordance with his

wishes. A magnificent spectacle was arranged, in the presence of the English squadron, for the distribution of the crosses of the "Legion of Honor." Napoleon was seated upon a throne constructed on the brink of the ocean, with his magnificent army assembled in the form of a semicircular amphitheatre around him. The shouts of a hundred thousand men filled the air. The explosion of thousands of pieces of artillery of heaviest calibre sent their reverberations even to the shores of England. The impressive scene filled



THE FÊTE AT BOULOGNE

all hearts. In the midst of the imposing spectacle, a division of the flotilla from Havre, approaching Boulogne, was attacked by the English squadron, in view of the countless multitude surrounding the Emperor. Napoleon, while engaged in the solemnities of the occasion, from time to time turned his telescope to watch the progress of the fight. The gun-boats entered the harbor in safety, thus crowning the festivities of the day.

A short time afterward Napoleon had another opportunity of witnessing a battle between the flotilla and the English ships. It was the 26th of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he was in the roadstead inspecting the line of gun-boats. The English squadron, consisting of twenty ships, was

moored at some distance from the shore. A ship, detaching herself from the main body, approached the French line to reconnoiter and to discharge some broadsides. A few gun-boats immediately weighed anchor and bore down upon the ship. Seeing this, the English sent a re-enforcement of one frigate and several brigs to attack the gun-boats. The Emperor was in his barge with Admiral Brueys. He ordered his barge to be steered into the midst of the boats that were fighting, and to advance full sail for the frigate. He was aware that the sailors and soldiers, who admired his fearlessness upon the shore, sometimes asked themselves if he would be equally daring upon the sea. He wished to enlighten them upon that point.

The imperial barge, brilliantly decorated with banners, rapidly approached the frigate. She, suspecting the precious freight it bore, reserved her fire, that with one crushing broadside she might annihilate her audacious foe. The Minister of Marine, trembling for the fate of the Emperor, seized the rudder, and was about to alter the course of the barge. An imperative gesture from Napoleon arrested the movement, and the barge held on its course. Napoleon was examining the frigate with his telescope, when suddenly she discharged her broadside. The tempest of iron was hurled around them, lashing the water into foam, yet no one was injured. The rest of the gun-boats rapidly came up, and assailed the English with a shower of balls and grape-shot. Soon the frigate, seriously damaged, was obliged to stand out to sea. The brigs soon followed, seriously battered, and one so riddled that she was seen to sink.



THE GUN-BOATS AND THE FRIGATE.

Napoleon, delighted with the result of the battle, wrote to Marshal Soult : "The little battle at which I was present has produced an immense effect in England. It has created a real alarm there. The howitzers which are on

board the gun-boats *tell* admirably. The private information that I have received makes the loss of the enemy sixty wounded, and from twelve to fifteen killed. The frigate was much damaged." The loss of the French was but two killed and seven wounded.

England was now thoroughly alarmed. It was evident to all that, herculean as was the enterprise of invading England, Napoleon had accumulated materials commensurate with the undertaking. All France was in a state of the highest enthusiasm. The most magnificent preparations were being made for the coronation. The rumor had spread abroad that the Pope was coming to Paris to crown the Emperor. The devout population heard the news with wonder and admiration. Opposition, however, arose in the Council of State. Many arguments were urged against receiving the crown from the Sovereign Pontiff, which was, in reality, conferred by the will of the nation and the exploits of the army. Napoleon was as powerful in the cabinet as on the field of battle. His arguments were as decisive as his bomb-shells. He terminated the discussion by this pointed question :

"Gentlemen, you are deliberating at Paris, at the Tuilleries. Suppose that you were in London, in the British cabinet—that you were the ministers of the King of England, and that you were informed that at this moment the Pope crosses the Alps to crown the Emperor of the French. Would you look upon that as a triumph for England or for France?" This settled the question beyond reply.

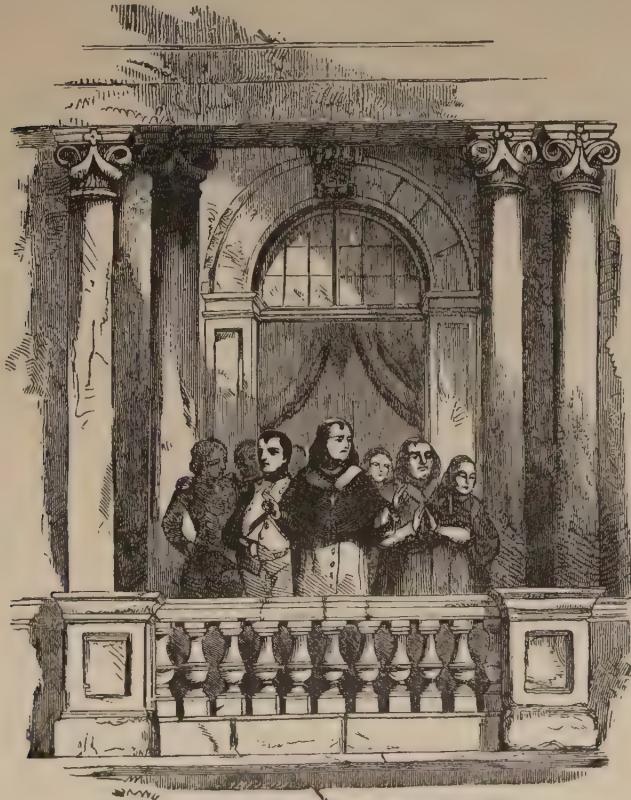
Napoleon justly considered that the benediction of the Pope would, in the eyes of Catholic Europe, be a seal of his legitimacy as a sovereign which nothing else could supply. His letter to the Pope was thus expressed : "Most Holy Father,—The happy effect produced upon the character and the morality of my people by the re-establishment of religion, induces me to beg your Holiness to give me a new proof of your interest in my destiny, and in that of this great nation, in one of the most important conjunctures presented in the annals of the world. I beg you to come and give, to the highest degree, a religious character to the anointing and coronation of the first Emperor of the French. That ceremony will acquire a new lustre by being performed by your Holiness in person. It will bring down upon yourself and our people the blessing of God, whose decrees rule the destiny of empires and families. Your Holiness is aware of the affectionate sentiments I have long borne toward you, and can thence judge of the pleasure that this occurrence will afford me of testifying them anew. We pray God that He may preserve you, most Holy Father, for many years to rule and govern our mother, the Holy Church. Your dutiful son, NAPOLEON."

The Pope was not insensible to ridicule. The nickname his enemies gave him, of *Chaplain to Napoleon*, wounded him deeply. And though the Pope for a little time hesitated, he at length yielded himself entirely to the wishes of the Emperor.

Josephine trembled in view of the height to which her husband had attained. Rumors still filled the air that state necessity required that Napoleon should be the founder of a new dynasty, that he should transmit his crown to his descendants, and that divorce was essential, that he might be blessed with an heir. She ardently desired that she might be crowned with

her husband, for it would be a new tie to bind Napoleon to her, and a new guarantee against that divorce which ever haunted her with the most fearful forebodings. Napoleon loved her tenderly, and yet was deeply impressed with the apparent policy of entering into a new nuptial alliance. A scene occurred at this time between them, when Napoleon was so much overcome by the fearful apprehensions, the love and the grief of his wife, that, in a sudden outburst of affection, he threw his arms around her, pressed her to his heart, and assured her that, whatever policy might require, he never could gain strength to separate from one whom he loved so dearly. He declared that she should be crowned with him, and that she should receive at his side, and from the hands of the Pope, the divine consecration.

It was now the last of November. Every thing was in readiness at Nôtre Dame. Pius VII. commenced his journey from Rome to Paris. He was every where received in France with the highest marks of respect and attention. As the pontifical cortège arrived at the Palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon, on horseback, with a magnificent retinue, met the Pope. Alighting, the Emperor embraced the Holy Father, and the two sovereigns entered the carriage together, the Emperor courteously assigning the right side to the Head of the Church. At the rural palace of Fontainebleau he was received with a degree of splendor which both delighted and amazed him.



THE POPE AT THE TULLERIES.

The mild and benevolent countenance and the dignified manners of Pius VII. won all hearts. After three days of repose, the Emperor and the Pope, entering the same carriage, proceeded to Paris. The Pope was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora in the palace of the Tuilleries, which had been sumptuously prepared for his reception. With a delicacy characteristic of Napoleon, the Pope found his apartments furnished in every respect precisely like those he had left in the Vatican. Thus the aged prelate truly found himself at home.

The populace of Paris daily crowded beneath the windows of the Tuilleries soliciting his appearance. The fame of his benignity had spread through the capital. Pius VII. frequently presented himself at the balcony of the Tuilleries, always accompanied by Napoleon, and was saluted with most enthusiastic acclamations. The vast throng threw themselves upon their knees before him, and implored the pontifical benediction. Strange inconsistency! But ten years before, the populace of Paris had hunted the priests of Rome through the streets, and had shot them down without mercy.

It will be remembered that, at the time of the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, all religious ceremonies had been abolished, and they were only united by a civil bond. Napoleon had endeavored to reform this state of things, and, upon the marriage of his sister to Murat, he insisted upon their receiving the nuptial benediction of the Church.

Josephine immediately interceded with the Pope to secure for herself the blessing of a religious sanction upon her union. With deep emotion and heartfelt delight, on the very night preceding the coronation, the marriage between Napoleon and Josephine was secretly celebrated in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Upon this occasion Josephine was perfectly overcome with emotion. On the following morning, her reddened eyes still testified to the tears she had shed.

Sunday, the 2d of December, 1804, was a clear, cold winter's day. All Paris was in a state of the highest enthusiasm to witness the coronation of the Emperor. The church of Notre Dame was decorated with surpassing magnificence. The most gorgeous drapery of silken velvet ornamented the walls, descending from the roof to the pavement. An immense throne was erected for Napoleon and Josephine at the west end of the church, raised upon twenty-four steps. The Emperor left the Tuilleries in a carriage completely surrounded with glass. His costume was designed by the most distinguished painter of the day. The acclamations of immense crowds followed him, and all were delighted to see the idol of the people become the Emperor of France.

With a golden laurel upon that noble brow, which attracted the attention of every observer, Napoleon entered the church, while five hundred musicians pealed forth a solemn chant. The Pope anointed the Emperor, blessed the sword and the sceptre, and, as he approached to take up the crown, Napoleon firmly and with dignity took it in his own hand, and placed it himself upon his head. This characteristic act produced an indescribable effect upon the assembly. Napoleon then took the crown prepared for the Empress, and approaching Josephine as she knelt before him, with visible tenderness and affection placed it upon her head. Josephine for a moment gazed ear-

nestly, with swimming eyes, into the face of her illustrious and idolized husband. Napoleon, with a recognizing glance of love, returned the gaze. Josephine, entirely overcome, bowed her head and burst into tears. An enthusiastic shout of "Live the Emperor" burst from every lip, and resounded through the arches of *Notre Dame*. The thunders of innumerable cannon, reverberating through the streets of Paris, announced to all the inhabitants of the metropolis that Napoleon was the consecrated Emperor of France.



THE CORONATION.

The shades of evening had fallen over the thronged city, and the palace and the garden of the Tuileries were blazing with illuminations, when the Emperor and the Empress returned to their imperial abode. Josephine, overwhelmed with the intensest emotions, which the scenes of the day had excited, retired to her chamber, and, falling upon her knees, implored the

guidance of the King of kings. Napoleon, who personally disliked all pomp and parade, and who arranged these scenes of grandeur only to impress the minds of the multitude, hastened to his room, and exclaimed impatiently to an attendant as he entered, "Off! off with these confounded trappings!" He threw the mantle into one corner of the room, the gorgeous robe into another, and thus violently disencumbering himself, declared that hours of such mortal tediousness he had never passed before.

The court of France had for ages exhibited to the nation the spectacle of the most voluptuous and unblushing vice. Manners the most dissolute had been rendered attractive by the grace in which they had been robed. Napoleon had resolved that his court should present a model of moral purity. He resolved to give no one an appointment among the royal retinue whose character was not above reproach. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, during the license of those times, in which all the restraints of Christian morality had been swept away, had availed herself of the facile liberty of divorce from her husband, and had formed other unions. Josephine, in her days of adversity, had received favors from the duchess, and wished to testify her gratitude by receiving her at court. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to her friend :

"I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I am able to obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must suppose that I have forgotten the past. Alas! it is not so. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented at the palace where he reigns. Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, and unable to change the laws appointed by her observances, his intention is, at least, to keep at a distance from his court all who may have availed themselves of an opportunity for a divorce. Hence the cause of his refusing the favor I asked of having you with me. The refusal has occasioned me unspeakable regret, but he is too absolute to leave even the hope of seeing him retract."

The season was now so inclement that the Pope could not immediately re-pass the Alps. Napoleon, by his frankness, courtesy, and kindness, gained the most sincere affection of the Holy Pontiff. The Pope became one of the most ardent admirers of that extraordinary man, who won the love of all that approached him.

One great cause of the hostility of monarchical Europe against republican France was the apprehension entertained by the allied monarchs that republican principles might extend through their dominions. One potent consideration which influenced Napoleon in changing the government from a republic to an empire was the hope that Europe would be conciliated by this change. But, though the form of government was thus changed, its popular spirit remained the same.

The old French monarchy was a system of intolerable oppression of the people and favoritism of the privileged classes. It sustained feudal rights, an arrogant and exclusive nobility, venality of offices, worthless and enormously endowed convents, proprietary clergy, and the entire surrender of the state treasury to the extravagance of an irresponsible prince.

The empire which Napoleon established was as different from this as light from darkness. He guarded carefully the liberty of individuals and the rights of private property. All persons were equally accessible to public employments. The taxes were impartially assessed. Entire freedom of conscience was granted. All religious sects, including the Jews, were respected and protected. The strictest accountability was instituted in respect to the public funds. The decorations of the Legion of Honor were extended to all classes and to all kinds of merit. The empire of Napoleon was not the old feudal monarchy revived. It was an imperial republic. Nearly all the thinking men in France thought that it was, in the then existing circumstances, the best government which France could then sustain. It was adopted by the overwhelming majority of the nation. There are but few thinking men now who will dissent from that opinion. It is unreasonable to assert that Napoleon could have made out of France a republican America. The despots of Europe would not even permit him to make out of France a republican empire. Had Napoleon neglected to surround his popular institutions with imperial energy, France would immediately have been overwhelmed by her assailants. Where can the intelligent man be found who doubts this fact? How ungenerous, then, is it to condemn Napoleon for pursuing that only course which, under the circumstances of the case, he could pursue with any chance of success?

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE THRONE OF ITALY.

Napoleon's Letter to the King of England—Wishes of the Cisalpine Republic—Journey of the Emperor and Empress to Italy—Coronation at Milan—Dispatches Intercepted—Napoleon and the Peasant—Picture of a Day—Napoleon's Designs for France—Anecdotes—Conversation with Las Casas.

NAPOLEON hoped that the adoption of monarchical forms might in some degree reconcile Europe to France. Most of the surrounding monarchies had expressed their gratification. England still remained implacable. Napoleon, however, hoped that even England might, by this measure of conciliation, be appeased. His desire for peace was so intense, that, notwithstanding the reiterated repulses he had received from that haughty power, he condescended to make new advances to stay the effusion of blood. With his own hand he again wrote to the King of England. It was one of his first acts after his enthronement. His letter was thus expressed:

“Sir, my Brother,—Called to the throne by Providence, by the suffrages of the Senate, of the people, and of the army, my first desire is peace. France and England, abusing their prosperity, may contend for ages. But do their respective governments fulfill their most sacred duties in causing so much blood to be vainly shed, without the hope of advantage or prospect of cessation? I do not conceive that it can be deemed dishonorable in me to make the first advances. I believe it has been sufficiently proved to the world that I dread none of the chances of war, which indeed offer nothing that I can fear. Though peace is the wish of my heart, yet war has never been

adverse to my glory. I conjure your majesty, then, not to refuse the happiness of giving peace to the world. Delay not that grateful satisfaction, that it may be a legacy for your children; for never have arisen more favorable circumstances, nor a more propitious moment for calming every passion and displaying the best feelings of humanity and reason.

“That moment once lost, what term shall we set to a struggle which all my efforts have been unable to terminate? In the space of ten years your majesty has gained more in wealth and territory than the extent of Europe comprehends. Your people have attained the height of prosperity. What, then, has your majesty to hope from war? The world is sufficiently extensive for our two nations, and reason might assist us to discover the means of conciliating all, were both parties animated by a spirit of reconciliation. At all events I have discharged a sacred duty, and one dear to my heart. Your majesty may rely upon the sincerity of the sentiments now expressed, and on my desire to afford your majesty every proof of that sincerity.”

This earnest appeal the British cabinet repulsed by the following cold reply: “His majesty of England, though earnestly desiring the restoration of peace to his people, could not reply to the overture made to him without consulting the Continental powers, especially the Emperor of Russia.” This was simply saying that a new storm was gathering in the north, and that the fate of France must depend on another struggle.

The Cisalpine Republic had witnessed the change of France from a republic to an empire with much satisfaction. They wished to imitate this example. Italy, rejoicing in ancestral greatness, immediately resolved that Napoleon, whom the Italians regarded as one of their own countrymen, should also wear the crown of Lombardy. A deputation from the Cisalpine Republic arrived in Paris to consult the Emperor upon the proposed alteration, and to tender to him the crown. At a public audience, Napoleon was informed of the unanimous desire of the Senate and of the people of Italy that the country should become a kingdom, and that he would ascend the throne. Napoleon listened with pleasure to the petition of the Republic. In reply he said,

“The separation of the crowns of France and Italy will be necessary hereafter, but highly dangerous at present, surrounded as we are by powerful enemies and inconstant friends. The people of Italy have always been dear to me. For the love I bear them, I consent to take the additional burden and responsibility which their confidence has led them to impose on me, at least until the interests of Italy herself permit me to place the crown on a younger head. My successor, animated by my spirit, and intent upon completing the work of regeneration, already so auspiciously commenced, shall be one who will be ever ready to sacrifice his personal interests, and, if necessary, his life, in behalf of the nation over which he shall be called by Providence, the constitution of the country, and my approbation, to reign.”

In reference to this event, Napoleon, in a free and frank conversation with his ancient schoolfellow Bourrienne, remarked, “In eight days I shall set out to assume the iron crown of Charlemagne. That, however, is but a stepping-stone to greater things which I design for Italy, which must become a kingdom, comprising all the transalpine country from Venice to the mari-

time Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient. For the present it is necessary, in order to accustom the Italians to live under common laws. The people of Genoa, Piedmont, Milan, Venice, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, cordially detest each other, and none of them could be induced to admit their inferiority. Rome, however, by her situation and historical associations, is the natural capital of Italy. To make it so in reality, the power of the Pope must be restricted to spiritual affairs. It would be impolitic to attempt the accomplishment of this just now; but, if circumstances are favorable, there may be less difficulty hereafter. As yet, I have but crude ideas upon the subject, which time and events will ripen.

"When you and I were two idle young men, sauntering through the streets of Paris, a prescient feeling told me that I should one day be master of France. My conduct hence received a direction. It is wise, therefore, to provide for what may come, and this is what I am doing. Since it would be impossible at once to unite Italy into a single power, yielding obedience to uniform laws, I shall commence by making her French. All the petty, worthless states into which she is divided will thus acquire a habit of living under the dominion of the same laws, and, when this habit is formed, and local feuds and enmities become extinct, there will again be an Italy worthy her olden renown, and her restoration to independence will have been my work. Twenty years are requisite, however, to accomplish this, and who can calculate with certainty upon the future? I speak at this moment of things which have long been shut up in my mind. I am probably but uttering a pleasant day-dream."

The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Pope, soon left Paris for Italy. They halted at Brienne, the scene of Napoleon's school-days. With many delightful and melancholy emotions, Napoleon recalled, with a zest and a rapidity which surprised himself, innumerable long-forgotten trains of ideas and sensations. They crossed the Alps. Josephine, supported by the arm of Napoleon, and gazing upon the wild sublimities which surrounded them, with emotions of delight listened to the glowing recitals of her husband, as he pointed out to her the scenes of past enterprise and achievement.

Having taken leave of the Holy Father at Turin with mutual testimonials of affection and esteem, the Emperor, with his staff, visited the plain of Marengo. He had assembled upon that plain thirty thousand troops for a grand review, and that Josephine might behold, in the mimicry of war, a picture of the dreadful scenes which had deluged those fields in blood. It was the fifth of May. The magnificent pageant glittered beneath the rays of a brilliant sun. A lofty throne was erected, from which the Emperor and Empress could overlook the whole scene. Napoleon dressed himself for the occasion with the same war-wasted garments, the battered hat, the tempest-torn cloak, the coat of faded blue, and the long cavalry sabre, which he had worn amid the carnage and the terror of that awful day. Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present. The Emperor and the Empress appeared on the ground in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses, and immediately they were greeted by an enthusiastic shout of acclamation from thirty thousand adoring voices. The gorgeous uniform of the men, the rich caparison and proud bearing of the horses, the clangor of

innumerable trumpets and martial bands, the glitter of gold and steel, the deafening thunders of artillery and musketry, filling the air with one incessant and terrific roar, the dense volumes of sulphurous smoke rolling heavily over the plain, shutting out the rays of an unclouded sun, all combined to produce an effect upon the spectators never to be effaced.

On the 26th of May the coronation took place in the Cathedral of Milan. The iron crown of Charlemagne, which is a circlet of gold and gems covering an iron ring formed of one of the spikes *said* to have pierced our Savior's hand at the Crucifixion, had reposed for a thousand years in the church of Monza. It was brought forth from its mausoleum to embellish the coronation with the attraction of its deep poetic sentiment. The ceremony was conducted with a magnificence not even surpassed by the scene in Nôtre Dame. The Empress first appeared, gorgeously dressed and glittering with diamonds. The most enthusiastic acclamations greeted her entrance. A moment after, Napoleon himself appeared. He was arrayed in imperial robes of velvet, purple and gold, with the diadem upon his brow, and the crown and sceptre of Charlemagne in his hands. He placed the crown upon his own head, repeating aloud the historical words, "God has given it to me—woe to him who touches it!"

He remained in Milan a month, busy night and day in projecting improvements of the most majestic character. The Italians, to the present day, regard the reign of Napoleon as the brightest period of their modern history.

A little incident at this time occurred which illustrates Napoleon's unwearied interest in promoting happiness. One day the Emperor and Empress had broken away from the pageantry and cares of state, and retired to the seclusion of a little island in one of the lakes in that vicinity. They entered the cabin of a poor woman. She had no idea of the illustrious character of her guests, and, in answer to their kind inquiries, told them frankly the story of her penury and her toils, and her anxiety for her children, as her husband could often obtain no work. Napoleon was interested in the indications which he saw of a superior character.

"How much money," said he, "should you want to make you perfectly happy?"

"Ah! sir," she replied, "a great deal I should want."

"But how much?" Napoleon rejoined.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I should want as much as eighty dollars; but what prospect is there of one having eighty dollars?"

The Emperor caused an attendant to pour into her lap about six hundred dollars in glittering gold. For a moment she was speechless in bewilderment, and then said,

"Ah, sir! ah, madam! this is too much; and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a poor woman."

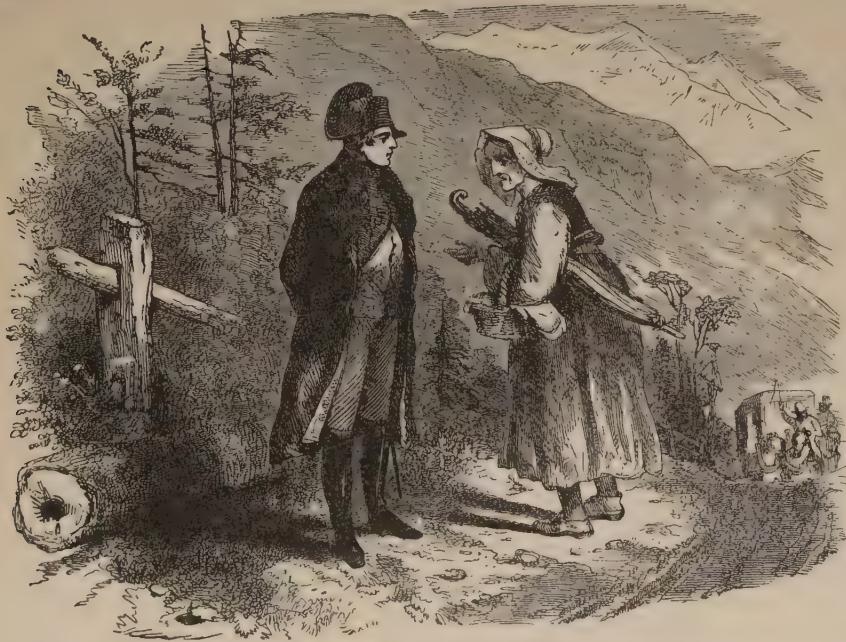
"No," Josephine replied, in most gentle accents, "the money is all yours: with it you can now rent a piece of ground, purchase a flock of goats, and I hope you will be able to bring up your children comfortably." Napoleon's tact in detecting character ever enabled him to judge accurately where assistance could be judiciously conferred.

Before leaving Milan, Napoleon received a number of intercepted dis-

patches of Sir Arthur Wellesley, containing a detailed account of the enormous acquisitions the English were making in India. He commented upon these dispatches with great severity. The cabinet of London were holding up to the execration of Europe the illimitable ambition of the French monarch for striving to strengthen himself against the hostile monarchies around him by friendly associations and alliances with such powers as his genius could create. At the same time, this same cabinet was issuing orders to extend the British dominion over an extent of country and a population almost equal to that of all Europe. In this career of aggression against the East Indies, England could not even offer the plea that she was an invited liberator, or that she was conquering in a defensive war. It is, indeed, more easy to see the mote in our neighbor's eye than to discern the beam in our own.

From Milan, the Emperor and Empress continued their tour to Genoa. The restless and never-exhausted mind of Napoleon was weary at even the swiftest speed of the horses. Though they drove from post to post with the utmost possible rapidity, so that it was necessary continually to throw water on the glowing axle, he kept calling from his carriage, "On ! on ! We do not go fast enough !" Their reception in Genoa was magnificent in the extreme. In the beautiful bay, a floating garden of orange-trees was constructed in honor of Josephine. In the principal church the Emperor and Empress received the allegiance of the most prominent inhabitants.

As they were crossing the Alps, Napoleon, alighting from his carriage, proceeded on foot some distance in advance of the party. He met a peasant woman.



"Where are you hastening so eagerly this morning?" said he.

"To see the Emperor," she replied. "They tell me the Emperor is to pass this way."

"And why do you wish to see him?" said Napoleon; "what have you done but exchanged one tyrant for another? You have had the Bourbons, now you have Napoleon."

The woman for a moment was staggered, and then replied,

"It is no matter; Napoleon is *our* king, but the Bourbons were the kings of the *nobles*."

"This," said Napoleon to one to whom he related the anecdote, "comprehends the whole matter."

Napoleon, having appointed Eugene Beauharnais viceroy of Italy, returned to Paris, and here wearing with perfect ease the weight of two crowns, he resumed his life of uninterrupted toil. His habits of life were regular and temperate in the extreme. After issuing each morning the orders of the day, and having received those who were entitled to the privilege of an audience, he breakfasted at nine o'clock. The breakfast seldom lasted more than eight or ten minutes. Returning to his cabinet, he applied himself to business, and received the ministers, who attended with their port-folios. These occupations lasted until six in the evening. Then dinner was served, The Emperor and Empress usually dined alone. The dinner consisted of but one course, prolonged by the dessert. The only wine he drank was a very light French wine, mingled with water. Ardent spirits he never drank. The dinner usually lasted not more than twenty minutes. Returning to the drawing-room, a servant presented him with a cup of coffee. He then returned to his cabinet to resume his labors, rigorously acting upon the principle never to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. The Em



NAPOLEON IN THE SALOON OF JOSEPHINE.

press descended to her apartments, where she found the ladies of honor in attendance.

Napoleon occasionally, for a few moments, would leave his cabinet after dinner, and enter the apartments of Josephine, to speak a few words with the ladies who were assembled there. Leaning upon the back of a chair, he would converse with that frankness with which he ever charmed all whom he addressed. In the evening he held a levee, when the officers on duty received their orders for the next day. Such was the life of the people's king. How different from that of the voluptuous monarchs who had previously reveled in the palaces of France. Napoleon's personal tastes were extremely simple and modest, but he loved to see around his court a brilliant display of magnificence, deeming it essential to impress the imaginations of the French people. In private, few persons have manifested more polite and genial manners in their intercourse with those around them, though there were occasions when Napoleon, intensely occupied with the affairs of state, would arise from the breakfast table and the dinner table without the utterance of a single word.

Immediately after the coronation of the Emperor, Louis XVIII. entered his earnest protest against Napoleon's right to the throne. Napoleon caused this protest to be published, without note or comment, in the *Moniteur*, that it might be read by all France. This was his only and his noble response. When Napoleon first perused this production, he calmly said, "My right is the will of France. While I have a sword I shall maintain it." The question whether the hereditary succession to the throne should be invested in the family of Napoleon had been submitted to the people. More than three and a half millions voted in favor, while but about two thousand voted against it. Such unanimity in behalf of any ruler earth has never before recorded.

The English cabinet, trembling in view of the black cloud of invasion threatening their shores, and which cloud every day grew blacker and blacker with its surcharged thunders, roused its energies to form new coalitions against France. The representations she made on the subject of Napoleon's encroachments were favorably listened to by Austria, Russia, and Sweden. A hostile coalition was formed, the expenses of which were to be borne chiefly by the British people, for a combined movement to overthrow the throne of the plebeian monarch. An attack upon France by the Northern powers might interrupt the project and divert the attention of the terrible army threatening the invasion of England. Napoleon was well informed of the intrigues in progress against him. He secretly watched the tendency of events, while he took no public notice which could indicate his knowledge of the designs which were forming. Under these circumstances, and various disappointments having occurred in his attempts to assemble a fleet in the Channel, Napoleon hesitated in what direction to encounter his foes—whether upon the shores of England, or to march to meet them as they should press through the defiles of Germany. After numerous perplexities, he said, "My resolution is fixed. My fleets were lost sight of from the heights of Cape Ortegal on the 14th of August. If they come into the Channel, there is time yet. I embark, and I make the descent. I go to London, and there cut the knot of all coalitions. If, on the contrary, my admiral fails in conduct or in firmness, I raise my ocean camp, I enter Germany with two hundred thousand men, and I do not stop till I have *scored*

the game at Vienna, taken Venice and all the chiefer cities of Italy from Austria, and driven the Bourbons from Italy. I will not allow the Austrians and the Russians to assemble. I will strike them down before they can form their junction. The Continent being pacified, I will return to the ocean, and work anew for maritime peace."

All things were now prepared for the invasion. Napoleon was only waiting the arrival of the fleet. Officers were stationed with their glasses at various points of the coast, to observe all that was visible upon the sea, and to report to him.

Thus passed three days of intolerable suspense, but no fleet appeared. Admiral Villeneuve, in grossest defection from duty, had frustrated the whole plan. It was one of the deepest disappointments of Napoleon's life. Napoleon was extremely irritated. His whole soul was aroused into intensity of disappointment and vexation. He launched out into long and fierce invectives against the incapacity of his naval officers; said that he was betrayed by cowardice; deplored in strains of anguish the ruin of the most splendid and perfectly arranged plans he had ever conceived.

Suddenly the storm passed away. With that self-control which so wonderfully characterized him, he in an hour mastered his agitation, and calmed himself into perfect repose. With surprising facility, he immediately turned all the energies of his mind from the invasion of England to preparation to meet the combined foes who were gathering to assail him in the north. For several hours in succession, with extraordinary precision and minuteness of detail, he dictated the immortal campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz. Thus terminated the enterprise of invading England. But this project was no chimera; though unfinished, it was one of the most majestic enterprises of his life.

If ever a nation was authorized to engage in a war of self-defense, Napoleon was right in this endeavor to resist those unrelenting foes whom no pleas for peace could disarm. In reference to the change of the government of France, Napoleon, at St. Helena, made the following profound remarks: "My object was to destroy the whole of the feudal system as organized by Charlemagne. With this view, I created a nobility from among the people, in order to swallow up the remains of the feudal nobility. The foundations of my ideas of fitness were abilities and personal worth, and I selected the son of a farmer or an artisan to make a duke or a marshal of France. I sought for true merit among all ranks of the great mass of the French people, and was anxious to organize a true and general system of equality. I was desirous that every Frenchman should be admissible to all the employments and dignities of the state, provided he was possessed of talents and character equal to the performance of the duties, whatever might be his family. In a word, I was eager to abolish, to the last trace, the privileges of the ancient nobility, and to establish a government, which, at the same time that it held the reins of government with a firm hand, should still be a *popular government*. The oligarchs of every country in Europe soon perceived my design, and it was for this reason that war to the death was carried on against me by England. The noble families of London, as well as those of Vienna, think themselves prescriptively entitled to the occupation of all the

important offices in the state, and the management and handling of the public money. Their birth is regarded by them as a substitute for talents and capacities ; and it is enough for a man to be the son of his father, to be fit to fulfill the duties of the most important employments and highest dignities of the state. They are somewhat like kings by divine right. The people are, in their eyes, merely milch cows, about whose interests they feel no concern, provided the treasury is always full, and the crown resplendent with jewels. In short, in establishing an hereditary nobility I had three objects in view :

“1st. To reconcile France with the rest of Europe. 2dly. To reconcile old with new France. 3dly. To put an end to all feudal institutions in Europe, by reconnecting the idea of nobility with that of public services, and detaching it from all prescriptive or feudal notions. The whole of Europe was governed by nobles who were strongly opposed to the progress of the French Revolution, and who exercised an influence which proved a serious obstacle to the development of French principles. It was necessary to destroy this influence, and with that view to clothe the principal personages of the empire with titles equal to theirs.”*

The life of Napoleon is extremely rich in well authenticated anecdotes illustrative of the peculiarities of his character ; and it is difficult to find any anecdote respecting him, bearing the impress of genuineness, which does not indicate a spirit humane, generous, and lofty. All the battered and mutilated veterans in the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, tell with enthusiasm their treasured anecdotes of the Emperor. Every person who has had any intercourse with this extraordinary man, either as a companion in arms, in the cabinet, or as a servant, glows with excitement when speaking of the exalted intellect and the kindly heart of their adored master.

Baron Langon says, “The present generation, who see thrones filled by men of the ordinary stamp, are unable to comprehend the state of feeling with which the Emperor inspired us. Providence has not granted to them the favor, which must ever be our pride and glory, to have been face to face with Napoleon, to have heard his voice vibrate through our ears and hearts, and to have gazed upon his placid and majestic countenance. To us, Napoleon was not a mere emperor, he was a being of a higher order—one of those sublime creations that perhaps help to exalt our ideas of the Creator. Napoleon was our father, our master, in some degree our idol. We young men cherished for him the affection and duty of sons. There existed between him and ourselves a positive sympathy, which made us regard as a sacred and family duty that which the present generation of young Frenchmen would pronounce to be servility and base vassalage.”

On one occasion a soldier of his consular guard committed suicide from a disappointment in love. Napoleon issued the following order of the day : “The grenadier Gobain has committed suicide from love. He was in other

* “A new hereditary nobility was now created, in order, as the Emperor expressed himself, to give ‘the imperial throne the requisite dignity, and to excite a praiseworthy emulation in the hearts of the French.’ The titles of the new nobility were those of the feudal times, yet no privileges were attached to these titles. This blow was considered by the old nobility more severe than any previous one, and perhaps was so.”—*Encyclopædia Americana, Article Napoleon.*

respects an excellent soldier. This is the second incident of the same nature which has occurred within a month. The First Consul directs it to be inserted in the order-book of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to vanquish the pangs and melancholy of the passions ; that there is as much true courage in bearing up against mental sufferings with constancy as in remaining firm on the wall of a battery. To yield ourselves to grief without resistance, or to kill ourselves to escape affliction, is to abandon the field of battle before the victory is gained."

One day, Napoleon was traversing the camp, attended by two officers, when he met a very pretty sutler woman, weeping bitterly, and leading by the hand a little boy about five years old. The Emperor, who happened to be unknown to the woman, reined up his horse, and inquired into the cause of her grief. The woman, much disconcerted, made no reply, but the child frankly answered :

" My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her."

" And where is your father ?"

" He is close by. He is a sentinel on duty with the baggage."

Napoleon again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband. She refused to tell, being fearful that the *Captain*, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause him to be punished.

" Your husband has been beating you," Napoleon said ; " you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself ?"

" Alas ! Captain," the forgiving wife replied, " he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one. He is jealous, terribly jealous ; and when he gets into a passion he can not restrain his violence. And I love him, for he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy !" So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother.

Napoleon was deeply touched by this little domestic drama. Burdened as he was with the cares of empire, he could turn aside from them to dry up the fountain of sorrow in the heart of this humble follower of the camp. Addressing the woman again, he said : " Whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you. Tell me your husband's name, and I will mention the affair to the Emperor."

" If you were the Emperor himself," she replied, " I would not tell it you, for I know that he would be punished."

" Silly woman !" Napoleon rejoined ; " all that I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve." Then shrugging his shoulders, he made some further remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped away.

" Well, gentlemen," said he to his companions, " what do you think of that affectionate creature ? There are not many such women at the Tuilleries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband." Immediately he dispatched an aid to desire the commander of the escort to come to him. He inquired very particularly respecting the woman, her husband, and the child.

"He is," said the officer, "one of the best behaved men in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Try and ascertain," said Napoleon, "if he has ever seen me; if he has not, bring him hither."

It appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a fine-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, who had recently joined the army. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone,

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"If women are to be believed," the man replied, "they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or another of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking; you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice: do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. I desire that you do not strike your wife again. If my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

The man, not a little irritated at this interference with his marital privileges, replied, "My wife is mine, general, and I may beat her if I choose; I should say to the Emperor, 'Look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'"

Napoleon laughed and said, "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word fell upon the soldier's heart like magic. Much confused, he hung his head, lowered his voice, and said, "Oh, sire! that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands, I of course obey."

"That is right," Napoleon replied. "I hear an excellent character of your wife; every body speaks well of her; she braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment; reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant. Apply to the grand marshal, and he will give you one hundred dollars; with that you can furnish your sutler's stores, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But, mind! never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

Several years after this, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, who had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen, met the "daughter of the regiment" and her son, and immediately rode up to her, saying, "Well, my good woman! how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made me?"

The affectionate wife burst into tears, and throwing herself at the Emper-

or's feet, exclaimed, "Oh, sire! sire! since my good star led me into the presence of your majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me," said Napoleon, "by being the most virtuous of wives." With these words he tossed a few pieces of gold into her hands and rode away, while the whole battalion raised an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was conversing with Las Casas upon the subject of the invasion of England, when the following conversation ensued.

"Were the English much afraid of my invasion?" inquired the Emperor. "I can not inform you," said Las Casas; "but in the saloons of Paris we laughed at the idea." "Well," replied Napoleon, "you might have laughed in Paris, but Pitt did not laugh in London. He soon calculated the extent of his danger, and therefore threw a coalition upon my back when I had raised my arm to strike. Never was the English oligarchy exposed to greater danger. I had taken measures to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say it was the army of Austerlitz. In four days I should have been in London. I should have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III.; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would have behaved in London the same as they would in Paris. No sacrifices—not even contributions—would have been exacted from the English.

"We should have presented ourselves to them, not as conquerors, but as brothers who came to restore to them their rights and their liberties. I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labor themselves in the task of their regeneration, because the English had already preceded us in political legislation. I would have declared that our only wish was to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people, and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations which had been such determined enemies would have henceforward composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England in order to effect, from south to north, under Republican colors (for I was then First Consul), the regeneration of Europe, which at a later period I was on the point of effecting, from north to south, under monarchical forms.

"Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same results, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be endured, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favorable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution. It is a remarkable fact, that the obstacles which occasioned my failure were not the work of men, but proceeded from the elements. In the south, the sea frustrated my plans; the burning of Moscow, the snow, and the winter completed my ruin in the north. Thus water, air, and fire—all nature, and nature alone, was hostile to the universal regeneration which nature herself called for. The problems of Providence are insoluble!"

After a few moments of thoughtful silence, he again said: "It was supposed that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships, and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly, and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel, and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal.

"A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardor, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which would not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of maneuvering. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality."

CHAPTER XXX.

C A M P A I G N O F U L M.

Causes for the Misrepresentations of Napoleon's Character—Independence of the American Historian—Admission of Napier—Treachery of Austria—Breaking up from Boulogne—Address to the Senate—Comparison of Forces—Proclamation—Anecdote—Reply to the Austrian Officer—Madame Marboeuf—Interview of the Emperor and the Austrian Prince—Conference with General Mack—Address to the Austrian Officers—Proclamation—Testimony of Bourrienne—The young Engineer—Justice of Napoleon.

AMERICANS have derived their views of Napoleon from the Tory historians of England. The strongest of earthly motives have urged, and still urge, these historians to misrepresent his character. Thus only can they rescue the government of England from the condemnation of mankind. For years Europe was deluged with blood. These wars were caused by the incessant attacks and vast alliances with which the Tory government of England endeavored to crush the Republican Emperor. What inspired England to a strife so protracted, so terrific? Was it ambition? Was it philanthropy? She awaits her verdict before the tribunal of the world. Her historians plead her cause. They are not impartial judges. They are ardent advocates.

In France, the reputation of Napoleon has been exposed to influences almost equally adverse. Upon the downfall of the Republican Emperor, the Bourbons reascended the throne. Their claims to the sovereignty of France could be defended only by representing the exile of St. Helena as a usurper and a tyrant. Again the people drove the Bourbons from the throne. The

Orleans branch of the family received the sceptre. The motive to withhold justice from Napoleon continued with unabated strength. Louis Philippe, during all his reign, trembled at the name of Bonaparte. The historian who should have dared to vindicate the character of the great idol of the populace would have been withered by the frowns which would have darkened upon him from the saloons of Versailles, St. Cloud, and the Tuilleries. All the despots of Europe have been equally interested to misrepresent the career of Napoleon. He was the great advocate of the rights of the people against the arrogant assumption of haughty nobles and feudal kings. By their combined power they crushed their foe. Now they traduce him.

So potent have these influences of misrepresentation been, that one can hardly find in the United States a man who has passed sixty years of age who does not think that Napoleon was a monster of wickedness. The public mind has been so effectually perverted by the misrepresentations of years, that any impartial statement of the real character of the Emperor is by many regarded as blind eulogy.

An American alone is favorably situated to write an impartial account of that terrific conflict which filled Europe with smouldering cities, and which crimsoned her fields with gore. An American is exposed to no influences to induce him to swerve from historical verity. He has nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either England or France. Self-love will induce him to prize his own reputation as an impartial historian far above any unworthy desire to eulogize one now mouldering in the grave. With three thousand miles of ocean rolling between him and the scene of strife, he can contemplate the conflict with a calm and unprejudiced mind.

The kings of Europe still look with awe upon the dome of the Invalides, beneath which repose the ashes of the mighty Emperor. France, in every street of her tumultuous metropolis, and in the most secluded hamlets of her distant departments, is still agitated by the name of Bonaparte. A fair representation of the endeavors of Napoleon to withdraw from the aristocracy their exclusive privileges, and to elevate the masses of the community to self-respect and to equal rights, would shake the government of England to its foundation. The view of his character presented in these pages, if placed before the people of Great Britain, would be regarded by the government as a calamity. In America alone can an impartial history of Napoleon be written, and the citizens of America alone are in a state of mind impartially to scrutinize his astonishing career. Still, no one can be blind to the fact that, notwithstanding all the misrepresentations of hostile historians, the reputation of Napoleon has been for years rising higher and higher. Spot after spot has disappeared from the escutcheon of his fame. There is an impression the world over that Napoleon was the friend of the masses of the people. "I have no fear," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "respecting my reputation. The world will yet do me justice."

The campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz will be remembered while time endures. The facts are simple. Napoleon was engaged in a war of self-defense with England. He had implored peace. Earnestly he desired it. Peace alone, by promoting commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, could make France rich and powerful. War was destruction to his infant navy,

robbed him of his colonies, and called the peasants from fields of rural labor to the field of blood. But England did not wish France to be rich and powerful. With her invincible fleet Britain could sweep every sea, enrich herself with the spoils of the Republic, and command the commerce of all climes. Earnestly desiring war, she violated the most solemn treaty, and commenced, even without warning, an attack upon the unprotected cities and the unguarded commerce of the French. Napoleon, disappointed, yet not intimidated, rose sublimely to meet the struggle. England was amazed and terrified by his gigantic efforts.

To avert the impending storm she strove to call the despots of Europe to her aid. She succeeded. Russia, Austria, Sweden, dreading the free principles which had gained utterance in France, gladly accepted the bribes which England offered to marshal their armies for war. The Allies secretly organized a force of five hundred thousand men to fall simultaneously upon France, at various and widely distant points. England agreed to pay six millions of dollars annually for every one hundred thousand men the Allies would furnish. The fleet of England, numbering not less than five hundred ships of war, blockaded the harbors of France and of her allies, and desolated with storms of shot and shell every unprotected city.

England, in India, in Egypt, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and in all seas from pole to pole, was extending her limitless empire. Russia, the greatest despot of our globe, was grasping with her right arm the half of Europe, and with her left the half of Asia, and was yearly extending her sway over conquered provinces. Austria had overrun a large portion of Italy, and, in banditti alliance with Prussia and Russia, had dismembered Poland and divided the spoil. And yet these monarchs had the effrontery to say, "Behold the intolerable ambition of Napoleon. He has annexed to France Genoa, Piedmont, the island of Elba, and has accepted the crown of Lombardy." Napier, the eloquent English historian of the Peninsular war, candidly makes the following admission:

"Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were *essentially defensive*. The bloody strife which wasted the Continent so many years was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers, not a dispute for some accession of territory, not for the political ascendancy of one or other nation, but a *deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate, whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments*."

And how can candor censure Napoleon for this strife. Could he escape the imputation of folly, if, surrounded by hostile despotisms, all increasing their power, and all ready to band together for his destruction, he had made no attempt to strengthen France by friendly alliances? And when thus treacherously assailed in every quarter, without even a declaration of war, was it his duty quietly to repose in the palace of the Tuilleries, and see the billows of invasion roll over his country? Was he bound tamely to submit to be hurled from the throne upon which the unanimous voice of France had placed him? Was it his duty to surrender his countrymen to the hated despotism of a detested dynasty? To these questions impartial history can return but one answer.

The Allies hoped to take Napoleon by surprise. No declaration of war was issued. The Austrian minister remained quietly in Paris. Every precaution was adopted to lull their victim into false security. The destruction of Napoleon now seemed certain. How could he contend, single-handed, against such myriad foes? Stealthily the armies of Austria, 80,000 strong, under General Mack, commenced their march toward the frontiers of France. The Emperor Alexander, with 116,000 Russians, was hastening, by forced marches, through the plains of Poland to unite with the Austrians. They thought that Napoleon, all engrossed upon the shores of the Channel, a thousand miles distant, was blind to their movements. He was watching them with an eagle eye. With the infatuation of self-confidence, the Austrian hosts rapidly advanced. They overran Bavaria, the ally of France, and endeavored to compel the King of Bavaria to join in the assault. They took possession of Munich and Ulm, entered the defiles of the Black Forest, and fortified themselves strongly in all the outposts which opened into the valley of the Rhine. The Russian army, with proud tread, was hastening to join them. The Austrians were full of satisfaction that at last they had stolen a march upon so vigilant a foe.

But Napoleon was not the man to be thus entrapped. Like a whirlwind from the serene sky he burst upon his astounded foes. Indescribable was the consternation and bewilderment of the Austrians when informed that Napoleon, as if by magic, had crossed the Rhine and the Danube; that, with his whole host, he was in their rear, cutting off all their supplies, all communication with Austria, all hope of relief from the Russians, and all possibility of escape. Had an army suddenly descended from the clouds, the Austrians could hardly have been more utterly confounded. From every direction Napoleon's triumphant columns were marching upon their unprotected rear. In their distraction they fled this way and that. But there was no escape—there was no hope. Every where they were entangled in the meshes of that net which Napoleon had so skillfully and so rapidly spread around his foes. In despair they threw down their arms. Baggage-wagons, guns, muskets, horses, and standards in vast profusion fell into the hands of the victors. Resistance was in vain. Napoleon had so maneuvered that each Austrian band found itself surrounded by superior numbers. The least resistance insured destruction. The marvelous conquest which Napoleon thus achieved was almost as bloodless as it was entire.

As soon as Napoleon, at Boulogne, heard of the decided hostile movement of his foes, he put the seal of silence upon the press, and upon the telegraph, and upon all the avenues of information. Twenty thousand carriages were in readiness to transport his host, which, from its thorough discipline, he called the *Grand Army*, to the banks of the Rhine. He assembled the soldiers before him, informed them of the perfidious and unprovoked assault of the Allies, and of the necessity of an immediate march to Germany. Exultant cheers announced the alacrity with which the mighty host obeyed its chieftain. In an hour all were in motion. The genius of Napoleon was perhaps never more conspicuous than in the directions now given to the several corps of the army. The vast plan, extending over a region of hundreds of leagues, embraced the utmost grandeur of general combination. At the



BREAKING UP FROM BOULOGNE.

same time, his directions were given to each of the generals with the most extraordinary minuteness and accuracy of detail. The daily marches of every regiment, the places of rest, all were marked out with undeviating accuracy. Almost with the speed of thought, nearly two hundred thousand men swept over France, crossed the Rhine and the Danube, and effectually blocked up the retreat of the foe, even before that foe was aware that the French had left the heights of Boulogne. As soon as Napoleon had seen his whole army on the move, he hastened to Paris, and, assembling the Senate, he thus addressed them :

“ Senators ! It is necessary, in the present state of Europe, that I should explain to you my sentiments. I am about to quit my capital, to place myself at the head of the army, to bear prompt assistance to my allies, and to defend the dearest interests of my people. The wishes of the eternal enemies of the Continent are accomplished. Hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany. Austria and Russia have united with England, and our generation is involved anew in the calamities of war. A few days ago I still cherished the hope that peace would not be disturbed. But the Austrian army has passed the Inn. Munich is invaded. The Elector of Bavaria has been driven from his capital. All my hopes of peace have vanished.”

To meet the enormous expenses of such a war required great financial skill. But the genius of Napoleon was equal to the task. He was so strongly enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen that he could have borrowed millions, and thus have imposed upon France the burden of taxation which Pitt has bequeathed to England. But he was exceedingly unwilling to throw any of the expenses of the war upon the future. “ While I live,” he wrote to M. Marbois, “ I will not issue any paper.”

Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Strasburg. His columns had strictly

followed his orders, and had pursued the routes which he had assigned to them. He wrote to Talleyrand :

"The Austrians are in the defiles of the Black Forest. God grant that they may remain there. My only fear is that we shall frighten them too much. If they allow me to gain a few more marches, I shall have completely turned them. Forbid the newspapers to make any more mention of the army than if it did not exist."

It was, indeed, a proud array which Napoleon had now at his command. One hundred and eighty-six thousand combatants, burning with enthusiasm and adoring their chief, awaited his orders. Thirty-eight thousand horsemen were ready to move with the celerity of the wind wherever he pointed. Three hundred and forty pieces of cannon, whose gunners were trained to unerring precision, were dragged in the train of this formidable host. Still he was contending at fearful odds. The coalition numbered 500,000 men. Of these, 250,000 were Austrians, 200,000 Russians, 50,000 English, Swedes, and Neapolitans. It was also known that 200,000 Prussians were ready to join the coalition upon the first reverse attending the French arms.

As soon as Napoleon arrived at the head of his columns, he was received with shouts, a thousand times repeated, of "Vive l'Empereur!" He addressed his troops in one of those eloquent and heart-stirring proclamations which ever roused them to almost a phrensy of enthusiasm. "Soldiers!" said he, "the campaign of the third coalition has commenced. Austria has passed the Inn, violated its engagements, attacked and chased our ally from his capital. We will not again make peace without sufficient guarantees. Our generosity shall not again make us forget what we owe to ourselves. You are but the advance-guard of the Great People. You may have forced marches to undergo, fatigues and privations to endure. But, whatever obstacles we may encounter, we shall overcome them, and never taste of repose till we have placed our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

Matters were now rapidly approaching a crisis. Mack was fatally enveloped in the divisions of the French. Napoleon superintended every thing. He was every where present. He slept not; he rested not; he scarcely ate. On horseback by night and by day, he passed like the wind from post to post. His mind seemed incapable of exhaustion, his body insensible to fatigue. One cold, stormy night, when the rain was falling in floods, and a freezing October gale swept hillside and valley, Napoleon, spattered with mud and drenched with rain, rode on horseback through the black hours till the lurid dawn of day. He then overtook a division of his army toiling painfully through the storm. The soldiers were half dead with fatigue.

For many days and nights the weather had been frightful. The tributaries of the Danube were swollen into torrents. The snow, melting as it fell, had rendered the roads almost impassable. Without a murmur, they had been making forced marches, dragging their heavy artillery through the miry ruts, and bidding defiance to every obstacle. In the gloom of the dismal storm, Napoleon gathered the troops in a circle around him. Like a father talking confidentially to his children, he explained to the soldiers the situation of the enemy, and the maneuvers by which he was surrounding them. The soldiers, intoxicated by this proof of confidence from their Emperor.

burst into the most vehement transports of enthusiasm. As Napoleon again put spurs to his horse and disappeared in the gloom of distance, a shout of exultation rose from the multitudinous host which pierced the tempestuous sky, and out-roared the wailings of the storm. His words proved a tonic to the whole exhausted host. With renovated energies they pressed on their way.

Napoleon's gigantic plan was completely successful. The Austrians were surrounded beyond all hope of escape. In twenty days, without a single pitched battle, by a series of marches and a few skirmishes, the Austrian army of 80,000 men was utterly destroyed. A few thousand only, in fugitive bands, eluded the grasp of the victor, and fled through the defiles of the mountains. The masterly maneuvers of the French columns had already secured 30,000 prisoners almost without bloodshed. Thirty-six thousand were shut up in Ulm. Their doom was sealed. The well-authenticated fact seems almost incredible, that the Austrians, by this sudden apparition of Napoleon and his whole army in their rear, by the blow after blow which fell upon them with lightning rapidity, and with the scathing severity of the lightning's bolt, were in such a panic and so utterly bewildered, that one night one hundred Austrians surrendered at discretion to a French officer and two dragoons.

As the Emperor was one day passing through a crowd of prisoners, an Austrian officer expressed his astonishment on seeing the Emperor of the French, with his clothes saturated with rain and spattered with mud, presenting a more comfortless aspect than the meanest drummer in his army.



For eight days and nights, during which the rain had been falling almost incessantly in torrents, the Emperor had not taken off his clothes, or even his boots, or thrown himself upon a couch for rest. One of the aids explained to Napoleon the remark of the Austrian officer. "Your master," replied Napoleon, "has compelled me to resume the character of a soldier. I hope he will allow that the throne and the imperial purple have not made me forget my first profession."

The fatigue of the soldiers during the forced marches of these dreary days

of mud, and rain, and freezing cold, was dreadful. After a sleepless night upon the storm-drenched ground, they often toiled all day almost without food, and up to their knees in mire. Yet, whenever the Emperor appeared, new vigor was infused into their exhausted frames, and they greeted him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The Austrian officers expressed their surprise at this extraordinary attachment, and wondered that the soldiers, in the midst of such distress, could forget their sufferings the moment they saw the Emperor. "They are right," Napoleon replied; "it is to spare their blood that I make them undergo such dreadful fatigue."

In the midst of these stormy scenes, Napoleon was one day riding on horseback, when he saw a carriage advancing. A lady was in it, bathed in tears. Napoleon inquired the cause of her distress.

"Sir," she replied, "I have been robbed by a party of soldiers, who have killed my gardener. I am going to request that your Emperor will grant me a guard. He once knew my family, and was under obligations to them."

"Your name?" inquired Napoleon.

"I am the daughter of M. Marbœuf," she replied, "formerly governor of Corsica."

"Madame," Napoleon rejoined, "I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you. I am myself the Emperor. Every member of M. Marbœuf's family has a claim upon my gratitude."

He treated her with the greatest possible attention, gave her a picket of chasseurs from his own guard to escort her, liberally rewarded her for the losses she had sustained, and conveyed her to her home grateful and happy.

Napoleon sent General Segur to summon the garrison at Ulm to surrender. The night was chill and black. A terrific hurricane wrecked earth and sky. The rain fell in floods. To pass to the city from the French camp, the utmost caution was necessary to avoid gulfs in which both man and horse might have foundered. The French advanced posts, main guards, videttes, and sentinels, had all sought shelter from the drenching, freezing storm. Not a watch-fire blazed upon the deluged ground. Even the parks of artillery were deserted. With difficulty a trumpeter was found, under a wagon, stiff with cold, and half drowned with mud and water. He was taken to accompany the messenger, and with the blast of his bugle to seek entrance at the city gates. The impetuous spirit of Napoleon was unmindful of the darkness, the cold, and the tempest. He was ready for the assault, and to spare the effusion of blood summoned a surrender.

Thirty-six thousand Austrians, in the extreme of dejection, were now trembling behind the ramparts of Ulm. Napoleon, in person superintending the approach, was hourly contracting the circle which confined the Imperialists. His guns were placed upon the heights which commanded the city, and now and then a shell fell into the streets, a dreadful portent to the terrified inhabitants of the approaching storm. Nothing remained for Mack but capitulation. Prince Maurice was sent, early the next morning, to the head-quarters of Napoleon. As is customary on such occasions, he was conducted to head-quarters blindfolded. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in the presence of the Emperor.

The weather was dreadful. Chilling winds swept the bleak plains. The

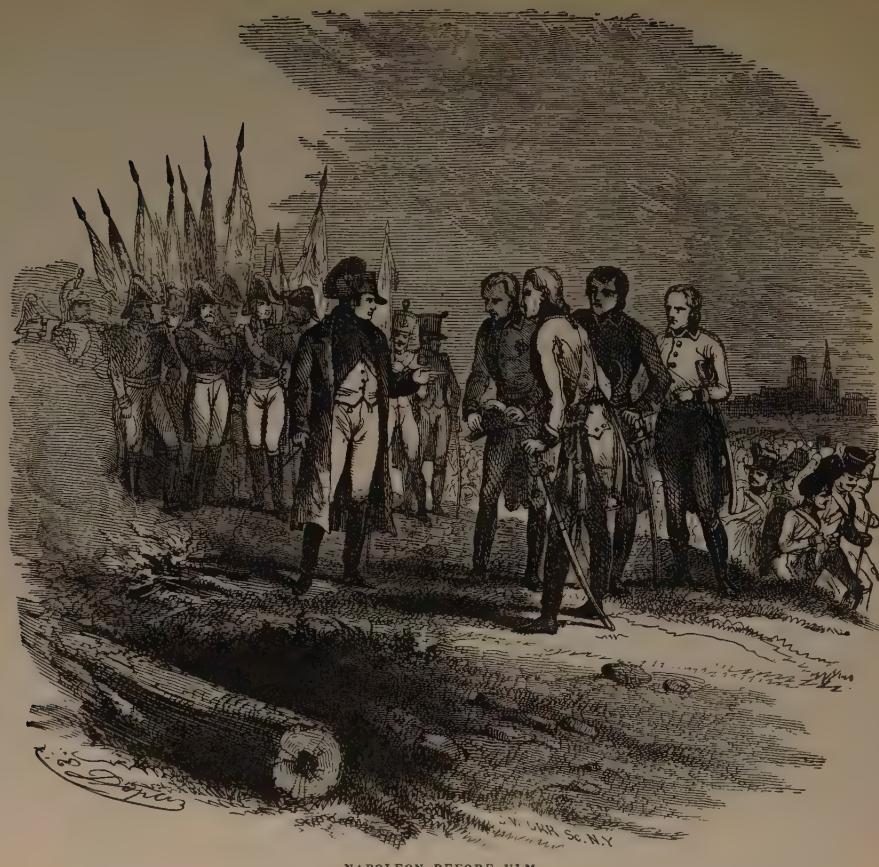
sleet, which filled the air, melted as it reached the ground, and the miry roads, trampled by horse and furrowed by artillery wheels, were almost impassable. The Emperor was ever ready to share those hardships which he laid upon his soldiers. The convoy found him in a wretched tent, through which the storm swept drearily. A few loose boards upon the ground kept his feet from the water which deluged the plain. The prince proposed to surrender upon condition that the garrison should be permitted to retire to Austria. Napoleon smiled, and replied,

“What reason can I have to comply with such a request? In a week you will be in my power without conditions. I am perfectly acquainted with your situation. You expect the advance of the Russians. They have scarcely yet arrived in Bohemia. And then, if I allow you to depart, what guarantee have I that your troops will not be united with those of Russia, and be made to fight against me again? Your generals have often deceived me thus. I will not again be their dupe. At Marengo I suffered Melas to march with his forces from Alessandria. Two months afterward Moreau had to fight the same men, notwithstanding the most solemn promises on the part of your government to conclude peace. After such conduct as I have experienced from the Austrian cabinet, I can trust to no engagement. The war is not of my seeking. It has been a violation of faith throughout. Return to your general, and inform him that I can not grant what he requires. Your officers alone can be allowed to return to Austria. The soldiers must remain prisoners. He must be brief in his decision. I have no time to lose. The longer he delays, the worse he will render his own situation and that of his army.”

The next day General Mack himself visited Napoleon. He was treated with that courtesy and generosity with which Napoleon ever addressed a fallen foe. The conqueror demonstrated to General Mack the utter hopelessness of his condition. He convinced him that all farther resistance must be unavailing. In glowing colors he depicted the carnage which must ensue from taking the place by assault. He implored the general, as a humane man, to spare him the cruel necessity of throwing his shells into the thronged dwellings of the city, and of surrendering its beautiful streets to the horrors of fire and the sword. It was clearly in vain to protract the struggle. Mack, with anguish, consented to the surrender. Napoleon was overjoyed that he had thus been enabled to mitigate the miseries of war by disarming his enemies almost without bloodshed.

The next day was cold, clear, and brilliant. It witnessed a scene unparalleled in modern warfare. Europe was astonished and appalled by its narration. Thirty-six thousand troops marched out of the gates of Ulm, and laid down their arms before the conqueror. Napoleon, with his magnificent staff, stood upon an eminence before the fire of a bivouac, as the melancholy array, for five hours, defiled before him. It must have been a proud hour to the victor. Yet no gesture and no expression of his serene countenance revealed the slightest emotion of exultation. In touching terms, magnanimous and sympathetic, he thus addressed the vanquished officers:

“Gentlemen,—War has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war.



NAPOLEON BEFORE ULM.

I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he requires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust he will find that I have not forgotten my original avocation. I want nothing on the Continent. I desire ships, colonies, and commerce. Their acquisition would be as advantageous to you as to me."

Again he remarked to a group of Austrian officers, as the procession of captives continued to defile before him, "It is truly deplorable that such honorable men as yourselves, whose names are spoken of with honor wherever you have combated, should be made the victims of an insane cabinet intent on most chimerical projects. It was already a sufficient crime to have attacked me in the midst of peace without any declaration of war. But this offense is trivial compared with that of bringing into the heart of Europe a horde of barbarians, and allowing an Asiatic power to mix itself up with our disputes. Instead of attacking me without a cause, the Aulic Council should rather have united their forces to mine, in order to repel the Russian force. Such an alliance is monstrous. It is the alliance of the dogs and the wolves against the sheep. Had France fallen in the strife, you would not have been long in perceiving the error you had committed."

At this moment a French officer repeated an insulting expression which

he had heard from the common soldiers in regard to the Austrian captives. Napoleon severely rebuked the officer, and ordered him to retire. "You must have little respect for yourself," said he, "to insult men bowed down by such a misfortune."

The joy and exultation in the French army passed all bounds. Such victories, with so little bloodshed, were never known before. The enthusiasm of the troops and their devotion to the Emperor became boundless. "The Little Corporal," exclaimed the veterans to each other, "has discovered a new method of carrying on war. He makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets." The following proclamation electrified Europe by the stupendous successes it commemorated, and by the nervous eloquence with which its sentences glowed.

"Soldiers of the grand army! In fifteen days we have concluded a campaign. We have kept our promise. We have chased the troops of Austria from the Bavarian territories, and have re-established our ally in the possession of his states. That army which, with so much ostentation and presumption, had advanced to our frontiers, is annihilated. But what signifies that to England? We are no longer at Boulogne.

"Of 100,000 men who composed that army, 60,000 are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labor of the fields. Two hundred pieces of cannon, their whole park of ammunition, and ninety standards, are in our possession. From that whole army not fifteen thousand have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announced to you a great battle; but, thanks to the faulty combinations of the enemy, I have obtained these immense advantages without incurring any risk. And, what is unexampled in the history of nations, this great result has not weakened us by the loss of fifteen hundred men. Soldiers! This astonishing success is owing to your boundless confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in undergoing fatigue, to your rare intrepidity. But we will not rest here! Already I see you are burning to commence a second campaign. The gold of England has brought against us a Russian army from the extremities of the universe. We will make it undergo the same fate. There are no generals there whom it would add to my glory to vanquish. All my care shall be to obtain the victory with as little effusion of blood as possible. My soldiers are my children."

"Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "was completely subdued in spirit when he was the conqueror. He received the vanquished with kindness. Nor was this the result of a feeling of pride concealed under the mask of hypocrisy. I am sure he pitied them sincerely. I have often heard him remark, 'How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle.'" When the Austrian court, in its exasperation, was about to wreak unjust vengeance upon General Mack, Napoleon humanely interfered to save him from condemnation by a court-martial.

He sent to the Senate the flags taken from the enemy. In his letter to this body he says, "The primary object of the war is already fulfilled. The Elector of Bavaria is re-established upon his throne. The aggressors have been struck as by a thunderbolt. Assisted by Divine Providence, I hope, in a short time, to triumph over all my enemies." He wrote, at the same time, a circular to all the bishops in the empire, requesting them, in gratitude to

God, to sing a *Te Deum* in all the churches. "The dazzling victories," said he, "which our armies have just obtained against the unjust league formed by the hatred and the gold of England, renders it necessary that my people should address their thanks to the God of armies for the past, and implore His blessing for the future."

Just before the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon sent Captain Bernard, a young officer of engineers, on an important reconnoitering expedition. With great skill and intrepidity he prosecuted his mission, advancing almost to Vienna. Upon his return Napoleon personally examined him, and was much pleased with his answers. Among other things, the engineer remarked that it would be of great advantage to direct the army upon Vienna, passing by the fortified places, and that, once master of the capital, the Emperor might dictate laws to the whole Austrian monarchy. This was taking too great a liberty. Napoleon severely replied,

"You are very presumptuous! A young officer to pretend to trace out a campaign for me! Go and await my orders."

As soon as the young man had retired, Napoleon turned to General Rapp and said, "There is a man of merit. He has observed correctly. I shall not expose him to the risk of being shot. I shall have occasion for him by-and-by. Tell Berthier to dispatch an order for his departure for Illyria."

This young man finally became an aid of Napoleon, and one of the most distinguished engineers in the world. Upon the overthrow of his illustrious master, declining the most brilliant offers from the different sovereigns of Europe, he retired to the United States. Here he took the command of the corps of engineers, and executed works in civil and military engineering which will forever remain memorials of his genius.

The following anecdote illustrates the implicit and exact obedience which Napoleon demanded and enforced. He arrived at Strasburg the 25th of September. He had ordered all the divisions of the grand army, converging by various routes, to defile across the Rhine, by the bridge of Kehl, the next day. The general officers were directed to meet him at the head of the bridge at six o'clock in the morning. An hour before the appointed time, in spite of the rain which was pouring from the skies in floods, Napoleon, in the gloom of the yet undawned morning, was at the rendezvous. The columns were already crossing the bridge, and ranging themselves upon the other side of the river. As Napoleon sat upon his horse, exposed to the fury of the storm, the water, dripping from his clothes, made quite a pool beneath him. His hat was so soaked by the rain that the rim flapped down upon his shoulders. Calmly, silently, and apparently unannoyed by any sense of discomfort, he contemplated the passage of the troops. Soon the officers gathered around. Napoleon interrupted the silence by saying,

"Gentlemen, we have gained a grand march upon our enemies." Then, glancing his eye around the group, he exclaimed, with rapid utterance, "But where is Vandamme? Why is he not here? Is he dead?"

For a moment all were silent. Then General Chardon ventured to reply, "Sire, it is possible that General Vandamme is not yet awake. Last evening we drank several glasses of wine together to the health of your majesty, and perhaps—"



NAPOLEON AT THE BRIDGE OF KEHL.

“General!” interrupted Napoleon, with severity, “you did well to drink to my health yesterday, but to-day Vandamme does wrong to sleep when he knows that I await him.”

General Chardon offered to dispatch one of his aids to call his companion in arms.

“Let Vandamme sleep,” said Napoleon. “He will perhaps awake himself; then I will speak to him.”

At that moment Vandamme appeared. He was pale with agitation, and exceedingly embarrassed. “General!” said Napoleon, glancing at him a severe look, “it appears that you have forgotten the order which I have issued.”

“Sire,” said General Vandamme, “this is the first time that I have thus offended. And I assure you that I was this morning extremely unwell, because—”

“Because,” interrupted Napoleon, “last night you were as tipsy as a German. But, lest that calamity should happen to you a second time, you will go to combat under the flag of the King of Würtemberg, that, if possible, you may give the Germans a lesson upon temperance.”

Vandamme retired in disgrace. The same day he joined the army of Würtemberg. During the brief campaign he performed prodigies of valor. After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon again saw him, commended him for his services, and again received him into favor, saying, “General! never forget that I honor brave men. But I do not love those who sleep when I am waiting. Let us say no more about it.”

In crossing a swollen stream, the captain of a company was swept away by the torrent. A soldier, whom that captain had degraded in consequence of some fault of discipline, plunged into the stream, and saved the life of

the drowning officer. Napoleon heard of it. Immediately he sent for the soldier.

"You are a brave man," said he. "Your captain had degraded you, and he had reason to do so. In saving his life, you have proved that there is no rancor in your breast. This is noble. You are now at quits. But as for me, I am not at quits toward you. I appoint you quarter-master, and make you chevalier of the Legion of Honor. To your captain you owe this promotion. Go and thank him."

This even-handed justice, punishing his proudest generals when they deserved it, and appreciating and rewarding, in the humblest soldier, any trial of courage or magnanimity, accounts, in part, for that almost superhuman love with which Napoleon bound all hearts to himself.

On the 17th of October, Napoleon rode forty-two miles on horseback without one moment of rest. He then, booted and spurred, and wrapped in his muddy cloak, threw himself upon some straw in a cow-shed for an hour of sleep. Not a mile from where Napoleon was reposing, in the midst of the lowing herds, the Bishop of Augsburg had splendidly illuminated his aristocratic palace, and a bed of down, curtained with silken drapery, was prepared to receive the Emperor. But Napoleon would not sleep in ceiled chambers when his soldiers were suffering, through the dreary night, in pools of water on the cold unsheltered ground.



THE BIVOUAC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUSTERLITZ.

Peril of the Emperor—Oath of Alexander and Frederick William—Daring Energy of Napoleon—Anniversary of the Coronation—Untiring Activity of Napoleon—Proclamation—His Vigilance—Battle of Austerlitz—Interview between the French and Austrian Emperors—Touching Anecdote—Magnanimity of Napoleon—Proclamation—Disappointment of the Authorities at Paris—William Pitt—Generosity of the Emperor—Letters to Josephine.

THE capitulation at Ulm took place the 20th of October, 1805. Astounding as was the victory which Napoleon had just achieved, still his peril was imminent. One hundred and sixteen thousand Russians, headed by the Emperor Alexander, were hurrying through the plains of Poland to meet Napoleon. From every quarter of Austria columns of troops were in rapid march to unite with the Russians. In a combined band of overwhelming numbers they determined to crush their audacious foe. Alexander repaired in person to Berlin, and employed all the weight of his authority, and all the fascinations of his captivating manners, to unite the army of Prussia, 200,000 strong, with the Allies. The Queen of Prussia, a beautiful woman, proud, ambitious, and animated by the inspiration of genius, conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by an oath which should never be forgotten. At midnight, Alexander and Frederick William descended into the dark and dismal tomb of Frederick the Great.

A single torch revealed the gloom of the regal mausoleum. Thus standing in the dead of night by the coffin of the renowned warrior, they bound themselves by a solemn oath to sustain the cause of the allied kings against those principles of popular liberty which threatened the subversion of every European throne.

England disembarked a force of thirty thousand troops in Hanover to hasten to the scene of conflict. It was apparently time for Napoleon to retreat, or at least strongly to fortify himself, and await the assault of his combined foes. But, to the amazement of all Europe, he audaciously pressed on into the very midst of impending destruction. Like an inundation, his victorious army rolled down the valley of the Danube, sweeping every thing before them. Neither rivers, nor batteries, nor hostile legions could for an hour retard his march. Every soldier seemed to have imbibed the spirit of his commander. It was a band of iron men insensible to fatigue or to fear.

In three days Napoleon entered Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The whole city blazed with illumination; enthusiastic shouts welcomed the deliverer. But Napoleon rested not for an hour. He allowed his discomfited foes not one moment to recover from their panic. "Forward, forward to Vienna," was the command. The impetuous torrent, horsemen, infantry, artillery, rolled resistlessly on. Terror and destruction had fallen upon the empire so suddenly that they overawed like a supernatural infliction. All Austria was in consternation. Francis fled from his capital. The panic in

Vienna was dreadful; and still each day the mighty host drew nearer. Resistance was in vain. The Austrians and Russians, retreating from the blows which fell so thick and heavily upon them, fled to join the proud army which Alexander was leading to the rescue.

On the morning of the 13th of November the bugles of the French were heard upon the heights which surround Vienna, and the polished steel of their armor glittered in the rays of the morning sun. It was a clear, cold winter day. A deputation of the citizens waited upon Napoleon, imploring his clemency. He assured them of his protection. The Russians, in their semi-barbarian lust and cruelty, had left desolation wherever they had appeared. The French, preserving perfect military discipline, and treating all the peaceful inhabitants with justice and with courtesy, were hailed by the people almost as deliverers. No private property was allowed to be touched, and no person to be injured. But the government chests and the arsenals fell into the hands of the victor. They were abundantly filled with the munitions of war. One hundred thousand muskets, two thousand cannon, and military supplies of every kind, replenished the stores of the conquerors. Such achievements were unparalleled. In twenty days Napoleon had marched from the ocean to the Rhine; in forty days from the Rhine to Vienna. His foes had been dispersed before him like autumnal leaves by the whirlwind.

But Napoleon, though thus victorious, was in a situation critical in the extreme. Europe deemed him irretrievably ruined. He was hundreds of leagues from his own capital. It was cold and icy winter. With comparatively a small army, he was far away in the heart of one of the most proud and powerful monarchies upon the globe. The Archduke Charles, with 70,000 Austrians, was rapidly approaching from the south. Active agents of Francis were rallying 80,000 Hungarians to rush to the conflict. The tramp of 100,000 Russians was but a few days' march before him. His rear was exposed to assault from 200,000 Prussians. Surely Napoleon will stop and fortify himself behind the ramparts of Vienna. But no! The command is still "Onward, onward." Not a moment was allowed for repose. Yet, while thus, with apparent recklessness, pressing forward into the midst of his multitudinous foes, the utmost caution and vigilance was exercised to guard against any possible disaster. While Napoleon was one of the most adventurous of men, he was also one of the most wary and prudent.

"If Napoleon," says his brother Louis, "in his bold and often hazardous actions, seemed to calculate wholly on his good fortune, no person appeared to leave less to accident in the conception of his plans. No human caution which it was possible to adopt was ever, I believe, neglected or forgotten by Napoleon previous to his disastrous campaign at Moscow. He always considered things under every imaginable aspect; and though he never, or scarcely ever, experienced reverses, he was, in every enterprise, prepared beforehand for whatever misfortune might happen. He had always made up his mind as to the part which it might be necessary for him to adopt, let the result be what it would. This was what he called conceiving a plan."

The cold winds of winter now swept the plains; the driving snow whitened the hills. Still the indomitable host pressed on, till, amid the dark storms

of the north it had disappeared from the observation of France. Upon the field of Austerlitz, fifteen hundred miles from the capital of France, Napoleon met his foes. An army of nearly 100,000 men, headed by the two emperors, Alexander and Francis, flushed with anticipated victory, arrested the steps of the conqueror. Not an hour was to be lost. Napoleon had but 70,000 men. From all directions the clangor of arms was heard, as horsemen and footmen, in uncounted thousands, were hurrying on to add still greater strength to the allied host.

It was the morning of the 1st of December when Napoleon came in sight of his foes. With "inexpressible delight" he says he beheld their solid columns, dark and massy, moving before him at so short a distance as to render it evident that a decisive action was at hand. With intense interest he watched their movements, and immediately detected their plan of attack. Penetrating their designs, he was at once confident of victory. "To-morrow," said Napoleon, "before nightfall, that army shall be my own."

He spent the whole day on horseback, riding along the ranks, speaking words of encouragement to the soldiers, and studying the capabilities of the ground, and making the most careful arrangements for the wounded. It was his invariable custom not only to give his directions most minutely, but also to inform himself if his directions had been obeyed. Wherever he appeared among the troops, he was greeted with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The shades of night had settled over the camp, and Napoleon was still continuing his preparations for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. As he rode along the lines in the gloom of midnight, a soldier attached to his bayonet a bundle of straw, and setting it on fire, raised the brilliant torch in the air. It was the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor. Instantly the whole camp, extending for miles, blazed with illuminations, as the soldiers elevated, flaming into the air, the straw provided for their bivouacs. The ruddy glow gleamed over the hills, and sent wonder and a strange apprehension to the heart of the hostile legions. Transported with the enthusiasm of the moment, the army raised a simultaneous shout, which, like the roar of many waters, pierced the night air, and vibrated in ominous thunders through the tents of the Allies. Napoleon reined in his horse. It was midnight. For a moment, silent, pale, pensive, he gazed upon the sublime spectacle, and listened, with emotions undivulged, to the acclamations of seventy thousand voices. Then retiring to his tent, he dictated, with the utmost rapidity of utterance, the following proclamation:

" Soldiers! The Russian army has presented itself before you to revenge the disasters of the Austrians at Ulm. They are the same men whom you have conquered at Hollabrunn, and on whose flying traces you have followed. The positions which we occupy are formidable. While they are marching to turn my right, they must present their flank to your blows. Soldiers! I will myself direct all your battalions. I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if, with your accustomed valor, you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks. But should victory appear for a moment uncertain, you shall see your Emperor expose himself to the first strokes. Victory must not be doubtful on this occasion."

Never before did a general venture to announce to his soldiers the maneu-

ver by which he expected to gain a victory. A single deserter might have exposed it to the foe, but Napoleon knew in whom he confided. Never before did a general endeavor to rouse his soldiers to desperation of courage *by the assurance that he would keep himself out of the reach of all danger!* Never will mortal man again acquire such an ascendancy as to undertake to repeat that experiment. Say not that Napoleon was but a merciless, ambitious, bloodthirsty conqueror. Human hearts are not won by cruelty and selfishness. Napoleon was the kind friend of every man of the seventy thousand who rallied beneath his eagles. And thus, and thus only, he secured the deathless homage of all these hearts.

The night was cold and clear. A dense fog, however, settled upon the lower grounds, enveloping friend and foe in an impenetrable sea of obscurity. The horizon was illumined for leagues around with the bivouac fires of the antagonistic hosts. Gradually the unreplenished piles burned out, and silence and darkness brooded over the sleeping armies. At four o'clock Napoleon was on horseback. A confused murmur, piercing the dense fog, revealed to his experienced ear that the Russian columns were in full march to surprise him, by the attack he had anticipated upon his flank. By this movement the Allies weakened their centre, and exposed it to the concentrated attack which Napoleon was prepared to make. The bugles sounded. The French soldiers sprang from the frozen ground, and, as by magic, formed themselves in battle array. Every officer knew the part he was to perform. Every soldier was impatient for the conflict. The stars still shone brightly in the wintry sky, and not a ray of light dawned in the east.

Gradually the stars disappeared. A ruddy glow illumined the horizon, and the sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hill-tops and penetrating the ocean of vapor which rolled in the valleys. It was the "Sun of Austerlitz." Its gorgeous rising produced a deep impression upon the imagination of Napoleon. Often in after years he apostrophized the sun as his guiding star. The marshals surrounding the Emperor were burning with impatience as they awaited the signal of attack.

"How long," said Napoleon to Marshal Soult, "would it take you, from hence, to reach the heights of Prutzen?" This was one of the heights in the centre of the allied army which the enemy were deserting in their flank march.

"Less than twenty minutes," replied the marshal. "My troops are in the bottom of the valley, covered with mist and with the smoke of their bivouacs. The enemy can not see them."

"In that case," said Napoleon, "let us wait twenty minutes. When the enemy is making a false movement, we must take good care not to interrupt him."

Soon the heavy booming of artillery announced that the Russians had commenced a furious attack upon the right. "Now, then," said Napoleon, "is the moment." The marshals instantly galloped in all directions to head their respective corps. Napoleon, plunging his spurs into his steed, galloped to the front ranks of the foremost columns. As he rode along the line, he exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder."



THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ.

With resistless impetuosity, the solid columns of the French pierced the weakened centre of the Allies. The conflict was desperate and most sanguinary. But nothing could resist the headlong valor of the assailants. The allied army was pierced and cut entirely in twain. Horsemen and footmen were trampled beneath the tread of the proud victors. The field was filled with a rabble of fugitives flying in wild dismay, as the cavalry of the imperial guard rode over them and sabred them mercilessly. Napoleon, leaving a few battalions to prevent the right wing from coming to the rescue of the left, turned with nearly his whole force upon the left, and destroyed it. He then directed the terrible onset upon the right wing of the Allies, and it was no more.

A division of the ruined army, consisting of many thousand men and horse, sought to escape by crossing, with artillery and cavalry, a frozen lake which adjoined their line of march. The surface began to yield beneath the enormous load, when a few balls and shells from the French batteries broke the ice, and the whole mass was plunged into the freezing waves. A fearful cry, resounding above the roar of battle, ascended from the lake, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death. But soon the icy waves closed silently over them all, and those unhappy victims were sepulchred forever. From a neighboring eminence the Emperors of Russia and Austria witnessed the entire discomfiture of their armies. Accompanied by a few followers, in the deepest dejection they joined the fugitives and the stragglers, and fled from the field of disaster. In the profound darkness of the ensuing night, they retreated precipitately and almost alone over the plains of Moravia.

Thus terminated the battle of Austerlitz. It was the most brilliant of the victories of Napoleon. The whole campaign added new lustre to the genius of the conqueror. The loss of the Allies was immense. Fifteen thousand were killed or wounded. Twenty thousand were taken prisoners. One hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, forty-five standards, and an immense quantity of baggage-wagons remained the trophies of the victors' triumph. The reserve of Napoleon had hardly been called into action during the day. But forty-five thousand of the French troops had been engaged, and they had beaten ninety thousand Russians and Austrians.

No language can describe the frightful confusion and disorder which pervaded the ranks of the retreating foe. The genius of Napoleon never shone more terribly than in the blows which he dealt upon an enemy flying before him. The barbarian Russians, wild with dismay, filled the heavens with their phrensic shouts, and wreaked a blind and merciless vengeance upon the villages scattered along their route. The squadrons of Napoleon pursued them in all directions, and trampled their gory bodies into the earth. The Emperor Francis, seeing that all was irretrievably lost, sent Prince John to Napoleon to implore an armistice. The hours of the bloody day had passed, and midnight had again settled over the gory plain.

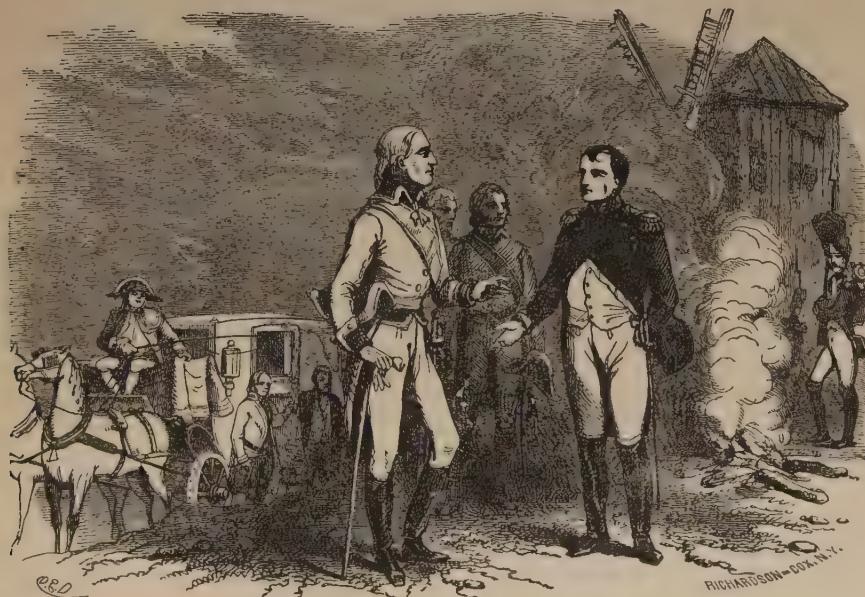
The prince found Napoleon upon the field of battle, carrying succor with his own hand to the wounded, and speaking to their grateful hearts words of sympathy and encouragement. He would allow himself no rest till with his own eyes he had seen that all his wounded men were sheltered. Many a dying soldier, with tearful gaze, in his last agonies looked up and blessed his Emperor. Napoleon administered cordials to their parched lips, and with his own hands stripped the cloaks from the dead to cover their shivering frames.

Napoleon received the prince courteously. He assured him that most earnestly he desired peace, and that it would afford him satisfaction to have an interview with the Emperor of Austria on the following day. In the mean time, he issued orders to pursue the retiring foe with the utmost vigor. His position was still perilous in the extreme. Despotic Europe was banded against him. Another powerful Russian army was marching down from the north. Hungary was rising *en masse*. Prince Ferdinand was approach-

ing Vienna at the head of 80,000 men. Prussia, with her 200,000 troops, was threatening his rear. Napoleon was conscious of his peril and conscious of his power.

The next morning he addressed his troops in the following proclamation: " Soldiers ! I am satisfied with you. In the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of 100,000 men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, has been, in less than four hours, either cut in pieces or dispersed. Thus, in two months, the third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace can not now be far distant. But I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees for the future, and secures rewards to our allies. When every thing necessary to secure the happiness and prosperity of our country is obtained, I will lead you back to France. My people will again behold you with joy. It will be enough for one of you to say, ' I was at the battle of Austerlitz,' for all your fellow-citizens to exclaim, ' There is a brave man ! ' "

The next morning the Emperor Francis, accompanied by a small escort of guards, repaired, in a carriage drawn by six horses, to the place appointed for the interview. He found Napoleon standing before the fire of a bivouac.



NAPOLEON AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS I.

A wind-mill by his side afforded a partial shelter from the wintry gale which swept the bleak hills. Napoleon, with great courtesy, greeted the Emperor of Austria as he alighted from his carriage, and said to him,

" I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months "

" You have made such good use," Francis very happily replied, " of that habitation, that it should be agreeable to you."

The two monarchs conversed together for two hours, and agreed verbally to terms of accommodation. Francis, mortified and exasperated, endeavored to throw the blame of his own perfidy upon England.

"The English," he exclaimed, "are a nation of merchants. In order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world, they are willing to set the Continent in flames."

Having obtained better terms for himself than he had any right to expect, the Austrian monarch next interceded for his ally Alexander. "The Russian army," replied Napoleon, "is surrounded. Not a man can escape me. If, however, your majesty will promise that Alexander shall at once return to Russia, I will stop the advance of my columns." Francis pledged his honor that the Russian emperor should immediately withdraw his forces.

When the Emperor Francis had withdrawn, Napoleon walked for a moment to and fro before the fire, with his hands clasped behind his back. After a short silence, during which he appeared absorbed in thought, he was overheard to say, "I have acted very unwisely. I could have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole of the Austrian and Russian armies. They are both entirely in my power. But—let it be. It will at least cause some less tears to be shed."

Napoleon immediately dispatched General Savary to the head-quarters of Alexander, to inquire if he would ratify the armistice.

"I am happy to see you," said the Emperor to the envoy. "The occasion has been very glorious for your arms. That day will take nothing from the reputation which your master has earned in so many battles. It was my first engagement. I confess that the rapidity of his maneuvers never gave me time to succor the menaced points. Every where you were at least double the number of our forces."

"Sire," Savary replied, "our force was twenty-five thousand less than yours. And even of that, the whole was not very warmly engaged. But we maneuvered much, and the same division combated at many different points. Therein lies the art of war. The Emperor, who has seen forty pitched battles, is never wanting in that particular. He is still ready to march against the Archduke Charles, if your majesty does not accept the armistice."

"What guarantee does your master require?" replied Alexander; "and what security can I have that your troops will not prosecute their movements against me?"

"He asks only your word of honor," Savary replied. "He has instructed me, the moment it is given, to suspend the pursuit."

"I give it with pleasure," rejoined the Emperor. "And should it ever be your fortune to visit St. Petersburg, I hope that I may be able to render my capital agreeable to you."

Hostilities immediately ceased. The fragments of the two defeated armies retired without further molestation to their homes.

As Napoleon was returning to Vienna, he met a large convoy of wounded Austrians on their route for the hospitals of the capital. He immediately alighted from his carriage, and, uncovering his head, exclaimed, "Honor to

the brave in misfortune!" His suite followed his example. The Emperor stood in pensive silence, with his hat in his hand, as the melancholy procession of the wounded and the dying passed along. The human heart is ever responsive to such appeals. These men had lavished their blood contending against Napoleon. But this development of sympathy in one moment disarmed all enmity, and irresistibly won their love and admiration.

France had been perfidiously assailed by the allied powers. In repelling the assault, millions of money had been expended, all the arts of peace had been interrupted, and seven thousand Frenchmen had sacrificed their lives. Napoleon wisely resolved so to strengthen his position as no longer, by weakness, to invite such attacks. With characteristic magnanimity, he added not one foot to the territory of France. He compelled Austria to pay the expenses of the war. He raised the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg to the dignity of kings, adding to the one power 1,000,000 inhabitants, and to the other 183,000. The little state of Baden also gained 113,000 subjects. Thus he rewarded his friends, and strengthened the barriers placed between France and the three great despots of Europe—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. To remove Austria farther from his eastern frontier, he annexed the state of Venice to the Italian kingdom, and gave Austria in exchange the electorate of Salsburg. These changes were all important to protect France from future assaults. Napoleon would have been singularly wanting in political foresight had he exacted less. He could not have been accused of injustice had he demanded more. He wished to interpose a barrier of subordinate kingdoms, friendly to France, between his empire and the dominions of his powerful and unrelenting foes. Every dictate of humanity and of policy demanded that he should thus shelter France from the assaults of conquered but still hostile nations.

Immediately upon the signing of the articles of peace, Napoleon made the following communication to his soldiers: "Peace has just been signed with the Emperor of Austria. You have, in the last autumn, made two campaigns. You have seen your Emperor share your dangers and your fatigues. I wish also that you should see him surrounded with the grandeur and splendor which belong to the sovereign of the first people in the world. You shall all be there. We will celebrate the names of those who have died in these two campaigns on the field of honor. The world shall ever see us ready to follow their example. We will even do more than we yet have done, if necessary to vindicate our national honor, or to resist the efforts of those who are the eternal enemies of peace upon the Continent. During the three months which are necessary to effect your return to France, prove the example for all armies. You have now to give testimonies, not of courage and intrepidity, but of strict discipline. Conduct yourselves like children in the bosom of their family."

Napoleon now gave directions to the army to retrace their steps to France, by slow and easy marches. He himself proceeded to Paris with the utmost rapidity, allowing himself no time to enjoy the triumphs which were prepared to greet him by the way. The public authorities of Paris had made arrangements for a magnificent reception on his arrival. He, however, disappointed them by entering Paris at night, unattended by any escort. The

next day the mayor and other public functionaries called upon him, and in their congratulatory address expressed regret that he had not given them opportunity to testify their gratitude by a public triumph for the services he had rendered his country.

Napoleon returned the following memorable reply: "Had I been defeated, I would have made a public entry. Our enemies would then have been convinced, from the manner of my reception by the good citizens of Paris, that the attachment which they have always shown me was not confined to my fortune. Though vanquished, they would still consider their cause and mine inseparably united. Returning a victor, I would not hazard their being accused of servile adulation."

This formidable confederacy, which Napoleon had shattered at a blow, was organized by William Pitt. Its utter overthrow was fatal also to the ambitious spirit which formed it. When the news reached him of the total destruction of the allied army at Austerlitz, he gazed long and sadly upon the map of Europe, and turned away, saying, "Henceforth we may close that map for half a century." His health now hourly declined. On the 23d of January, 1806, at the age of forty-seven, he expired, exclaiming with his last breath, "Alas, my country!" No sooner did the French Revolution break out, than William Pitt, to use the words of Alison, "became the soul of all the confederacies which were framed to oppose a barrier to the diffusion of its principles. The steady friend of freedom, he was, on that very account, the resolute opponent of democracy. It was not against France, but *Republican France*, that his hostility was directed."

Several medals were executed to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz. One morning M. Denon came to Napoleon at St. Cloud with several medals upon this subject. One represented on one side a head of Napoleon, and upon the other an eagle holding fast a leopard.

"What does this mean?" inquired the Emperor.

"Sire," replied M. Denon, "it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the coat of arms of England."

Napoleon contemptuously threw down the coin, saying, "How dare you tell me that the French eagle strangles the English leopard! I can not send out to sea the smallest fishing-boat that the English do not seize upon. It is, in truth, the leopard that strangles the French eagle. Let this medal be instantly destroyed, and never present any of the same kind to me again."

The generosity of Napoleon toward his army was as magnificent as was his victory. He immediately adopted all the children of those who had fallen. They were supported and educated at the expense of the state. They all, as the children of the Emperor, were permitted to attach the name of Napoleon to their own. To the widows of the generals he gave a pension of \$1200 dollars a year. The widows of the colonels and the majors received \$500 annually; those of captains, \$250; those of lieutenants, \$150; while the widows of all the soldiers received a pension of \$40. The wounded were also all liberally rewarded.

Napoleon was in the habit, during his campaigns, of writing almost daily to Josephine. These letters were often written upon a drum-head at his night's bivouac, or upon the pommel of his saddle when the balls of the en-

emy were falling around him. These tokens of his love for Josephine were very brief and so hastily written, that it required all Josephine's ingenuity to decipher them. The following are from the letters which he thus wrote during this campaign. They give us an insight to the heart of Napoleon. These attentions, so delicate and so touching, prove that the majesty of genius had not overshadowed in his character the graces of affection

“2d October, 1805, 10 o'clock A.M.

“I am still in good health. I start for Stuttgart, where I shall be to-night. The great maneuvers commence. The armies of Würtemberg and of Baden have united with mine. I am in a good position, and I love you.

“NAPOLEON.”

“12th October, 11 o'clock at night.

“My army has entered Munich. The enemy is beaten. Every thing announces the most short, successful, and brilliant campaign I have yet made. I am very well. The weather is, however, frightful. I change my clothes twice a day, it rains so incessantly. I love you, and embrace you.

“NAPOLEON.”

“19th October.

“I have been, my good Josephine, much fatigued. During all the days of an entire week I have been drenched with rain, and my feet have been nearly frozen. This has made me a little ill. To-day I have obtained some repose. I have fulfilled my design. I have destroyed the Austrian army by simple marches. I have taken 60,000 prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, 90 flags, and more than 30 generals. I now go in pursuit of the Russians. They are undone. I am content with my army. I have lost but 1500 men, and of these two thirds are but slightly wounded. Adieu, my Josephine. A thousand loving words to you.”

“3d November, 10 o'clock at night.

“I am in full march. The weather is very cold. The earth is covered with a foot of snow. This is a little severe. Happily, our march is through forests. I am pretty well. My affairs move very satisfactorily. My enemies ought to be more anxious than I. I desire very much to hear from you, and to learn that you are free from inquietude. Adieu, my love. I must sleep.”

“15th November, 9 o'clock at night.

“I left Vienna two days ago, my love, a little fatigued. I have not yet seen the city by day. I passed through it in the night. Almost all my troops are beyond the Danube pursuing the Russians. Adieu, my Josephine. The very moment it is possible, I shall send for you to come to me. A thousand loving words for you.

NAPOLEON.”

“16th November.

“I have written for you to come immediately to Baden, and thence to

Munich, by the way of Stuttgard. Bring with you the means of making presents to the ladies and to the functionaries who may serve you. Be unassuming, but receive all homage. Every thing is due to you. You owe nothing but courtesy. The Electress of Würtemberg is daughter of the King of England. She is a lovely woman. Treat her with kindness, but without affectation. I shall be most happy to see you the moment my affairs will allow me to do so. I set out immediately for my advance guard. The weather is frightful. It snows continually. As to the rest, my affairs are prosperous. Adieu, my love.

NAPOLEON."

"3d December, 1805.

"I send Lebrun to you from the field of battle. I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies commanded by the two emperors. I am a little fatigued. I have bivouacked eight days in the open air, through nights severely cold. I shall pass to-night in the chateau of Prince Kaunitz, where I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you.

NAPOLEON."

"December 5.

"I have concluded a truce. The Russians have implored it. The victory of Austerlitz is the most illustrious of all which I have gained. We have taken 45 flags, 150 pieces of cannon, and 20 generals. More than 20,000 are slain. It is an awful spectacle. The Emperor Alexander is in despair. I saw yesterday, at my bivouac, the Emperor of Germany. We conversed for two hours, and agreed upon an immediate peace. The weather is dreadful. Repose is again restored to the Continent. Let us hope that it will extend throughout the world. The English will not be able to make headway against us. I look forward, with great pleasure, to the moment when I shall again see you. Adieu, my love. I am pretty well, and very desirous to embrace you."

"10th December, 1805.

"It is long since I have heard any news from you. The brilliant fêtes of Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich cause the poor soldiers, drenched with rain, and covered with blood and mire, to be forgotten. I set out immediately for Vienna. The Russians are gone. They return to their own country thoroughly beaten and thoroughly humiliated. I desire intensely to return to you. Adieu, my love.

NAPOLEON."

The following letter conceals beneath the semblance of mirthfulness a spirit wounded by apparent neglect.

"19th December.

"August Empress! Not one letter from you since your departure from Strasburg. You have entered Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich without writing us one word. That is not very amiable nor very tender. I am still at Brunn. The Russians have gone. I have a truce. Condescend, from the summit of your grandeur, to occupy yourself a little with your slaves.

"NAPOLEON."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNEXATIONS AND ALLIANCES.

The Emperor on his Return from Austerlitz—Letter to the Minister of Finance—Napoleon's Labors for the Improvement of France—Religious Character and Thoughts of the Emperor—Deputation from Genoa—Its Annexation to France—Conduct of Naples—Insolence of the European Kings—Proclamation—Dilemma—Holland—Cisalpine Republic—The Government of Eugene—Piedmont—Ambition of Napoleon—Necessity of Allies for France—Consciousness of the Emperor of the Uncertainty of his Position—Confederation of the Rhine—Attack on Spanish ships—Battle of Trafalgar—Fox—Difficulty of making Peace with England—Death of Fox.

IT was nearly midnight when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered the darkened streets of Paris on his return from Vienna. He drove directly to the Tuilleries, and ascended the stairs, with hasty strides, to his cabinet. Without undressing, or even throwing himself upon a couch for a moment of repose, he sent for the Minister of Finance. The whole of the remainder of the night was passed in a rigid examination of the state of the Bank of France. The eagle eye of the Emperor immediately penetrated the labyrinth of confusion in which its concerns were involved. Writing from the camp of Boulogne, in the midst of all the distractions of the preparations for the march to Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon had thus addressed his Minister of Finance :

“ The paper of the bank is issued in many, perhaps a majority of the cases, not on real capital, but on a delusive supposition of wealth. In one word, in discounting after this manner, the bank is *coining false money*. So clearly do I see the dangers of such a course, that, if necessary, I would stop the pay of my soldiers rather than persevere in it. *I am distressed beyond measure at the necessities of my situation, which, by compelling me to live in camps, and engaged in distant expeditions, withdraw my attention from what would otherwise be the chief object of my anxiety, and the first wish of my heart—a good and solid organization of all which concerns the interest of banks, manufactures, and commerce.*”

The next day, at eleven o'clock, the whole Council of Finance was assembled. Napoleon kept them incessantly occupied during an uninterrupted session of nine hours. Thus energetically, without allowing himself a moment for repose, he entered upon a series of labors unparalleled in the history of mankind. The mind of this extraordinary man was all interested in constructing, not in destroying. He loved not the carnage of the battle-field. He loved not the aspect of burning cities, or the desolating sweep of contending armies. It was far more in accordance with his humane disposition, and his intellectual and refined taste, to labor in his cabinet in rearing works of imperishable grandeur, than, hungry, cold, and weary, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, toiling through the mire, and bivouacking upon the drifting snow, to lead his armies to mutilation, blood, and death. Na-

poleon was a man. The groans of the dying were not music to his ear. As he went, invariably, the messenger of mercy over the field of strife, when the conflict was over, the aspect of the mangled, the dying, and the dead was not a pleasing spectacle to his eyes. His foes compelled him, during all his reign, to devote one half of his energies to repel their assaults.

Napoleon had again conquered peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The government of England, notwithstanding the firm opposition of a large portion of the people, still waged unrelenting war against the Republican Empire. England was too intelligent to be deceived by words. It mattered not whether Napoleon were called Consul or Emperor. The principles of his government were still the same. He was the man of the people. It was his mission to abase aristocratic usurpation, and to elevate the people to equality of privileges and of rights.

Napoleon immediately made arrangements for the army to return by slow and comfortable marches of twelve miles a day. He ordered the sick and the wounded to be amply provided for during the winter, that they might be brought back to France under the genial sun of spring. Officers were commanded to remain with them, to see that all their wants were fully supplied. Never before or since has there been a general so attentive to his sick and wounded soldiers. To this testimony there is not a dissentient voice.

In the midst of negotiations and military cares more vast and varied than ever before occupied the mind of man, Napoleon devoted himself, with a fondness amounting to a passion, to the creation of magnificent works of art and of public utility. In those snatches of leisure left him by his banded foes, he visited all parts of the capital and of his empire. Wherever he went, some grand idea for moral, intellectual, or physical improvement suggested itself to his mind. The foot-prints of the Emperor still remain all over Paris, and in the remotest provinces of France, enduring memorials of his philanthropy, his comprehensive wisdom, and his tireless energy. He found St. Denis, the mausoleum of the ancient kings of France, in deplorable dilapidation. The venerable edifice was immediately and magnificently repaired. The beautiful church of St. Genevieve was crumbling to decay. He restored it to more than its pristine splendor.

He reared the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme. The noble obelisk of bronze, winding round whose shaft are displayed, in long basso-relievo, the exploits of the campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz, excites the admiration of every beholder. The monument was consecrated to the Grand Army, and was constructed of the cannon taken from the enemy. Napoleon had ever been contending for peace. In these eventful campaigns he had secured peace for the Continent. He wished to have the statue of Peace surmount the lofty summit of the pillar. But the nation gratefully decreed that Napoleon, the hero-pacifier, in imperial costume, should crown the trophy of his own genius. When the Allies, after desolating Europe for a quarter of a century with blood, succeeded in driving Napoleon from his throne, and reinstating the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Republican Emperor from its proud elevation. They could not, however, tear the image of Napoleon from the heart of an adoring people. The Bourbons were again driven into exile, and the statue of Napoleon replaced. No sacrilegious



MONUMENT IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

hand will ever venture again rudely to touch that memorial of a nation's love and homage.

He formed the plan, and commenced the work of uniting the Louvre and the Tuilleries in the most splendid palace the world has ever seen. And this palace was to be consecrated, not to the licentious indulgence of kings and nobles, but to the fine arts, for the benefit of the people. The magnificent "Arch of Triumph" in the Carrousel, and the still more magnificent arch facing the Elysian Fields, were both commenced this year. Fifteen new fountains were erected in the city. More extensive engines were created to raise water from the Seine, that eighty fountains might play unceasingly night and day. Magnificent quays were erected along the banks of the river. A bridge in process of building was rapidly completed, and named the Bridge of Austerlitz. A new bridge, subsequently called the Bridge of Jena, was commenced. These were but a part of the works entered upon in the capital. The most distant departments of the empire shared his attention and his munificence. Immense canals were constructed, conferring the benefits of water communication upon all parts of France. National roads, upon which the tourist now gazes with astonishment, were commenced. Others, already laid out, were urged to their rapid completion. The world-renown-

ed Pass of the Simplon, the road through the valley of the Moselle, the highway from Roanne to Lyons, the celebrated road from Nice to Genoa, the roads over Mount Cenis and Mount Genèvre, and along the banks of the Rhine, and the astonishing works at Antwerp, will forever remain a memorial of Bonaparte's insatiable desire to enrich and ennable the country of which he was the monarch.

These were the works in which he delighted; this was the fame he wished to rear for himself; this was the immortality he coveted. His renown is immortal. He has left upon the Continent an imprint of beneficence which time can never efface. But Europe was in arms against him. To protect his empire from hostile invasion while carrying on these great works, he was compelled continually to support four hundred thousand men in battle array.

Napoleon was always a serious man, religiously inclined. In his youthful years he kept himself entirely aloof not only from the dissipations, but from the merriment of the camp. In his maturer life the soldiers gave him the name of "Father Thoughtful." Though not established in the belief that Christianity was of divine origin, he ever cherished a profound reverence for the religion of the Bible. Amid the sneers of infidel Europe, he with unvarying constancy affirmed that religion was essential to the well-being of society, not merely as a police regulation, but as a necessity of the human soul. When but twenty-four years of age, he encouraged his brother Louis, who was then a lad but about fifteen years old, but conscientious and devout, to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Says Louis, "I was then but a child. It was in consequence of his advice and care that I partook of my first communion. He selected a worthy ecclesiastic to give me the necessary instructions and preparations." When the schedule of study for Madame Campan's female school was presented him, he found as one regulation, "The young ladies shall attend prayers *twice a week*." He immediately erased with his pen the words "twice a week," and substituted "*every day*."

"Sire!" said General Bertrand to Napoleon one day, "you believe in God. I also believe. But, after all, what is God? What do we know of him? Have we seen him?"

Napoleon replied, "What is God? Do I know what I believe? Very well! I will tell you. Answer me: How know you that a man has genius? Is it any thing you have seen? Is it visible—genius? What then can you believe of it? We see the effect; from the effect we pass to the cause. We find it; we affirm it; we believe it. Is it not so? Thus, upon the field of battle, when the action commences, though we do not understand the plan of attack, we admire the promptitude, the efficiency of the maneuvers, and exclaim, '*A man of genius!*' When in the heat of the battle victory wavers, why do you the first turn your eyes toward me? Yes! your lips call me. From all parts we hear but one cry, '*The Emperor, where is he? his orders!*' What means that cry? It is the cry of instinct, of general faith in me—in my genius.

"Very well! I also have an instinct, a knowledge, a faith, a cry which involuntarily escapes me. I reflect. I regard nature with her phenomena, and I exclaim *God!* I admire and cry, *There is a God!*

"Since you believe in genius, tell me, tell me, I pray you, what gives to the man of genius this invention, this inspiration, this glance of the eye peculiar to man alone? Answer me! from whence does it come? You can not tell! Is it not so? Neither can I nor any one else. And still, this peculiarity which characterizes certain individuals is a fact as evident, as positive as any other fact. But if there is such a difference in mind, there is evidently a cause; there is some one who has made that difference. It is neither you nor me, and *genius* is but a word which teaches nothing of its cause. That any person should say, *They are the organs!* Behold a silliness fit for a medical student, but not for me. Do you understand?"*

Napoleon saw so many imperfections in the Catholic priesthood, that he was unwilling to intrust the education of youth to ecclesiastics. Their devotion to the past, their hostility to all innovation and progress, incapacitated them in his judgment to rouse and guide the youthful mind. He devoted, at this time, very special attention to the education of the masses of the people. He established a university to raise up a corps of teachers of high qualifications, who should hold distinguished rank in the state, and who should receive ample emolument. In all the schools religion was to be taught by chaplains.

Such were the labors of Napoleon in Paris from January to July, 1806. At the same time he was compelled to defend himself from England, who was incessantly assailing France with all the power of her invincible fleet. He was also conducting the most momentous negotiations with the various nations of Europe.

The province of Genoa occupied the southern slope of the Apennines.† It was about as large as Rhode Island, and contained 500,000 inhabitants. Its population was thoroughly imbued with the principles of Republican France. In the wars then desolating Europe, this Liliputian state was of course powerless, unless sustained by some stronger arm. Its immediate contiguity to France encouraged the desire for annexation. A deputation from the Senate of Genoa visited Napoleon soliciting this favor.

"In regenerating the people of this country," said the deputation, "your majesty has contracted the obligation to render it happy. But this can not be done unless it is governed by your majesty's wisdom and valor. The changes which have taken place around us have rendered our insulated situation a source of perpetual disquietude, and imperiously call for a union with that France which you have covered with imperishable renown. Such is the wish which we are charged to lay at your majesty's feet. The reasons on which it is founded prove sufficiently that it is not the result of any external suggestion, but the inevitable consequence of our actual situation."

When Napoleon entered Genoa in consummation of this union, he was re-

* Napoleon was exceedingly displeased with the impiety of Dr Antommarchi, a physician who was sent to him while at St. Helena. "You physicians," said Napoleon to him one day, "are unbelievers, because you can not find the soul with your dissecting knife. Physicians are generally infidels. It is not so with mathematicians; they are ordinarily devout. The name of God incessantly flowed from the pen of Lagrange."

† "At the demand of the Archbishop of Genoa and of the Senate of the city, that state was re-united to the French Empire the 9th of June, 1805, and formed three departments."—*Histoire Populaire de Napoléon, par M. Chauvet*, p. 247.

ceived with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The fêtes arranged by the exultant inhabitants on that memorable occasion surpassed any thing which modern Italy had seen. The magistrates met Napoleon at the gates of the city with the keys.



ANNEXATION OF GENOA.

“Genoa,” said they, “named the Superb from its situation, is now still more worthy of that name from its destination. It has thrown itself into the arms of a hero. It therefore places its keys in the hands of one capable above all others of maintaining and increasing that glory.”

The city blazed with illuminations; the roar of artillery shook the embattled shores and frowning forts; and fireworks, surpassing the imagined creations of fairy power, filled the whole heavens, as Genoa rejoiced over the consummation of her nuptials with France.

The Kingdom of Naples, sometimes called the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, contained a population of about eight millions. The government, almost an unlimited monarchy, was in the hands of a branch of the house of Bourbon. The perfidious court had again and again sent its ships and its armies to assail Napoleon. And yet, in the hour of victory, Napoleon had ever treated the hostile government with singular magnanimity. When the Emperor was more than a thousand miles from his capital, in the wilds of Northern Germany, struggling with his banded foes upon the plains of Austerlitz, the King of Naples thought it an inviting opportunity to attack him in his rear. Without any provocation, inviting the English fleet into his harbors, and joining his army, fifty thousand strong, with those of England, Austria, and Russia, he fell upon France. Napoleon heard of this act of treachery immediately after the battle of Austerlitz. He was extremely exasperated.

The kings of Europe seemed to treat him as an outlaw, beyond the pale of all honorable intercourse. The most solemn treaties with him were regarded as of no moment. They did every thing in their power to stir up treason around his throne, and to fan in France the flame of civil war. They cringed before his mighty genius as they met him on the field of battle, or in the chamber of council, and yet were they ever ready to stab him in the back the moment his face was turned. An independent nation of forty millions of people, with hardly a dissenting vote, had elected him its monarch. The despots of Europe denied his right to the throne. They refused him his title. They called him contemptuously *Mr. Bonaparte.** They resorted to every mean subterfuge in their diplomacy to avoid the recognition of his imperial dignity. They filled the world with the blackest libels against his fair fame. They accused him of drunkenness, debauchery, murder, blood-thirstiness, incest. They fed those who were constructing infernal machines, and mingling poison, and sharpening daggers, to hunt him out of the world. There is great moral sublimity in the dignity with which Napoleon encountered all this, and went straight on with his work. He had already spared the Bourbons of Naples three times. He resolved to be their dupe no longer. The following energetic proclamation to his army announced the merited fate of this perfidious court :

“ Soldiers ! For the last ten years I have done every thing in my power to save the King of Naples. He has done every thing to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mondovi, and Lodi, he could oppose to me but a feeble resistance. I relied upon the word of this prince, and was generous toward him. When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to commence this unjust war, abandoned by his allies, remained single-handed and defenseless. He implored me. I pardoned him a second time. It is but a few months since you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficiently powerful reasons for suspecting the treason in contemplation. I was still generous. I acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom. For the third time the house of Naples was re-established and saved. Shall we forgive a fourth time ? Shall we rely a fourth time on a court without faith, honor, or reason ? No, no ! *The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign.* Its existence is incompatible with the honor of Europe, and the repose of my crown.”

We presume that there are few readers who will condemn Napoleon for this transaction. Yet Sir Archibald Alison comments upon it in the following terms. For Napoleon to defend himself from the treachery of despots and from the knives of assassins, the Allies ever considered an atrocious crime.

“ This extraordinary severity toward a monarch who was only meditating hostilities against the French Emperor, and had certainly done less injury to

* Gustavus, King of Sweden, in a public note delivered to the French envoy at Stockholm, expressed his surprise at the “ indecent and ridiculous insolence which Monsieur *l'apôtre Bonaparte* had permitted to be inserted in the *Moniteur.*” Alexander, in public documents, addressed him as *chief of the French government.* And the British cabinet passed a solemn decree that the Emperor Napoleon, while at St. Helena, should receive no other title than that of *General Bonaparte.* Gustavus ever insisted that Napoleon was *The Beast* described in the book of Revelation.

his dominions than any European dynasty, was one of the most unjustifiable acts of that relentless conqueror, and, at the same time, descriptive of that mixture of caution and prudence by which his ambitious enterprises were always regulated. Let the case be put as the French themselves stated it. The ambassador and cabinet of Naples, with the dagger at their throat, and under the threat of immediate invasion, had agreed on the 21st of September to a treaty of neutrality, which was ratified by the court, under the like menaces, on the 8th of October. The arrival of the Russian and English squadron in the Bay of Naples six weeks afterward liberated them from their apprehensions, and the cabinet was to violate the former treaty, and join in the coalition against France. Such a departure from national faith was dishonorable; it was a fair ground for hostility, and might have justified exactions of considerable magnitude; but was it a sufficient reason for de-thronement? That is the point; and if it is, what European dynasty has not, fifty times over, justly provoked this severity?*†

Immediately Napoleon wrote, in the following words, to his brother Joseph: "My wish is, that in the first days of February you should enter the kingdom of Naples, and that I should be informed, in the course of the month, that my eagles hang over that capital. You will not make any suspension of arms or capitulation. My intention is, that the Bourbons should have ceased to reign in Naples. I wish to seat on the throne a prince of my house; you, in the first place, if that suits you; another, if that does not suit you."†

Joseph took an army and went to Naples. Upon his approach the English fled with the utmost precipitation, taking with them the royal family.‡ By thus ejecting the royal family of Naples, and placing the crown upon the brow of his brother, Napoleon greatly exasperated the remaining sovereigns of Europe, and added much to his embarrassments. But by leaving the Bourbons on the throne, after such repeated acts of perfidy, he exposed himself to the peril of another treacherous assault whenever hostile Europe should again rise in arms against him. Wisely he chose the least of two evils. And now the idea became an established principle in the mind of Napoleon, that as all the feudal kings of Europe were in heart banded against him, and were ever watching for opportunities to assail him, he must

* *Alison's History of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 376.

† "The extremity of the Peninsula and Sicily compose the kingdom of Naples, the most powerful state in Italy, most like Rome in ignorance and barbarism, and still worse governed, if possible. There reigned a Bourbon, a mild, imbecile prince, devoted to one kind of pursuit, fishing and field sports. These occupations engrossed all his time. While he was engaged in them, the government of his kingdom was abandoned to his wife, an Austrian princess, sister to the Queen of France. This princess, a woman of capricious disposition, of licentious passions, having the Minister Acton for her paramour, who was sold to the English, conducted the affairs of the kingdom in a senseless manner. The English, whose policy it always was to gain a footing on the Continent by controlling the petty states bordering upon its coasts, had endeavored to make themselves the patrons of Naples as well as of Portugal and Holland. They excited the hatred of the queen against France, and with that hatred infused the ambition to rule Italy."—*Thiers*.

‡ "The brief reign of Joseph was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools, some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privileges—suppressed the convents—opened new roads—caused the *Lezzaroni* of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes, and every where animated with new life and hope a people long sunk in abject servitude."—*New York American*.

strengthen his power by establishing thrones and sustaining governments which should be occupied by his friends. It was a struggle, not only for his political existence, but also for the dignity and the independence of the French nation.

Holland was a low, marshy country, about the size of the State of Maryland. Two million and a half of inhabitants, protected from the sea by dikes, cultivated its fields and worked its factories. Holland had followed in the footsteps of France in the effort to obtain, by revolutionary violence, deliverance from aristocratic usurpation. England, with her allies, fell upon Holland as upon France. At one swoop she robbed her of her colonies, swept her commerce from the seas, and held all her ports in close blockade. Hostile armies invaded her territory. The nation, single-handed, was powerless against such multitudinous foes. She appealed to France for aid. The aid was furnished, and the allied hosts expelled. When France adopted monarchical forms of government, Holland decided to do the same. Holland and France, mutually sympathizing, needed mutual support. Their most intimate alliance seemed to be essential to their existence. Holland therefore chose Louis Bonaparte for her king. Louis was an intelligent, conscientious, and upright man. Even the voice of slander has not attempted to sully his fame. He won the enthusiastic love of his subjects.

The Cisalpine Republic had received the name of the Kingdom of Italy. It was a small territory, about the size of the State of Maryland, containing three million and a half of inhabitants. It was indebted to Napoleon for existence. Unaided by his arm, it could not for an hour have protected itself from the assaults of Austria. In mid-winter, four hundred and fifty deputies had crossed the Alps to implore the assistance of Napoleon in organizing their government, and in defending them from the armed despots which threatened their destruction. In the following words they had addressed Napoleon :

“The Cisalpine Republic needs a support which will cause it to be respected by the powers which have not yet recognized its existence. It absolutely requires a man who, by the ascendant of his name and strength, may give it the rank and consideration which it may not otherwise obtain. Therefore General Bonaparte is requested to honor the Cisalpine Republic by continuing to govern it, by blending the direction of its affairs with those of France, so long as shall be necessary to unite all parts of its territory under the same political institutions, and to cause it to be recognized by the powers of Europe.”

At the earnest solicitation of the people, Napoleon afterward accepted the crown, declaring Eugene to be his heir. On this occasion he said to the French Senate :

“Powerful and great is the French Empire. Greater still is our moderation. We have, in a manner, conquered Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany. But in the midst of such unparalleled success we have listened only to the counsels of moderation. Of so many conquered provinces we have retained only the one which was necessary to maintain France in that rank among nations which she has always enjoyed. The partition of Poland, the provinces torn from Turkey, the conquest of India, and of almost all the

European colonies, have turned the balance against us. To form a counter-poise to such acquisitions, we must retain something. But we must keep only what is useful and necessary. Great would have been the addition to the wealth and the resources of our territory if we had united to them the Italian Republic. But we gave it independence at Lyons. And now we proceed a step further, and recognize its ultimate separation from the crown of France, deferring only the execution of that project till it can be done without danger to Italian independence."

The government of Eugene in Italy was popular in the extreme. The Italians still look back upon the days of the Kingdom of Italy as the most brilliant and the most prosperous of their modern history. The administration of the government by Napoleon is ever spoken of with admiration. Eugene followed the maxims which he received from the sagacity and the experience of the Emperor. "Unlike," says Alison, "the conquered states of other European monarchies, the inhabitants of Lombardy felt the foreign yoke only in the quickened circulation of wealth, the increased vent for industry, the wider field for exertion. Honors, dignities, and emoluments, all were reserved for Italians. Hardly a magistrate or civil functionary was of foreign birth. Every where great and useful undertakings were set on foot. Splendid edifices ornamented the towns. Useful canals irrigated the fields."

The state of Piedmont, a province of Sardinia, was about as large as Massachusetts. It contained a population of one and a half million. The inhabitants were overjoyed to escape from the iron despotism of Austrian rule. Cordially sympathizing with the French in their political principles, they tumultuously joined them. The whole land blazed with illuminations, and was vocal with rejoicings, as Piedmont was annexed to France. Napoleon was of Italian parentage. He ever remained faithful to the souvenirs of his origin. The Italian language was his mother tongue, and the interests of Italy were peculiarly near to his heart.

The Peninsula was divided up into innumerable petty dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms. None of these could be independent. They could only exist by seeking shelter beneath the flag of Austria or France. It was one of the fondest dreams of Napoleon's noble ambition to restore Italian independence. He hoped, by his influence, to have been able to unite all these feeble governments in one great kingdom, containing twenty millions of inhabitants. Rome he would make its illustrious capital. He designed to rescue the immortal city from the ruins with which it is encumbered; to protect its ancient monuments from the further ravages of decay, and to restore the city, as far as possible, to its ancient splendor. Napoleon had gained such an influence over the Italian people, that he could, without much difficulty, have carried this magnificent project into execution, were it not for certain political considerations which arrested him. He wished for peace with Europe. He wished, if possible, to conciliate the friendly feelings of the surrounding monarchies toward the new institutions in France.

To appease Austria, he deemed it wise to leave her in possession of her conquest of the ancient state of Veniee as far as the Adige. Spain was propitiated by allowing her two princes to occupy the throne of Etruria. By permitting the Pope to retain his secular power over the States of the Church,

he secured throughout Europe a religious interest in favor of France. The Bourbons he had wished to leave undisturbed upon the throne of Naples, notwithstanding reiterated acts of treachery against him. This would be a pledge to Europe of his desire not to introduce violence and revolution into other governments. The *power* was clearly in his hands. He *could* have set all these considerations at defiance. So large a proportion of the population of Italy had imbibed the principles of equality which the French Revolution had originated, that they implored the permission of Napoleon to drive their rulers from their thrones. Wherever the French armies appeared, they were welcomed by a large portion of the people as friends and liberators. But Napoleon did not deem it wise to spread through Europe the flames of revolution, neither did he consider it his duty to allow the despots of Europe to force back upon France a rejected and detested dynasty. The various annexations and alliances to which we have above referred took place at various times between 1802 and 1806.

Such, in the main, was the position of France at this period. "While England," says Alison, "was extending its mighty arms over both hemispheres, France was laying its iron grasp on the richest and most important provinces of Europe. The strife could not be other than desperate between two such powers." The difference between the two was simply this. England was conquering and annexing to her vast empire continents, islands, and provinces all over the world: in the East Indies and in the West Indies, in North America and in South America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa; in the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, and the Indian Ocean; in the Mediterranean Sea, and upon the shores of the Red Sea and of the Caspian. It was her boast that upon the territories of Britannia the sun never ceased to shine.* She had formed coalitions against France with Russia, Austria, Turkey, Prussia, Naples, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and innumerable other petty principalities and dukedoms. And yet this England, the undisputed mistress of the sea, and more powerful upon land than imperial Rome in her meridian grandeur, was filling the world with clamor against the insatiable ambition of Napoleon. He had annexed to France, Genoa, the valleys of Piedmont, and a few leagues of territory along the left banks of the Rhine, that that noble river might be one of his barriers against invading hosts. He had also strengthened his empire to resist its multitudinous foes, by forming strong friendly alliances with the Kingdom of Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland, and a few minor states. To call this the spirit of encroachment is an abuse of language. It was merely putting a stronger lock upon his door as a necessary protection against robbers.

There was a fatality attending Napoleon's career which he ever recognized, and which no human wisdom could have averted. Aristocratic Europe was necessarily in arms against the Democratic Emperor. Had Napoleon neglected to fortify himself against aggression, by enlarging the boundaries of France, and by forming friendly alliances, the coalesced despots would have laughed him to scorn as they tore the crown from his brow. But, on the other hand, by disseminating principles of equality, and organ-

* The population in India over whom England, by the energies of war, had extended her dominion, is estimated by the London Times to be 150,000,000.

izing his friends as barriers against his foes, he alarmed still more the monarchs around him, and roused them to still more desperate efforts for his destruction. The government of England can not be called a despotism. Next to that of the United States, it is the most liberal and free of any upon the globe. But the English oligarchy dreaded exceedingly the democratic principles which had gained such an ascendancy in France. Thousands of her population, headed by many of the most eloquent members of Parliament, were clamorous for popular reform. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The maritime supremacy of England was also imperiled should Napoleon, with his almost superhuman genius, have free scope for the development of the energies of France; therefore liberty-loving England allowed herself to head an alliance of despots against popular rights.

Combined Europe crushed Napoleon. And what is Europe now? It contains but two classes—the oppressors and the oppressed. “The day will yet come,” said Napoleon, “when the English will lament the victory of Waterloo.” Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased! The memory of the one will survive his destruction. The memory of the other will perhaps be buried in his triumph. “When I heard,” said Robert Hall, “of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt that the clock of the world had gone back six ages.”

In this connection Napoleon remarked at St. Helena: “The English are said to traffic in every thing. Why, then, does she not sell liberty, for which she might get a high price, and without any fear of exhausting her own stock? For example, what would not the poor Spaniards give her to free them from the yoke to which they have again been subjected? I am confident that they would willingly pay any price to recover their freedom. It was I who inspired them with this sentiment; and the error into which I fell might at least be turned into good account by another government. As to the Italians, I have planted in their hearts principles which can never be rooted out. What can England do better than to promote and assist the noble impulses of modern regeneration? Sooner or later this regeneration must be accomplished. Sovereigns and old aristocratic institutions may exert their efforts to oppose it, but in vain. They are dooming themselves to the punishment of Sisyphus. Sooner or later some arm will tire of resistance, and then the whole system will fall to nothing. Would it not be better to yield with a good grace? This was my intention. Why does England refuse to avail herself of the glory and advantage she might derive from this course of proceeding?”

Napoleon, fully conscious of the uncertainty of his position, wrote to Joseph in Naples, urging him to erect a powerful fortress upon the sea-coast. “Five or six millions a year,” said he, “ought to be devoted for ten years to this great creation, in such a manner that with each expenditure of six millions a degree of strength should be gained, and so that, so early as the second or third year, you might be able to shut yourself up in this vast fortress. Neither you nor I know what is to befall us in two, three, or four years. *Centuries are not for us.* If you are energetic, you may hold out, in

such an asylum, long enough to defy the rigors of Fortune, and to await the return of her favors." On another occasion, he remarked to some friends, who had gathered around him in the Tuileries, when in the very meridian of his power, "The vicissitudes of life are very great. It would not be strange should my son yet have cause to deem himself very fortunate with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year."

Napoleon was ever of the impression that the majority of the British people were opposed to the war; that it was maintained solely by the influence and to promote the interests of the aristocracy.

"I would not have attempted to subject England to France," said he to O'Meara. "I could not have united two nations so dissimilar. If I had succeeded in my project, I would have abolished the monarchy and established a republic, instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. I would have separated Ireland from England, and left them to themselves, after having sown the seeds of republicanism in their *morale*. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain, but would have introduced a great reform." "Would England," says Alison, "have remained true to herself under the temptation to swerve produced by such means? This is a point upon which no Briton would have entertained a doubt till within these few years. But the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance which has recently grown up with the spread of Democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. The spirit of the nation, indeed, then ran high against Gallic invasion; unanimity unprecedented animated the British people. But, strong as that feeling was, it is now doubtful whether it would not have been supplanted, in a large portion of the nation at least, by a still stronger, and if the sudden offer of all the glittering objects of Democratic ambition would not have shaken the patriotism of a considerable portion of the British, as it unquestionably would of the great bulk of the Irish people."

Sixteen princes, of various degrees of rank and power, occupying small states in the valley of the Rhine, formed a league. The plan originated with Napoleon. The states thus united took the name of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was a compact somewhat resembling that of the "United States," and embraced a population of about fourteen million. Napoleon was elected Protector of the Confederation. Perfect liberty of conscience was established through all the states, and they entered unitedly into an alliance with France, offensive and defensive. In case of war, France was to furnish 200,000 men, and the Confederates 63,000. All disputes between the states were to be settled by a congress composed of two bodies. When this Confederation was formed to secure external and internal peace, Napoleon sent word to the King of Prussia "that he would see without pain, nay, even with pleasure, Prussia ranging under her influence all the states of the north of Germany, by means of a confederation similar to that of the Rhine."

Twelve years before these events, Spain had entered into a treaty with France, by which she agreed to furnish France, in case of war, with an aux-

iliary force, which was subsequently commuted into a subsidy of fifteen million of dollars a year. England was very reasonably annoyed that this large sum should be furnished her foe by a nation professing neutrality. Spain was in a dilemma. If she refused to fulfill the treaty, war with France would be the inevitable consequence. If she continued to supply France with money, she must expose herself to the broadsides of the British navy. After many remonstrances on the part of England, and denials, apologies, and protestations on the part of Spain, England, without any declaration of war, issued secret orders to her fleet to capture the merchant-ships of Spain, wherever found. Four Spanish galleons, freighted with treasure, all unsuspecting of danger, were approaching Cadiz. A squadron of four British ships attacked them. One of the Spanish ships was blown up, and all on board, two hundred and fifty in number, perished. The other three ships, their decks slippery with blood, were captured. The treasure on board was over ten million of dollars. Language can not do justice to this act.

This occurrence produced intense excitement throughout England. The government, with much embarrassment, defended the measure as justifiable and necessary. Fox, Lord Grenville, and vast numbers of the British people, condemned the act as an indelible disgrace to the nation. Spain immediately declared war against Great Britain. The united fleets of France and Spain, some thirty ships in number, were met by an equal squadron of English ships off Cape Trafalgar.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

It was the 21st of October, 1805, the day after the capitulation of Ulm. A bloody conflict ensued. The combined fleet was entirely overthrown. Nineteen ships were taken; seven escaped into Cadiz so pierced and shattered as to be perfectly unserviceable; four made way for the Straits, and were captured a few days afterward. Thus

the fleets of France and Spain were in fact annihilated. England remained the undisputed mistress of the seas. Napoleon could no longer hope to assail her. He could only strive to ward off the blows which she continued unceasingly to deal upon him. This led him more deeply to feel the necessity of strengthening himself upon the Continent, as the wide world of water was entirely in possession of his foes.*

The capitulation at Ulm and the victory of Austerlitz caused the defeat of Trafalgar to be forgotten. The echoes of that terrific naval conflict died away amid the solitudes of the ocean, while the resonance of the mighty tread of Napoleon's armies vibrated through every capital upon the Conti-

* Nelson lost his life in this conflict. England gratefully conferred all possible honors upon his memory. His brother was made an earl, with a pension of 30,000 dollars a year. Each of his sisters received a gift of 50,000 dollars, and 500,000 dollars to purchase an estate. A public funeral was decreed him, and a monument erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. "At Waterloo," says Alison, "England fought for victory; at Trafalgar, for existence."

nent. William Pitt soon died, at the age of forty-seven. Public opinion in England now imperiously called for Mr. Fox as prime minister. The king was compelled to yield. Mr. Fox and Napoleon were friends—mutual admirers. The masses of the British people were in favor of peace. The powerful aristocracy, both of wealth and rank, were almost to a man in favor of war. Napoleon was exceedingly gratified by this change, and was sanguine in the hope of immediate peace.

Soon after the accession of Mr. Fox to power, a wretch presented himself to him and offered to assassinate Napoleon. Mr. Fox indignantly ordered the man to be seized and imprisoned, and wrote a noble letter to the French government denouncing the odious project, and offering to place the man at their disposal. This generous procedure, so different from that which Napoleon had been accustomed to receive from the British government, touched the magnanimous heart of the Emperor. "There," he exclaimed, "I recognize the principles of honor and virtue which have always animated Mr. Fox. Thank him in my name. Tell him, whether the policy of his sovereign causes us to continue much longer at war, or whether as speedy an end as the two nations can desire is put to a quarrel useless to humanity, I rejoice at the new character which, from this proceeding, the war has already taken. It is an omen of what may be expected from a cabinet, of the principles of which I am delighted to judge from those of Mr. Fox. He is one of the men most fitted to feel in every thing what is excellent, what is truly great." M. Talleyrand communicated these sentiments to the English minister. A reply was immediately returned by Mr. Fox, in frank and cordial terms proposing peace. Napoleon was delighted with the proposal. Most sincerely he wished for reconciliation with Great Britain. Rejoiced at this overture, he accepted it with the utmost cordiality.

But it was now extremely difficult to settle the conditions of peace. Napoleon was so powerful, that France would accede to any terms which her Emperor should judge to be best; but Mr. Fox was surrounded in Parliament by an opposition of immense strength. The Tories wished for war. England had made enormous conquests of the colonies of France and her allies. She wished to retain them all. France had made vast accessions to her power upon the Continent. The English government insisted that she should surrender all. England wished to be the great manufacturer of the world, with all nations for her purchasers, and with the commerce of all climes engrossed by her fleets. Napoleon, though most anxious for peace, was not willing that France should become the vassal of England. He deemed it a matter of the first moment that French manufactures should be encouraged by protective duties. Under these circumstances, Napoleon said to Mr. Fox, through M. Talleyrand,

"France will not dispute with England the conquests England has made. Neither does France claim any thing more upon the Continent than what she now has. It will, therefore, be easy to lay down the basis of a peace, if England has not inadmissible views relative to commercial interests. The Emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the Emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they

are possible, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means to protect by all duties and prohibitions which can favor its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

It is cheering to contemplate the generous intercourse between these noble men. Mr. Fox accompanied each dispatch with a private note, full of frank and cordial friendship. M. Talleyrand, who was but the amanuensis of Napoleon, followed his example. It will be remembered that, at the commencement of the war, the English captured all the French whom they could find upon the sea. Napoleon, in retaliation, captured all the English whom he could find upon the land. Many members of the highest families in England were detained in France. Mr. Fox applied for the release of several of them on parole. Napoleon immediately sent to him every one designated in the list. Mr. Fox, in return for this magnanimity, released an equal number of illustrious captives taken in the battle of Trafalgar.*

There was another serious difficulty in the way of peace. The King of England was also King of Hanover. This kingdom, situated in the northern part of Germany, occupied a territory about twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, and embraced a million and a half of inhabitants. At the commencement of the last coalition against France, Napoleon had taken it. At the peace of Presburg, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon had allowed Prussia to take possession of the territory. English honor demanded that Hanover should be restored. This appeared absolutely essential to peace; but Prussia grasped her rich booty with deathless tenacity. Napoleon, however, meditated restoring Hanover to England, and conferring upon Prussia some other provinces in requital. In the midst of this labyrinth of diplomacy, Fox was suddenly taken sick and died. The peace of the world was entombed in his sepulchre. New influences gained strength in the cabinet of St. James, and all hopes of peace were at an end. The English ministers now presented all kinds of obstacles in the way of peace, and the ambassadors at Paris conducting the negotiations soon demanded their passports. "There can be no doubt," says H. B. Ireland, "but that the hopes of a new war indulged by the English cabinet constituted the basis of those objections. This rupture was hailed at the London Stock Exchange with the most savage demonstrations of joy."

The death of Fox Napoleon ever deemed one of the greatest of calamities. At St. Helena he said, "Half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation."

"With such men I should always have agreed. We should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things to-

* A friend writes to me, "Sir Henry Halford, who was physician to George IV., in one of his essays 'On some of the Results of the Successful Practice of Physic,' refers to Dr. Jenner, and the honor and influence which he acquired by the discovery of the protective effect of vaccination, and says, 'It is true that Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, accorded their freedom from bondage to no less than nine captives, severally, at the request of Dr. Jenner, a homage to the benevolent author of so important a discovery.' I will add only one query: Would George IV. or George III. have done such magnanimous acts?"

gether." Again he said, "Fame had informed me of his talents. I found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. And again he remarked, "Certainly the death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe."*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

A new Coalition formed against France—Remarks in the *Moniteur*—The two antagonistic Forces existing in Europe—Letter to the King of Prussia—Ascent of the Landgrafenberg—Perfidy of Spain—Intercepted Dispatches—Battles of Jena and Auerstadt—Peril of the Prussian King—Amazing Victory of Napoleon—Address to the Saxons—The Duchess of Weimar—Opinion of Women—Sword of Frederick the Great—Letters to Josephine.

AND now England, Russia, and Prussia formed another coalition against Napoleon. There was even no plausible pretext to be urged in extenuation of the war. Napoleon was consecrating all his energies to the promotion of the best interests of France. For the accomplishment of his noble purposes he needed peace. In his vast conquests he had shown the most singular moderation—a moderation which ought to have put England, Russia, and Prussia to the blush. To the following remarks in the *Moniteur*—evidently from the powerful pen of Napoleon—Europe could make no reply but by the charges of her squadrons and by the broadsides of her fleets.

"Why should hostilities arise between France and Russia? Perfectly independent of each other, they are impotent to inflict evil, but all-powerful to communicate benefits. If the Emperor of France exercises a great influence in Italy, the Czar exerts a still greater influence over Turkey and Persia. If the cabinet of Russia pretends to have a right to affix limits to the power of France, without doubt it is equally disposed to allow the Emperor of the French to prescribe the bounds beyond which Russia is not to pass. Russia has partitioned Poland. Can she then complain that France possesses Belgium and the left banks of the Rhine? Russia has seized upon Crimea, the Caucasus, and the northern provinces of Persia. Can she deny that the right of self-preservation gives France a title to demand an equivalent in Eu-

* "While Mr. Pitt lived," says Hazlitt, "war was certain; his death offered a bare chance of peace. He had long been the mouthpiece of the war party, and the darling of that part of the aristocracy who wished to subdue the popular spirit of English freedom to get the whole power of the country into the hands of a few borough-mongers, and, of course, to crush and stifle the example and the rising flame of liberty every where else. Engaged in a quarrel that was never to have an end, and for an object that was to be kept in the background, it was necessary to have a set of plausible excuses always ready. If we were at war, it was for 'the existence of social order.' If we did not make peace, it was because 'existing circumstances did not permit us.'

"While Fox held the reins, hopes continued to be entertained of peace, and Bonaparte, with Talleyrand to assist him, strained every nerve to urge it forward, but at his death things reverted to their old and natural course."

rope? Let every power begin by restoring the conquests which it has made during the last fifty years. Let them re-establish Poland, restore Venice to its Senate, Trinidad to Spain, Ceylon to Holland, the Crimea to the Porte, the Caucasus and Georgia to Persia, the kingdom of Mysore to the sons of Tippoo Saib, and the Mahratta States to their lawful owners, and then the other powers may have some title to insist that France shall retire within her ancient limits. It is the fashion to speak of the ambition of France. Had she chosen to preserve her conquests, the half of Austria, the Venetian States, the states of Holland and Switzerland, and the kingdom of Naples would have been in her possession. The limits of France are, in reality, the Adige and the Rhine. Has it passed either of these limits? Had it fixed on the Solza and the Drave, it would not have exceeded the bounds of its conquest."

When Napoleon was endeavoring to surround General Mack at Ulm, it was absolutely essential to the success of his enterprise that he should send a few battalions across the little state of Anspach, which belonged to Prussia. To Bernadotte, who had charge of this division, he wrote:

"You will traverse the territory of Anspach. Avoid resting there. Do every thing in your power to conciliate the Prussians. Testify the greatest possible regard for the interests of Prussia. In the mean time, pursue your march with the utmost rapidity, alleging as an excuse the impossibility of doing otherwise, which is really the fact."

At the same time, he dispatched the Grand Marshal Duroc to Berlin to apprise the King of Prussia of the critical situation in which he was placed by an attack from so formidable an alliance, without any previous declaration of war; to express his unfeigned regret at the necessity of marching some troops over a portion of the Prussian territory; and to excuse himself upon the ground of absolute necessity alone. Though the king rather ungraciously accepted the apology, the more warlike portion of the nation, headed by their chivalric queen, loudly declared that this violation was an outrage which could only be avenged by the sword. This was one of the grievances of which Prussia now complained.

There were then, as now, in Europe two great antagonistic forces—the governors and the governed—the aristocracy and the people. The triumph of Napoleon was the triumph of popular rights. Alexander, young, ambitious, and the monarch of the uncounted millions of Russia, was anxious to wipe out the stain of Austerlitz. Prussia, proud of her past military glory, and stimulated by an enthusiastic and romantic queen, resolved to measure swords with the great conqueror. England, burdened with the grasp of two hemispheres, reiterated her cry against "the insatiable ambition of Napoleon."

The armies of Prussia, nearly 200,000 strong, commenced their march against France, and entered the heart of Saxony. Frederick William, the King of Prussia, headed this army, and compelled the King of Saxony to join the alliance. "Our cause," he said, "is the common cause of legitimate kings, and all such must aid in the enterprise." Alexander, having aroused anew his barbarian legions, was hastening by forced marches over the wilds of Poland. Two hundred thousand men were in his train, to join

the invading host in their march upon Paris. England, with her omnipresent and invincible fleet, was frowning along the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Channel, raining down terrific blows upon every exposed point, and striving, by her political influence and her gold, to unite new nations in the formidable coalition.

With deep sorrow Napoleon beheld the rising of this new storm. He had just completed an arduous campaign ; he had treated his enemies with surpassing magnanimity, and had hoped that a permanent peace was secured. But no sooner was one coalition destroyed than another was formed. His energetic spirit, however, was not one to yield to despondency. Throwing off the dejection which for an hour oppressed him, with all his wonted power and genius he roused himself for the new conflict. He wrote to his brothers in Naples and in Holland, saying,

“ Give yourselves no uneasiness. The present struggle will be speedily terminated. Prussia and her allies, be they who they may, will be crushed. *And this time I will settle finally with Europe. I will put it out of the power of my enemies to stir for ten years.*”

He shut himself up for forty-eight hours to form his plans and arrange the details. He then for two days dictated, almost without intermission, nearly two hundred letters.

All these letters are preserved. Through all time they will be admired as models of the art of governing armies and empires. In six days the Imperial Guard were sent from Paris to the Rhine. They traveled by post sixty miles a day. It was nearly midnight on the 24th of September, 1806, when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered his carriage at the Tuilleries to join the army. As in the last contest, he knew not “ why he fought, or what was required of him.” He communicated a parting message to the Senate, in which he said :

“ In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretense, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage.”

In his first bulletin he wrote, “ The Queen of Prussia is with the army, dressed as an Amazon, bearing the uniform of her regiment of dragoons, writing twenty letters a day to spread the conflagration in all directions. We seem to behold Armida in her madness setting fire to her own palace. After her follow Prince Louis of Prussia, a prince full of bravery, hurried on by the spirit of party, who flatters himself that he shall find great renown in the vicissitudes of war. Following the example of these illustrious persons, all the court cries ‘ To arms ! ’ But when war shall have reached them with all its horrors, all will seek to exculpate themselves from having been instrumental in bringing its thunder to the peaceful plains of the north.”

At Mayence Napoleon parted with Josephine. Her tears for a moment overcame him, and he yielded to those emotions of tenderness which are an honor to the heart. He headed his army, utterly bewildered the Prussians by his maneuvers, and in a few days threw his whole force into their rear, cutting them off from all their supplies and from all possibility of retreat.

He was now sure of a decisive victory ; yet, to arrest, if possible, the effusion of blood, he humanely wrote as follows to the King of Prussia :

"I am now in the heart of Saxony. Believe me, my strength is such that your forces can not long balance the victory. But wherefore shed so much blood ? To what purpose ? Why should we make our subjects slay each other ? I do not prize a victory which is purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire ! your majesty will be vanquished. You will have compromised the repose of your life and the existence of your subjects without the shadow of a pretext. At present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month has passed you will treat, but in a different position. I am aware that I may, in thus writing, irritate that sensibility which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your majesty to view in this letter nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that he may have you in his worthy and holy keeping.

"Your majesty's good brother,

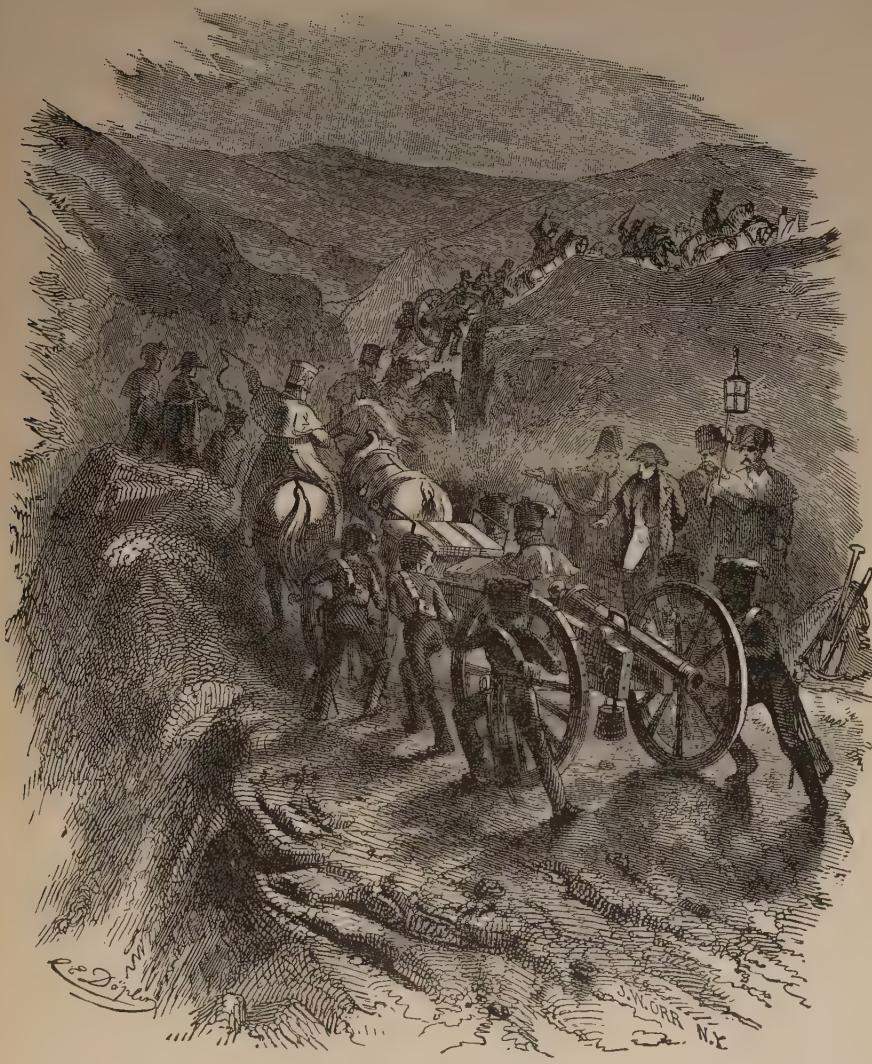
NAPOLEON."

To this letter no reply was returned. It was given to a Prussian officer, but it is said that the King did not receive it until the morning of the battle of Jena.

In two days, Napoleon, accompanying the advance guard of his army, met the mighty host of the Prussians strongly fortified upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the thirteenth of October. A cloudless sun, filling the western sky with splendor, dazzled the eye with brilliance as its rays were reflected from the armor of one hundred thousand men. Eighteen thousand superb cavalry, with their burnished helmets and proud caparisons, were drawn up upon the plain. Three hundred pieces of heavy artillery were concentrated in a battery, whose destructive power imagination can hardly conceive. The advanced posts of the Prussians were stationed upon the Landgrafenberg, a high and steep hill, whose summit was deemed inaccessible to artillery. Napoleon immediately drove them from the hill and took possession. From its brow the whole lines of the Prussian army could be descried, extending for many leagues.

The plain of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant, was however lost from the view. Napoleon was not aware that a strong division of the Prussian army occupied that position. The shades of night came on. The blaze from the Prussian fires, dispersed over a space of eighteen miles, threw a brilliant glow over the whole heavens. Couriers were immediately dispatched to hasten on with all possible speed the battalions of the French army for the decisive battle which the morning sun was to usher in. Napoleon was his own engineer in surmounting the difficulties of dragging the cannon to the summit of the Landgrafenberg. To encourage the men to herculean toil, Napoleon, by the light of the lantern, worked with his own hands in blasting the rocks and smoothing the way. With incredible enthusiasm, the suc-

cessive divisions of the French as they arrived engaged in overcoming those obstacles which to the Prussians had appeared absolutely insurmountable. Napoleon, having prepared the way, and aided in dragging one gun to the summit, left his troops to do the rest. Through the long night they toiled unceasingly, and before the morning dawned a formidable battery was bristling from the heights.



ASCENT OF THE LANDGRAFENBERG.

As battalion after battalion arrived in the darkness, they took the positions designated by their experienced chieftain, and threw themselves upon the ground for sleep. Soult and Ney received orders to march all night, to be prepared to arrest the retreat of the Prussians. Napoleon, having thus made all his arrangements for the terrific conflict of the ensuing day, retired to his

tent about midnight, and calmly sat down to draw up a plan of study and of discipline for Madame Campan's Female School.*

Nothing can more strikingly show than this the peculiar organization of this most extraordinary mind. There was no affectation in this effort. He could, at any time, turn from one subject, however momentous that might be, and consecrate all his energies to another, untroubled by a wandering thought. All that he did for the internal improvement of France, he was compelled to do in moments thus snatched from the toils of war. Combined Europe would never allow him to lay aside the sword. "France," said Napoleon, "needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers." His heart was deeply interested in promoting the prosperity and happiness of France. To the sanguinary scenes of Jena and Auerstadt he was reluctantly driven by the attacks of foes, who denounced him as a usurper, and threatened to hurl him from his throne.



JENA AND AUERSTADT.

It was midnight. A girdle of flame, rising from the innumerable watch-fires of the Prussian hosts, blazed along the horizon as far as the eye could extend, almost encircling the troops of the Emperor. The cold winds of approaching winter swept the bleak summit of the Landgrafenberg. Wrapped in his cloak, he had thrown himself upon the ground, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of his soldiers. He was far from home. The fate of his empire depended perhaps upon the struggle of the ensuing day. England, Russia, Prussia, the three most powerful monarchies upon the globe, were banded against him. If defeated on the morrow, Austria, Sweden, and all the minor monarchies would fall upon the Republican Emperor, and secure his utter destruction.

In that gloomy hour, intercepted dispatches of the utmost importance were

* Count Pelet de Lozerne assigns this event to the eve of the battle of Austerlitz. In either case, it alike illustrates a well-known peculiarity in the character of Napoleon.

placed in the hands of Napoleon. He roused himself from his slumber, and read them by the light of the camp-fire. The Bourbons of Spain, admonished by the defeat of Trafalgar, had decided that England would be for them a safer ally than France. While professing cordial friendship for Napoleon, they were entering into secret alliance with England. Taking advantage of Napoleon's absence from France, and trusting that he would encounter defeat far away in the heart of Prussia, they were treacherously preparing to cross the Pyrenees, and, in alliance with England, to attack him in his rear. Napoleon certainly was not one of the meekest of men. The perusal of these documents convinced him that he could enjoy no security while the Bourbons sat upon the throne of Spain. They would avail themselves of every opportunity to attack him in the dark. As he folded up these proofs of their perfidy, he calmly remarked, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." From that hour the doom of the Spanish house of Bourbon was sealed.

Napoleon wrapped himself again in his cloak, threw himself upon the ground with his feet toward the fire, and slept as serenely as if he were reposing upon the imperial couch of St. Cloud.

At about four o'clock in the morning he was again on horseback. A dense fog enveloped the plains, shrouding with impenetrable obscurity the sleeping hosts. Under cover of the darkness and the thick vapor, the French army was ranged in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" greeted Napoleon as he rode along their lines. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, and shivering in their ranks, waited impatiently two hours for the signal of attack. At six o'clock the order to advance was given. In solid columns, through the gray mist of the morning, the French pierced the Prussian lines in every direction.

Then ensued a scene of horror which no pen can describe, which no imagination can conceive. For eight hours the battle raged as if demon with demon contended—the soldiers of Napoleon and the marshaled host trained in the school of Frederick the Great! It was indeed "Greek meeting Greek." The ground was covered with the slain. The shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging cavalry, the shout of onset, as the pursuers cut down and rode over the pursued, rose in hideous clamor even above the ceaseless thunders of the battle. The victory wavered to and fro. About midday the Prussian general felt that the victory was his. He dispatched an order to one of his generals,

"Send all the force you can to the chief point of attack. At this moment we beat the enemy at all points. My cavalry has captured some of his cannon." A few hours later he sent the following almost frantic dispatch to his reserve:

"Lose not a moment in advancing with your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that through their openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which in the most furious manner rides on, overwhelms, and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

In the midst of this appalling scene, so graphically described, the Prussian

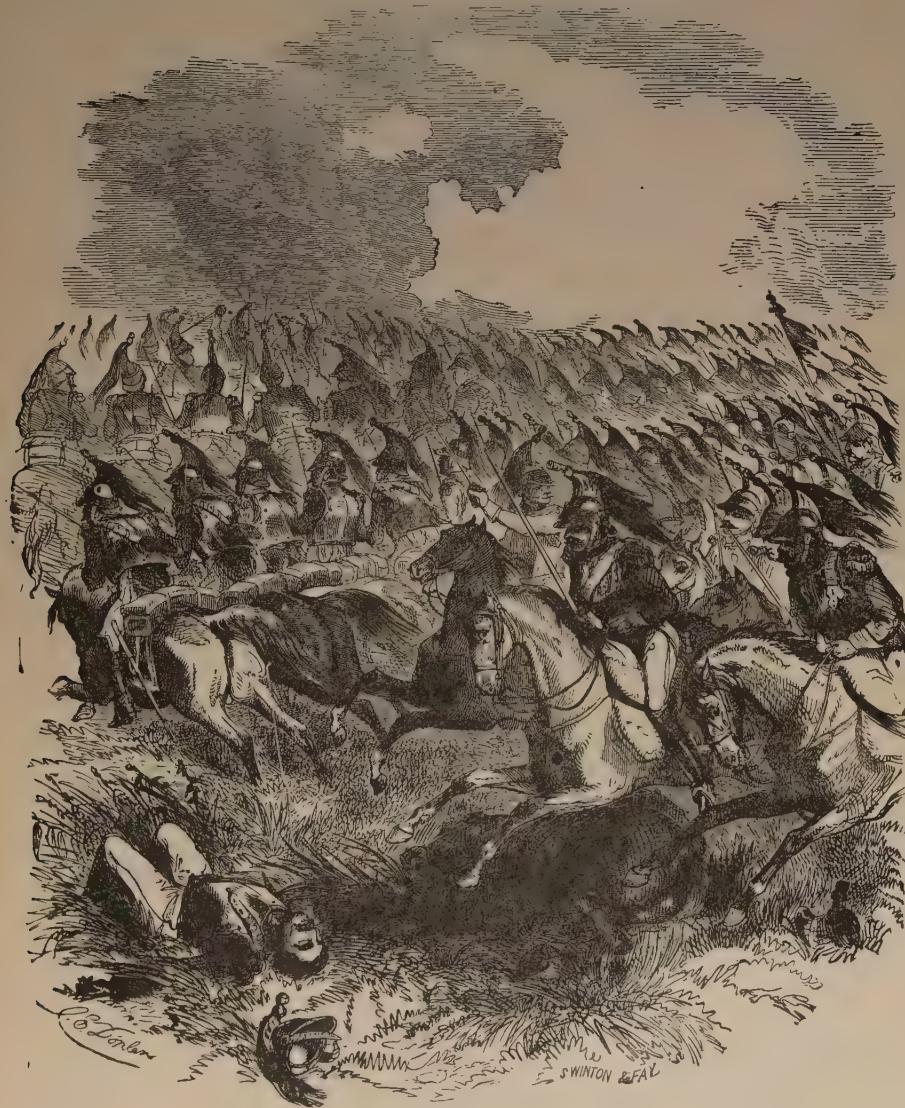
reserve, twenty thousand strong, with firm tread and unbroken front, emerged through the cloud of fugitives to stem the awful torrent. For a moment they seemed to restore the battle. Napoleon stood upon the summit of the Landgrafenberg, calm, serene, passionless, watching every portion of the extended field, and guiding the terrific elements of destruction. The Imperial Guard, held in reserve, waited hour after hour, looking upon the carnage before them, burning with intense zeal to share in the conflict. At last a young soldier, in the excess of his almost delirious excitement, shouted, "Forward, forward!" "How now?" exclaimed Napoleon, sternly, as he turned his eye toward him. "What beardless boy is this, who ventures to counsel his Emperor? Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice!"



NAPOLEON AND HIS GUARD.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon saw that the decisive moment had arrived. He ordered Murat, with twelve thousand horse, fresh and in the finest array, to charge the bewildered, wavering, bleeding host, and complete the victory. The clatter of iron hoofs was heard resounding like the roar of an earthquake as this terrible and irresistible mass swept with overwhelming destruction upon the plain. The work was done. The Prussian army was destroyed. Humanity vails her weeping eyes from the appalling scene which ensued. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. All order was lost, as the whole army, like an inundation, rushed from the field. The batteries of Napoleon plowed their ranks in every direction. The musketry of Napoleon's solid columns pierced them through and through with a pitiless storm of bullets. Twelve thousand horsemen, mounted on powerful and unwearied steeds, rode over and trampled down the confused mass, and their sabres dripped with blood. The

wretched victims of war, in their frantic attempts to escape, found their retreat every where cut off by the terrible genius of the conqueror. They were headed here and there, and driven back upon themselves in refluent waves of blood and destruction.



CAVALRY CHARGE.

While this scene was transpiring upon the plains of Jena, the Prussians were encountering a similar disaster upon the field of Auerstadt, but twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies met in their flight and were entangled in the crowded roads, while bullets, and grape-shot, and cannon-balls, and bomb-shells were falling like hailstones and thunderbolts upon them, consternation unutterable seized all hearts. In wild dismay they dis-

banded, and, throwing down their arms and forsaking their guns, their horses, and their ammunition wagons, they fled, a rabble rout, across the fields, without direction and without a rallying point. But Murat, with his twelve thousand horsemen, was in the midst of them, and their mangled corpses strewed the plain.

Darkness came. It brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was uninterrupted. Not one moment was allowed the foe to rally or to rest. In every direction the fugitives found the divisions of Napoleon before them. The king himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner during the tumult and the horror of that disastrous rout. He had fled in the midst of the wreck of his army from the field of Auerstadt. Accompanied by a few companions on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and, in the gloom of night, plunged through field and forest. It was five o'clock in the morning before he succeeded, by circuitous routes and through by-paths, in reaching a place of safety.

The Prussians lost, during this disastrous day, twenty thousand killed and wounded, and twenty thousand were taken prisoners. Napoleon, according to his custom, having dispatched his various generals in pursuit of the vanquished, passed most of the night upon the field of battle, personally superintending the care of the wounded. With his own hand he held the cup of water to their lips, and soothed their dying agonies with his sympathy. With his iron firmness he united a heart of great tenderness. No possible efforts were spared to promote their comfort. He sent Duroc in the morning to the crowded hospitals of Jena, to convey his sympathy to every man individually of the wounded there, to distribute money to those who needed it, and to assure all of munificent rewards. As the letter of the Emperor was read to these unfortunate men, forgetting their sufferings, they shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" Mangled and bleeding, they expressed the desire to recover that they might again devote their lives to him.

Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, ever attributing great praise to his officers and soldiers, most signally rewarded Davoust for his heroism at Auerstadt. In his official account of the battle, he stated,

"On our right the corps of Marshal Davoust performed prodigies. Not only did he keep the enemy in check, but pursued the bulk of his forces over a space of three leagues. That marshal has displayed alike the distinguished bravery and firmness of character which are the first qualities of a soldier."

For his dauntless intrepidity on this occasion he created him Duke of Auerstadt. To honor him still more, he appointed him to enter first the Prussian capital, thus giving him precedence in the sight of the whole army. Two weeks afterward he called his officers around him, and addressed them in the highest terms of respect and admiration. Davoust stepped forward and said, "Sire! the soldiers of the third corps will always be to you what the tenth legion was to Cæsar."

Immediately Napoleon took measures for following up his victory with that activity and skill which no other captain has ever equaled. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The fugitive king, with a few companions, had fled to the confines of Russia, there to await the

approach of the armies of Alexander. Prussia was struck as by a thunderbolt. Never before in the history of the world was such a power so speedily and so utterly annihilated. It was but one month after Napoleon had left Paris, and the work was all done—an army of two hundred thousand men killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed—innumerable fortresses, which had been deemed impregnable, and upon which had been lavished the wealth of ages, had been compelled to capitulate, and Napoleon was reposing at Berlin in the palace of the Prussian king. Europe heard the tidings with amazement and dismay. It seemed more like the unnatural fiction of an Arabian tale than like historic verity. "In assailing this man," said the Emperor Alexander, "we are but children attacking a giant."

The King of Saxony had been compelled to join Prussia against France. In these wars of Europe, sad is the fate of the minor powers. They must unite with one party or the other. Napoleon had taken a large number of Saxon prisoners. The day after the great battle of Jena, he assembled the captive officers in one of the halls of the University at Jena. In frank and conciliating words, he thus addressed them :

"I know not why I am at war with your sovereign. He is a wise, pacific prince, deserving of respect. I wish to see your country rescued from its humiliating dependence upon Prussia. Why should the Saxons and the French, with no motives for hostility, fight against each other? I am ready, on my part, to give a pledge of my amicable disposition by setting you all at liberty, and by sparing Saxony. All I require of you is your promise no more to bear arms against France."

The Saxon officers were seized with admiration as they listened to a proposition so friendly and generous from the lips of this extraordinary man. By acclamation they bound themselves to serve against him no more. They set out for Dresden, declaring that in three days they would bring back the friendship of their sovereign.

The Elector of Hesse was one of the vilest of men, and one of the most absolute and unrelenting of despots. He had an army of 32,000 men. He had done every thing in his power to provoke the war, and was devoted to the English, by whom he was despised. Alexander, with nearly 200,000 chosen troops, was pressing down through the plains of Poland, to try his strength again with the armies of France. Napoleon resolved to meet the Czar at the half way. It was not safe for him to leave in his rear so formidable a force in the hands of this treacherous prince. Marshal Mortier was charged to declare that the Elector of Hesse had ceased to reign, to take possession of his dominions in the name of France, and to disband his army.

The Grand Duke of Weimar had command of a division of the Prussian army. His wife was sister of the Emperor Alexander. She had contributed all her influence to instigate the war. Napoleon entered Weimar. It was a refined and intellectual city, the Athens of modern Germany, and honored by the residence of Goëthe, Schiller, and Wieland. Contending armies, in frightful clamor and carnage, had surged through its streets, as pursuers and pursued had rushed pell-mell in at its gates from the dreadful fields of Jena and Auerstadt. The houses were pierced and shattered by shells and balls,

and the pavements were slippery with blood. The Grand Duchess, greatly agitated, approached Napoleon to implore his clemency.

"You now see, madame," Napoleon coolly replied, "what war is."

This was his only vengeance. He treated his female foe with the greatest courtesy, expressed no displeasure at the conduct of her husband, and ordered especial attention to be paid to the wounded Prussians with which the city was filled. He munificently rewarded a Catholic priest for his unwearyed attentions to the bleeding Prussians.

On the 28th of October Napoleon made a triumphal entry into Berlin, and established himself in the king's palace. Prussia had provoked the war. By the right of conquest, Prussia now belonged to Napoleon. With characteristic delicacy, he would allow no one to occupy the private apartments of the queen. She had fled in the utmost haste, leaving all her letters and the mysteries of a lady's boudoir exposed. He, however, in his bulletins, spoke with great severity of the queen. She had exerted all her powers to rouse the nation to war. On horseback, she placed herself at the head of the troops, and fanned to the highest pitch, by her beauty, her talents, and her lofty spirit, the flame of military enthusiasm. His sarcasms on queens who meddle in affairs of state, and who, by their ignorance, expose their husbands to frightful disasters, and their country to the horrible ravages of war, were generally thought ungenerous toward one so utterly prostrate. Napoleon, indignant in view of the terrible scene of carnage and woe which her vanity had caused, reproached her in one of his bulletins without mercy. Josephine, in the kindness of her heart, wrote to him in terms of remonstrance. Napoleon thus replied :

"Nov. 6, 1806, 9 o'clock P.M.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is, that above all things I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently toward one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears; and in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, exclaimed, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much. It went to my heart. I said, 'Well, madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected, and amiable, for they alone resemble you. Adieu, my love. I am very well.

NAPOLEON."

The occurrence to which Napoleon refers was this. The Prince of Hatzfeld was governor of Berlin. He had surrendered the city to Napoleon, and promised submission. An intercepted letter proved that he, under cover of this assumed friendship, was acting as a spy, and communicating to the King of Prussia every thing of importance that was transpiring in Berlin. He had given his oath that he would attempt nothing against the French army, and would attend solely to the quiet, safety, and welfare of the capital. The

prince was arrested, and ordered to appear before a court-martial. In two hours he would have been shot.

His wife, in a delirium of terror, threw herself in tears before Napoleon, as he alighted from his horse at the gate of the palace. Napoleon was a tender-hearted man. "I never," said he, "could resist a woman's tears." Deeply touched by her distress, he conducted her to an apartment. A hot fire was glowing in the grate. Napoleon took the intercepted letter, and, handing it to her, said, "Madame, is not that the handwriting of your husband?" Trembling and confounded, she confessed that it was. "It is now in your hands," said Napoleon; "throw it into the fire, and there will no longer remain any evidence against him." The lady, half dead with confusion and terror, knew not what to do. Napoleon took the paper and placed it upon the fire. As it disappeared in smoke and flame, he said to the princess, "Your husband is now safe. There is no proof left which can lead to his conviction." This act of clemency has ever been regarded as a signal evidence of the goodness of Napoleon's heart. The safety of his army seemed to require that something should be done to intimidate the magistrates of the several towns, who were also revealing the secrets of his operations to the enemy.

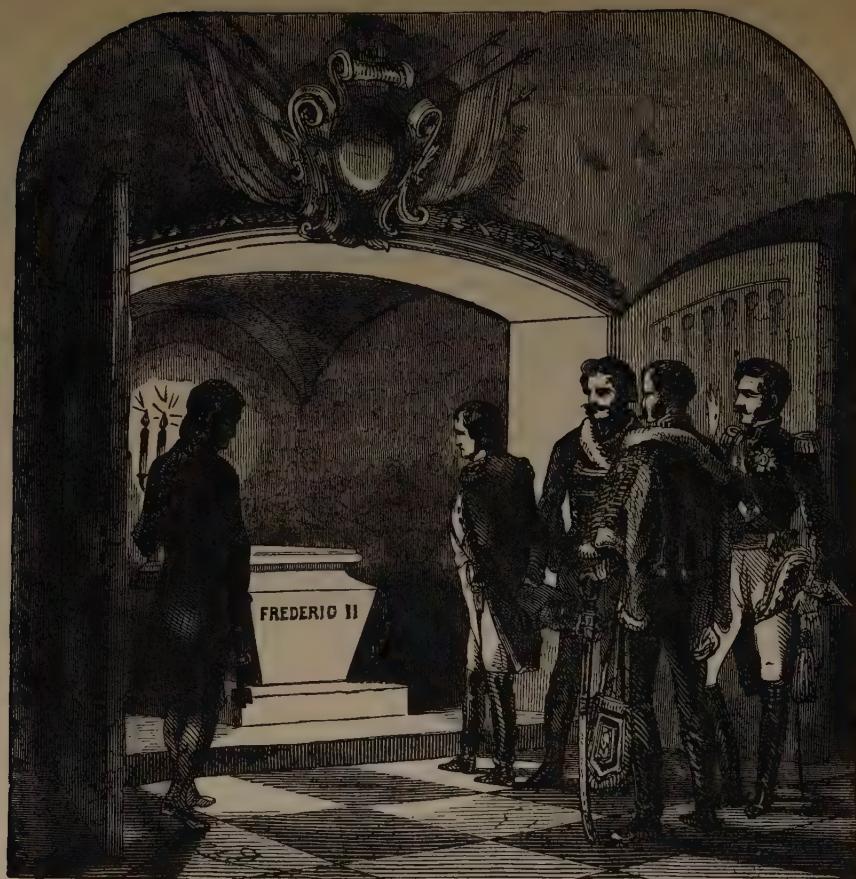
Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederick the Great, where the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had, but a year before, taken their solemn and romantic oath. He seemed deeply impressed with solemnity as he stood by the remains of this man of heroic energy and of iron soul. For a time not a word was uttered. The sword of the Prussian monarch was suspended there. Napoleon took it down, examined it very carefully, and then turning thoughtfully to General Rapp, said,

"Did you know that the Spanish ambassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian ambassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Gengis-Khan. I would not exchange this sword of Frederick for four millions of dollars. I will send it to the governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with religious reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes any mention."

General Rapp ventured to reply, "Were I in your place, I should not be willing to part with this sword. I should keep it for myself."

Napoleon glanced at his aid a very peculiar look, half reproachful, half comical, and gently pinching his ear, said, "Have I not then a sword of my own, Mr. Giver of Advice?"

In 1757, the armies of France had been signally defeated upon the plain of Rosbach by the Prussians. The Prussian government had erected a monument commemorative of the victory. Napoleon, passing over the field, turned from his course to see the monument. To his surprise, he found it a very insignificant affair. The inscription on the soft stone had been entirely effaced by the weather. The obelisk was hardly more imposing than a French milestone. In perfect silence, he contemplated it for some time, walking slowly around it, his arms folded upon his breast, and then said, "This is contemptible—this is contemptible." Just then a division of the army made its appearance. "Take that stone," said he, to a company of sappers, "place it upon a cart, and send it to Paris. It will require but a mo-



NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ment to remove it." Then mounting his horse, he galloped away. For both of these acts Napoleon has been severely censured. It is not an easy question to decide what are the lawful trophies of war.

When Napoleon left the capital of Austria, on his return to France after the campaign of Austerlitz, he thus addressed the citizens of Vienna in a final adieu: "In leaving you, receive, as a present, evincing my esteem, your arsenal complete, which the laws of war had rendered my property. Use it in the maintenance of order. You must attribute all the ills you have suffered to the mishaps inseparable from war. All the improvements which my army may have brought into your country you owe to the esteem which you have merited."

Napoleon, in a month, had overturned the Prussian monarchy, destroyed its armies, and conquered its territory. The cabinets and the aristocracies of Europe were overwhelmed with consternation. Napoleon, the child of the Revolution, and the propagator of the doctrine of equal rights to prince and peasant, was humbling into the dust the proudest monarchies. Every private soldier in the French army felt that all the avenues of wealth, of influence, of rank were open before him: This thought nerved his arm and

inspired his heart. France had imbibed the unalterable conviction, which it retains to the present day, that Napoleon was the great friend of the people, their advocate and the firm defender of their rights. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon issued a glowing proclamation to the army, in which he extolled in the loftiest terms their heroism, their intrepidity, and their endurance of the most exhausting fatigue. He concluded in the following words: " Soldiers ! I love you with the same intensity of affection which you have ever manifested toward me."

Lannes, in a dispatch to the Emperor, wrote, " Yesterday I read your majesty's proclamation at the head of the troops. The concluding words deeply touched the hearts of the soldiers. It is impossible for me to tell your majesty how much you are beloved by these brave men. In truth, never was lover so fond of his mistress as they are of your person."

The Prussians were fully aware of the tremendous power with which the principles of equality invested the French soldier. One of the Prussian officers wrote to his family, in a letter which was intercepted, " The French, in the fire, become supernatural beings. They are urged on by an inexpressible ardor, not a trace of which is to be discovered in our soldiers. What can be done with peasants who are led into battle by nobles, to encounter every peril, and yet to have no share in the honors or rewards ?"

The King of Prussia himself, while a fugitive in those wilds of Poland which, in banditti alliance with Russia and Austria, he had infamously annexed to his kingdom, found that he could not contend successfully with France without introducing equality in the ranks of his army also. Thus liberal ideas were propagated wherever the armies of Napoleon appeared. In every country in Europe, the Emperor of France was regarded by democrat and aristocrat alike as the friend of the *people*.

During these stormy scenes, Napoleon, in the heart of Prussia, conceived the design of erecting the magnificent temple of the Madeleine. It was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the Emperor, and was to bear upon its front the inscription, " *The Emperor Napoleon to the Soldiers of the Great Army.*" On marble tablets there were to be inscribed the names of all the officers, and of every soldier who had been present at the great events of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena. The names of those who had fallen in those battles were to be inscribed upon tablets of gold.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote from Posen, dated December 6, 1806 : " Literature has need of encouragement. Propose to me some means for giving an impulse to all the different branches of belles-lettres which have in all times shed lustre upon the nation."

In the midst of the enormous cares of this extraordinary campaign, Napoleon found time to write, almost every day, a few lines to Josephine. A few of these letters will be read with interest :

" Bamberg, Oct. 7, 1806.

" I set out this evening, love, for Cronach. My army is in full march. Every thing is prosperous. My health is perfect. I have received but one letter from you. I have received one from Eugene and Hortense. Adieu. A thousand kisses, and good health.

NAPOLEON."

"Gera, Oct. 13, 2 o'clock in the morning.

"I am at Gera, my dear friend. My affairs are prosperous—every thing as I could wish. In a few days, with the aid of God, matters will take, I think, a terrible turn for the poor King of Prussia. I pity him, personally, for he is a worthy man. The queen is at Erfurt with the king. If she wishes to see a battle, she will have that cruel pleasure. I am very well. I have gained flesh since my departure; nevertheless, I travel every day from sixty to seventy-five miles, on horseback, in carriages, and in every other way. I retire at eight o'clock, and rise at midnight. I often think that you have not yet retired. Wholly thine,

NAPOLEON."

"Jena, Oct. 15, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"My love! I have maneuvered successfully against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. There were 150,000 men. I have taken 20,000 prisoners; also 100 pieces of cannon, and many flags. I was near the King of Prussia, and just failed taking him and the queen. For two days and nights I have been in the field. I am wonderfully well. Adieu, my love! Take care of yourself, and love me. If Hortense is with you, give her a kiss, as also one to Napoleon, and to the little one.

NAPOLEON."

"Weimar, Oct. 16, 5 o'clock in the evening.

"M. Talleyrand will show you the bulletin, my dear friend. You will there see my success. Every thing has transpired as I had calculated. Never was an army more effectually beaten and more entirely destroyed. I have only time to say that I am well, and that I grow fat upon fatigue, bivouacs, and sleeplessness. Adieu, my dear friend. A thousand loving words to Hortense, and to the grand Monsieur Napoleon. Wholly thine,

NAPOLEON."

"Nov. 1, 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Talleyrand has arrived, and tells me, my love, that you do nothing but weep. What do you wish, then? You have your daughter, grandchildren, and good news. Surely this is enough to make one contented and happy. The weather is superb. Not a drop of rain has yet fallen during the campaign. I am very well, and every thing is prosperous. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from Monsieur Napoleon. I think Hortense must have written it. A thousand kind things to all.

NAPOLEON."

The little Napoleon to whom the Emperor so often alludes was the eldest son of Louis and Hortense, and brother of the present Emperor of France. He was an unusually bright and promising boy, and a great favorite of his illustrious grandfather. Napoleon had decided to adopt him as his heir, and all thoughts of divorce were now laid aside.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FIELD OF EYLAU.

Unavailing Appeal of Napoleon—Paper Blockade—Report of the French Minister—The Berlin Decree—Retaliatory Measures of France and England—Testimony of Alison—Proclamation to the desponding Soldiers—Message to the Senate—Petitions of the Poles—Embarrassing Situation of Napoleon—Encampment on the Vistula—Care for the Soldiers—Battle of Eylau—The old Grenadier—Touching Anecdotes—Letters to Josephine.

ON the fields of Jena and Auerstadt the Prussian monarchy was destroyed. Frederick William had nothing left but a remote province of his empire. To this he had escaped a fugitive. From the utter wreck of his armies he had gathered around him a few thousand men. It was with extreme regret that Napoleon had found himself compelled to leave the congenial scenes of peaceful life in Paris to repel the assault of his banded foes. Had he remained in France until Russia, Prussia, and England had combined their multitudinous hosts, he would have been undone. With his accustomed energy, he sprang upon Prussia before Alexander had time, with his hundred thousand troops, to traverse the vast plains between St. Petersburg and Berlin. By the most extraordinary skill in maneuvering, and in the endurance of fatigue and toil almost superhuman, he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians. He thus cut them off from Berlin and from all their supplies. Then, sure of victory, to save the effusion of blood he again implored peace. His appeal was unavailing. The roar of battle commenced, and the armies of Prussia were overwhelmed, crushed, annihilated. As soon as the terrific scene was over, Napoleon quietly established himself in the palaces of the Prussian monarch. The kingdom was entirely at his mercy. He then sent Duroc to find Frederick William, again to propose the sheathing of the sword.

The unhappy king was found more than five hundred miles from his capital. He was far away beyond the Vistula, in the wilds of Prussian Poland. He had gathered around him about twenty-five thousand men, the shattered remnants of those hardy battalions whom Frederick the Great had trained to despise fatigue, dangers, and death. The Russian host, amazed at the sudden catastrophe which had overwhelmed its ally, threw open its arms to receive the fugitive king. Frederick, animated by the presence of the proud legions of Alexander, and conscious that the innumerable hordes of Russia were pledged for his support, still hoped to retrieve his affairs. Peremptorily he repelled the advance of Napoleon, resolving, with renewed energy, again to appeal to the decisions of the sword.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but resolutely to meet the accumulating hostility which still threatened him. Frederick, from the remote provinces of his empire, was endeavoring to resuscitate his army. Alexander, thoroughly aroused, was calling into requisition all the resources of his almost illimitable realms. He hoped to collect a force which would utterly

overwhelm the audacious victor. England, with her invincible navy proudly sweeping all seas, was landing at Dantzic and Königsberg troops, treasure, and munitions of war. The storms of winter had already come. Napoleon was a thousand miles from the frontiers of France. His foes were encamped several hundred miles further north, amid the gloomy forests and the snow-clad hills of Poland. During the winter they would have time to accumulate their combined strength, and to fall upon him, in the spring, with overwhelming numbers.

England, exasperated and alarmed by this amazing triumph of Napoleon, now adopted a measure which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of the civilized world as a grievous infringement of the rights of nations. It is an admitted principle, that when two powers are at war, every neutral power has a right to sail from the ports of one to the ports of the other, and to carry any merchandise whatever, excepting arms and military supplies. Either of the contending parties has, however, the right to blockade any port or ports by a naval force sufficient to preclude an entrance. England, however, having the undisputed command of the seas, adopted what has been called a *paper blockade*. She forbade all nations to have any commercial intercourse whatever with France or her allies. She had also established it as a maritime law, that all private property found afloat, belonging to an enemy, was to be seized, and that peaceful passengers captured upon the ocean were to be made prisoners of war. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs made a very able report to the government upon this subject, which was concluded in the following words :

“The natural right of self-defense permits us to oppose an enemy with the same arms he uses, and to make his own rage and folly recoil upon himself. Since England has ventured to declare all France in a state of blockade, let France, in her turn, declare that the British isles are blockaded. Since England considers every Frenchman an enemy, let all Englishmen, in the countries occupied by the French armies, be made prisoners of war. Since England seizes the private property of peaceable merchants, let the property of all Englishmen be confiscated. Since England desires to impede all commerce, let no ships from the British isles be received into the French ports. As soon as England shall admit the authority of the law of nations universally observed by civilized countries ; as soon as she shall acknowledge that the laws of war are the same by sea and land ; that the right of conquest can not be extended either to private property or to unarmed and peaceable individuals ; and that the right of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places, your majesty will cause these rigorous but not unjust measures to cease, for justice between nations is nothing but exact reciprocity.”

In accordance with these principles, thus avowed to the world, Napoleon issued his famous ordinance, called, from the city at which it was dated, *The Berlin Decree*.* He declared, in his turn, the British islands blockaded, all

* The following is a copy of this celebrated document :

In our Imperial Camp, Berlin, Nov. 26, 1806.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, considering,

1. That England regards not the law of nations, recognized by all civilized states ;

English property found upon the Continent confiscated, all Englishmen, wherever taken, prisoners, and excluded all English manufactures from the

2. That she holds for an enemy every individual belonging to a hostile power, and makes prisoners of war not only the crews of armed vessels, but the crews of trading ships, and even captures merchants traveling on account of commercial business;

3. That she extends to merchantmen, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest, which is only applicable to what belongs to the hostile state;

4. That she extends to commercial towns and to ports not fortified, to havens and to the mouths of rivers, the right of blockade, which, according to the practice of civilized nations, only is applicable to fortified places;

5. That she declares blockaded places before which she has not even a single ship of war, though no place is blockaded until it is so invested that it can not be approached without imminent danger;

6. That she even declares in a state of blockade places which her whole force united would be unable to blockade, the entire coast of an empire;

7. That this monstrous abuse of the right of blockade has no other object than to prevent communications between different countries, and to raise the trade and the manufactures of England upon the ruin of the industry of the Continent;

8. That such being evidently the object of England, whoever deals in English merchandise on the Continent thereby favors her designs and becomes her accomplice;

9. That this conduct on the part of England, which is worthy of the early ages of barbarism, has operated to the advantage of that power and to the injury of others;

10. That it is a part of natural law to oppose one's enemies with the arms he employs, and to fight in the way he fights, when he disavows all those ideas of justice and all those liberal sentiments which are the results of social civilization;

We have resolved to apply to England the measures which she has sanctioned by her maritime legislation.

The enactments of the present decree shall be invariably considered as a fundamental principle of the Empire until such time as England acknowledge that the law of war is one and the same by land and by sea; that it can not be extended to private property of any description whatsoever, nor to the persons of individuals not belonging to the profession of arms, and that the law of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

Accordingly, we have decreed and do decree as follows:

1. The British islands are declared in a state of blockade.

2. All trade and intercourse with the British islands is prohibited. Consequently, letters or packets addressed to England, or to any native of England, or written in the English language, will not be conveyed by post, and will be seized.

3. Every native of England, whatever his rank or condition, who may be found in the countries occupied by our troops or by those of our allies, shall be made prisoner of war.

4. Every warehouse, and all merchandise and property of any description whatever, belonging to an English subject, or the produce of English manufactures or colonies, is declared good prize.

5. Trade in English merchandise is prohibited; and all merchandise belonging to England, or the produce of her manufactures and colonies, is declared good prize.

6. One half of the produce of the confiscation of the merchandise and property declared good prize by the preceding articles, will be appropriated to the indemnification of the merchants for losses they have sustained through the capture of trading vessels by English cruisers.

7. No vessel, coming directly from England or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of the present decree, will be received in any port.

8. Any vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall contravene the above article, shall be seized, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they were English property.

9. Our prize-court of Paris shall pronounce final judgment in all disputes that may arise in our empire, or the countries occupied by the French army, relative to the execution of the present decree. Our prize-court of Milan shall pronounce final judgment in all the said disputes that may arise throughout our kingdom of Italy.

10. Our minister for foreign affairs will communicate the present decree to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects, like our own, are suffering from the injustice and barbarism of the maritime legislation of England.

11. Our ministers for foreign affairs, war, marine, finance, and police, and our postmasters general, are directed, according as they are severally concerned, to carry the present decree into execution.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

ports of France and her allies. This retaliatory measure has been admired by some as a profound stroke of policy; by others it has been denounced as a revolting act of despotism. It certainly was not presenting the other cheek. It was returning blow for blow. By thus excluding all English goods from the Continent, Napoleon hoped to be able soon to render the Continent independent of the factories and the work-shops of the wealthy islanders. France owes to this decree the introduction of sugar from the beet root.

"I found myself alone," says Napoleon, "in my opinion on the Continent. I was compelled, for the moment, to employ force in every quarter. At length they began to comprehend me. Already the tree bears fruit. If I had not given way, I should have changed the face of commerce as well as the path of industry. I had naturalized sugar and indigo. I should have naturalized cotton and many other things."

Two days after the publication of the Berlin decree, Napoleon wrote to Junot, "Take especial care that the ladies of your establishment use Swiss tea. It is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is not at all inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms, instead of amusing themselves with talking politics like Madame de Staél. Let them take care also that no part of their dress is composed of English merchandise. If the wives of my chief officers do not set the example, whom can I expect to follow it? It is a contest of life or death between France and England. I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded."

In reference to the unrelenting hostility with which Napoleon was assailed nearly every moment of his life, he often remarked, "I can not do what I wish. I can only do what I can. These English compel me to live day by day."

The French Directory, on the 18th of January, 1798, had iniquitously passed a decree declaring all ships containing English merchandise good prizes, and dooming to death all neutral sailors found on board English ships. This was one of the acts of that anarchical government which Napoleon overthrew.

"Napoleon," says Alison, "soon after his accession to the consular throne, issued a decree revoking this, and reverting to the old and humane laws of the monarchy in this respect." This decree of Napoleon was surely an act of conciliation and friendship.

On the 16th of May, 1806, the British government passed an order declaring "the whole coasts, harbors, and rivers, from the Elbe to Brest inclusive, as actually blockaded." To this order in council Napoleon replied by the Berlin decree of November 26, 1806.

England then passed another act, still more arrogant and oppressive, on the 1st of January, 1807, declaring "that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, if both belong to France or her allies, and shall be so far under their control as that British vessels are excluded therefrom; and the captains of all British vessels are hereby required to warn every neutral vessel, coming from any such port, and destined to such other port, to discontinue her voyage; and any vessel, after being so warned, or after having had a reasonable time allowed it for obtaining information of the

present order in council, which shall, notwithstanding, persist in such voyage to such other port, shall be declared good prize." To this Napoleon made no reply.

After a few months, on the 11th of November, 1807, England, adding insult to injury, issued another decree, still more severe, declaring all the ports and places of France and her allies, from which, though not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, shall be subject to the same restrictions in respect of trade and navigation *as if the same were actually blockaded in the most strict and rigorous manner*; and that all trade in articles, the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed to be unlawful, and all such articles declared good prize." To this Napoleon replied in his celebrated Milan decree of December 17th, 1807.

These decrees of Napoleon gave rise to the most extraordinary debates in the English Parliament, during which no one of either of the parties into which the Parliament was divided even alluded to the fact that England was entirely the aggressor.

"In endeavoring, at the distance of thirty years," says Alison, "to form an impartial opinion on this most important subject, it must at once strike the most cursory observer, that the grounds on which this question was debated in the British Parliament were not those on which its merits really rested, or on which they were placed by Napoleon at the time, and have been since argued by the Continental historians. On both sides, in England, it was assumed that France was the aggressor by the Berlin decree, and that the only question was whether the orders in council exceeded the just measures of retaliation, or were calculated to produce more benefit or injury to this country.

"But was the Berlin decree the *origin* of the commercial warfare, or was it merely, as Napoleon and the French writers assert, a *retaliation* upon England, by the only means at the disposal of the French emperor, for the new and illegal species of warfare which, in the pride of irresistible maritime strength, they had thought fit to adopt? That is the point upon which the whole question really depends; and yet, though put in the foremost rank by Napoleon, it was scarcely touched on by either party in the British Parliament. Nor is it difficult to see to what cause this extraordinary circumstance was owing. Both the great parties which divided that assembly were desirous of avoiding that question; the Whigs, because the measure complained of by Napoleon, and on which the Berlin decree was justified by the French government, had been mainly adopted by Mr. Fox, and subsequently extended by Lord Howick; the Tories, because they were unwilling to cast any doubt on the exercise of maritime powers, in their opinion, of essential importance to this country, and which gave them the great advantage of having their political adversaries necessarily compelled to support the general principle on which the measures in question had been founded.

"History, however, must disregard all these temporary considerations, and in good faith approach the question, whether, in this great debate, England or France was the real aggressor; and on this point, as on most others in human affairs, where angry passions have been strongly excited, it will probably be found that there were faults on both sides.

“ But still the English historian must lament that the British government had given so plausible a ground for representing his measures as retaliatory only, by issuing in May, 1806, the blockade of the French coasts of the Channel.”

There has probably been no act of Napoleon’s life for which he has been more pitilessly condemned than for his Berlin and Milan decrees. They have been represented as atrocious acts of wanton and unprovoked aggression against a meek and lowly sister kingdom.

It was reported to Napoleon that the troops, comfortably housed in the cities and villages of Prussia, were very reluctant to move to frigid bivouacs upon the icy marshes of the Vistula. To one who reported to him the despondency of the army, Napoleon inquired,

“ Does the spirit of my troops fail them when in sight of the enemy ?”

“ No, Sire,” was the reply.

“ I was sure of it,” said Napoleon. “ My troops are always the same. I must rouse them.”

Walking up and down the floor with rapid strides, he immediately dictated the following proclamation : “ Soldiers ! A year to-day you were on the field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled before you in dismay, or, being surrounded, yielded their arms to the victors. The next day they sued for peace. But we were imposed upon. Scarcely had they escaped, through our generosity, which was probably blamable, from the disasters of the third coalition, than they organized a fourth. But the ally upon whom they chiefly relied is no more. His capital, fortresses, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field pieces, and five fortified cities, are in our possession. The Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, the storms of winter, have not arrested your steps for a moment. You have braved all, surmounted all. Every foe has fled at your approach.

“ In vain have the Russians endeavored to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland. The eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, dreams that he beholds the legions of Sobieski returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers ! we will not sheath our swords until a general peace is established, and we have secured the rights of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. On the Elbe and the Oder we have reconquered Pondicherry, and our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who gave the Russians the right to hold the balance of destiny, or to interfere with our just designs ? They and ourselves, are we not still the soldiers of Austerlitz ?”

Bourrienne says, “ When Napoleon dictated his proclamations, he appeared for the moment inspired, and exhibited, in some sort, the excitement of the Italian Improvisatori. In order to follow him, it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. Frequently, when reading over to him what he has dictated, I have known him smile, as in triumph, at the effect which he imagined any particular passage would produce.”

This address electrified the whole army. Its clarion notes rang through all hearts. Not another murmur was heard. The corps in the rear, by forced marches, pressed forward with alacrity to reach head-quarters. Those

nearer the Emperor forgot their fatigues and their sufferings, and longed to engage the enemy. The love of the soldiers for their chieftain was so enthusiastic, and their confidence in his wisdom was so unbounded, that, though hungry, barefooted, and exhausted, the whole mighty host crowded eagerly along. The storms of approaching winter howled around them. The wheels of their ponderous artillery sank axle deep in the mire. Still, through rain and snow, and miry roads, they followed their indomitable chief, recounting with pride the fatigues which they had already endured, and eagerly anticipating the heroic deeds they were yet to perform.

Before leaving Berlin Napoleon wrote to the Minister of War. "The project which I have now formed is more vast than any which I ever before conceived. From this time I must find myself in a position to cope with all events." He also addressed a message to the Senate, in that peculiar energy of style marking all his productions, which the annals of eloquence have rarely equaled, never surpassed.

"The monarchs of Europe," said he, "have thus far sported with the generosity of France. When one coalition is conquered, another immediately springs up. No sooner was that of 1805 dissolved than we had to fight that of 1806. It behooves France to be less generous in future. The conquered states must be retained till the general peace on land and sea. England, regardless of all the rights of nations, launching a commercial interdict against one quarter of the globe, must be struck with the same interdict in return; and it must be rendered as rigorous as the nature of things will permit. Since we are doomed to war, it will be better to plunge in wholly than to go but half way. Thus may we hope to terminate it more completely and more solidly by a general and durable peace."

The labors of Napoleon were perfectly herculean in preparing for this winter campaign. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw. This was a dreary interval for an army to traverse through the freezing storms and drifting snows of a northern winter. The Russians and Prussians could present a hundred and twenty thousand men upon the banks of the Vistula.

The partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria has been pronounced by the unanimous voice of the world the most atrocious act which has disgraced modern Europe. As soon as Napoleon entered that part of Poland which had been annexed to Prussia in this infamous deed of rapacity, the Poles gathered around him with the utmost enthusiasm. The nobles of the dismembered empire thronged his head-quarters. They hailed him as the savior of their country. They pledged to him their fortunes and their lives if he would rescue Poland from their oppressors. The populace rent the skies with enthusiastic shouts wherever the great conqueror appeared. They were clamorous for arms, that they might fight the battles of freedom, and regain their independence. Napoleon was extremely embarrassed.

A deputation from Warsaw waited upon him, entreating him to proclaim the independence of Poland, and to place some member of his own family upon the throne. They assured him that the Poles, as one man, would rally with admiration and gratitude beneath his banners. Napoleon said to them,

"France has never recognized the different partitions of Poland. Never-
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theless, I can not proclaim your independence unless you are determined to defend your rights with arms in your hands, and by all sorts of sacrifices, even that of life. You are reproached with having, in your constant civil dissensions, lost sight of the true interests of your country. Instructed by misfortune, be now united, and prove to the world that one spirit animates the whole Polish nation."

After the deputation had withdrawn, Napoleon remarked, "I like the Poles. Their enthusiasm pleases me. I should like to make them an independent people. But that is no very easy matter. The cake has been shared among too many. There is Austria, Russia, and Prussia, who have each had a slice. Besides, when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop. My first duty is toward France. I must not sacrifice her interests for Poland. In short, we must refer this matter to the universal sovereign, Time. He will show us by-and-by what we are to do."

The situation of Napoleon was indeed critical. He was hundreds of leagues from the frontiers of France, and enveloped in the snows of winter. Russia, with her countless hordes and unknown resources, was threatening him from the North. Prussia, though conquered, was watching for an opportunity to retrieve her disgrace and ruin. Austria had raised a force of eighty thousand men, and was threatening his rear. This Austrian force was professedly an army of observation. But Napoleon well knew that, upon the slightest reverse, Austria would fall upon him in congenial alliance with Russia and Prussia. England, the undisputed monarch of the wide world of waters, was most efficiently co-operating with these banded foes of France.

By proclaiming the independence of Poland, Napoleon would have gained a devoted ally, ranging a nation of twenty millions of inhabitants beneath his flag; but by liberating Poland from its proud and powerful oppressors, he would have exasperated to the highest degree Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Thus the probabilities of peace would have been infinitely more remote. Napoleon was contending for peace. He told the Poles frankly that he could not involve France in any new quarrels. "I am not come hither," said he, "to beg a throne for my family. I am not in want of thrones to give away."

Through December's dismal storms; through a country more dreary than imagination can well conceive, filled with gloomy forests, fathomless morasses, bleak and barren plains, Napoleon led his troops to the banks of the Vistula. Wherever he met his foes, he scattered them before him with whirlwind power. Sometimes, over a space of seventy-five miles in breadth, Napoleon's army was fighting its way against the storm of bullets which, from hostile batteries, swept their ranks. But nothing could retard his progress. The suffering of that wintry march was awful beyond description. Early in January the army entered the dark forests which frown along the inhospitable Vistula.

The cantonments of the French army were extended one hundred and fifty miles, skirting the left bank of the river. All the passes of the stream were occupied in such strength as to render surprise impossible. The sol-



THE MARCH TO THE VISTULA.

diers cut down the forests and constructed comfortable huts to screen themselves from the piercing cold. The camps were admirably arranged in regular streets, presenting the most cheerful aspect of order and cleanliness. Reviews, rural labors, and warlike games occupied the minds of the soldiers and confirmed their health. Immense convoys of provisions, guarded by troops and fortresses left in the rear, were continually defiling along all the roads from the Rhine. The soldiers were soon comfortable and happy in their well-provisioned homes. Napoleon, regardless of his own ease, thought of them alone. He was every where present. His foresight provided for every emergence. His troops witnessed with gratitude his intense devotion to their comfort. They saw him riding from post to post by day and by night, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, whitened with snow, regardless of rest, of food, of sleep, wading through mire and drifts, groping through darkness and breasting storms. Napoleon said, "My soldiers are my children." No one could doubt his sincerity who witnessed his vigilance, his toil, his fatigue. Not a soldier in the army questioned his parental love. Hence the Emperor was loved in return as no other mortal was ever loved before.

The soldiers, to their surprise, found that the generous foresight of Napoleon had provided them even with several millions of bottles of wine. Abundant magazines were established, that they might be fully supplied with

good food and warm clothing. The sick and wounded in particular were nursed with the most tender care. Six thousand beds were prepared at Warsaw, and an equal number at Thorne, at Posen, and at other places on the banks of the Vistula and the Oder. Comfortable mattresses of wool



ENCAMPMENT ON THE VISTULA.

were made for the hospitals. Thirty thousand tents, taken from the Prussians, were cut up into bandages and bedding. Over each hospital Napoleon appointed a chief overseer, always supplied with ready money, to procure for the sick whatever luxuries they needed. A chaplain was appointed in each hospital to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was to be, in an especial manner, the friend and the protector of those under his care. He was charged by the Emperor to report to him the slightest negligence toward the sick. Such were the infinite pains which Napoleon took to promote the comfort of his soldiers. He shared all their hardships. His palace was a barn. In one room he ate, and slept, and received his audiences. It was his invariable custom, whenever he issued an order, to inform himself if the order had been executed. He personally arranged all the military works of the widely-extended line over which his army was spread.

The month of January, with its storms and intensity of cold, passed slowly away. Winter brooded drearily over the plains of Poland, presenting one

vast expanse of ice and snow Europe contemplated with amazement the sublime spectacle of a French army of one or two hundred thousand men passing the winter in the midst of the gloomy forests of the Vistula. Alexander, with troops accustomed to the frozen North, planned to attack Napoleon by surprise in his winter quarters. Secretly he put his mighty host in motion. Napoleon, ever on the alert, was prepared to meet him. Immediately marching from his encampments, he surprised those who hoped to surprise him.

Battle after battle ensued. The Russians fought with unyielding obstinacy, the French with impetuous enthusiasm. In every forest, in every mountain gorge, upon the banks of every swollen stream clogged with ice, the Russians planted their cannon, and hurled balls, and shells, and grape into the bosoms of their unrelenting pursuers. But the French, impelled by the resistless impetuosity of their great chieftain, pressed on, regardless of mutilation and death. The snow was crimsoned with blood. The wounded struggled, and shrieked, and froze in the storm-piled drifts. The dark forms of the dead floated with the ice down the cold streams to an unknown burial. Wintry nights, long, dismal, and freezing, darkened upon the contending hosts. Their lurid watch-fires gleamed in awful sublimity over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley. The soldiers of each army, nerved by the energies of desperation, threw themselves upon the snow as their only couch, and with no tent covering but the chill sky.

Napoleon stopped one night at a miserable cottage. His little camp bedstead was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. In five minutes he dispatched his supper, which consisted of but one dish. Then, rolling his napkin into a ball, he playfully threw it at the head of his favorite valet Constant, saying, "Quick, quick, take away the remains of my banquet." Then unrolling a map of Prussia, he spread it upon the floor, and addressing Caulaincourt, said, "Come here, *Grand Equerry*, and follow me." With pins he marked out the progressive movements of his army, and said, "I shall beat the Russians there, and there, and there. In three months the campaign will be ended. The Russians must have a lesson. The fair Queen of Prussia must learn too that advisers sometimes pay dearly for the advice they give. I do not like those women who throw aside their attributes of grace and goodness. A woman to instigate war! to urge men to cut each other's throats! Shame on it! She may run the risk of losing her kingdom by playing that game."

At this moment some dispatches were delivered to the Emperor. Rapidly glancing over them, he frowned and exclaimed, "Surely these dispatches have been a long time on their way! How is this? Tell the orderly officer who brought them that I wish to speak to him."

"Sir," said he, severely, as the officer entered, "at what hour were these dispatches placed in your hands?"

"At eight o'clock in the evening, sire."

"And how many leagues had you to ride?"

"I do not know precisely, sire."

"But you ought to know, sir—an orderly officer ought to know that. I know it. You had twenty-seven miles to ride, and you set off at eight o'clock. Look at your watch, sir. What o'clock is it now?"

"Half past twelve, sire. The roads were in a terrible state. In some places the snow obstructed my passage—"

"Poor excuses, sir, poor excuses. Retire, and await my orders." As the officer, extremely disconcerted, closed the door, he added, "This cool, leisurely gentleman wants stimulating. The reprimand I have given him will make him spur his horse another time. Let me see—my answer must be delivered in two hours. I have not a moment to lose."

Soon the orderly officer was recalled. "Set off immediately, sir," said he; "these dispatches must be delivered with the utmost speed. General Lasalle must receive my orders by three o'clock—by three o'clock. You understand, sir?"

"Sire! by half past two the general shall have the orders of which I have the honor to be the bearer."

"Very well, sir; mount your horse—but stop!" he added, calling the officer back, and speaking in those winning tones of kindness which he had ever at his command: "tell General Lasalle that it will be agreeable to me that you should be the person selected to announce to me the success of these movements."

With such consummate tact could Napoleon severely reprimand, and at the same time win the confidence and the love of the person reprimanded.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants, enveloped in the storms and the ice of a Polish winter, two hundred and forty miles from the banks of the Vistula. At last the retreating Russians concentrated all their forces upon the plain of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The night was dark and intensely cold, as the Russians, exhausted by the retreating march of the day, took their position for a desperate battle on the morrow. There was a gentle swell of land, extending two or three miles, which skirted a vast, bleak, unsheltered plain, over which the piercing wintry gale drifted the deep snow. Leaden clouds, hurrying through the sky as if flying from a defeat or congregating for a conflict, boded a rising storm. Upon this ridge the Russians, in double lines, formed themselves in battle array. Five hundred pieces of cannon were ranged in battery, to hurl destruction into the bosoms of their foes. They then threw themselves upon the icy ground for their frigid bivouac. The midnight storm wailed its mournful requiem over the sleeping host, and sifted down upon them the winding-sheet of snow.

In the midst of the tempestuous night, Napoleon, with his determined battalions, came also upon the plain, groping through drifts and gloom. He placed his army in position for the terrific battle which the dawn of morning would usher in. Two hundred pieces of heavy artillery were advantageously posted to sweep the dense ranks of the enemy. Upon the ridge 80,000 Russians slept. In the plain before them 60,000 Frenchmen were bivouacking upon the snow. The hostile hosts were at but half cannon shot from each other. Indomitable determination inflamed the souls of officers and soldiers in both armies. It was an awful night, the harbinger of a still more awful day.

The frozen earth, the inclement sky, the scudding clouds, the drifting snow, the wailing, wintry wind, the lurid watchfires gleaming through the gloom, the spectral movement of legions of horsemen and footmen taking



BIVOUAC BEFORE EYLAU.

their positions for the sanguinary strife, the confused murmur of the voices and of the movements of the mighty armies blending, like the roar of many waters, with the midnight storm, presented a spectacle of sublimity which overawed every beholder. The sentinels of each army could almost touch each other with their muskets. Cold, and hungry, and weary, the spirit of humanity for a moment triumphed over the ferocity of war. Kind words of greeting and of sympathy were interchanged by those who soon, in phrensy, were plunging bayonets into each other's bosoms. At midnight, Napoleon slept for an hour in a chair. He then mounted his horse, and marshaled his shivering troops for the horrors of battle.

The dark and stormy morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. It was terrific. The very earth shook beneath the tremendous detonation. Seven hundred heavy cannon, worked by the most skillful gunners, created an unintermittent roar of the most deafening and appalling thunder. Both armies presented their unprotected breasts to bullets, grapeshot, balls, and shells. Companies, battalions, regiments, even whole divisions melted away before the merciless discharges. The storm of snow, in blinding, smothering flakes, swept angrily into the faces of the assailants and assailed, as the bands of battle, in exultant victory or in terrific defeat, rushed to and fro over the plain. The tempestuous air was soon so filled with smoke that the day was as dark as the night. Under this black and sul-

phurous canopy, the infuriate hosts rushed upon each other. Even the flash of the guns could not be seen through the impenetrable gloom. Horsemen plunged to the charge unable to discern the foe. Thus the deadly conflict continued, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each other's bosoms, through the morning, and the noon, and the afternoon, and after the sun had gone down in the gloom of a winter's night. Napoleon galloped up and down the field of blood, regardless of danger, ever presenting himself at those points which were most threatened.

In the midst of the battle Napoleon was informed that a church, which he deemed a position of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. He pressed his spurs into his horse, and galloped with the utmost speed into the midst of his battalions, who were retreating before vastly superior numbers.

“What!” shouted the Emperor, “a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army! Forward, my brave lads! We *must* have the church! We *must have it at every hazard!*”



EYLAU AND FRIEDLAND.

Animated by this voice, an enthusiastic shout of “Vive l'Empereur!” rose above the thunders of the conflict. The soldiers instantly formed in solid column, and, through a perfect storm of bullets and shells, forced their way upon the enemy. The Emperor espied a few paces from him an old grenadier. His face was blackened with gunpowder, his clothes were red with blood, his left arm had just been torn from his shoulder by a shell, and the crimson drops were falling from the ghastly wound. The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks.

“Stay! stay! my good fellow,” exclaimed the Emperor; “go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed.”

“I will,” replied the soldier, “as soon as we have taken the church.” He then disappeared in the midst of the smoke and the tumult of the battle

The Duke of Vicenza, who witnessed this scene, says the tears gushed into the eyes of the Emperor as he contemplated this touching proof of devotion.

The battle had now raged for eighteen hours. The snow was red with blood. The bodies of the wounded and the dead covered the plain. Thousands of the torn and bleeding victims of war through these long hours had writhed in agony in the freezing air, trampled by the rush of phrensic squadrons. Their piercing shrieks rose above the roar of artillery and musketry. Eylau was in flames; other adjacent villages and farm-houses were blazing. The glare of the conflagration added to the horrors of the pitiless storm of the elements and of war. Women and children were perishing in the fields, having fled from their bomb-battered and burning dwellings. Still the battle continued unabated.

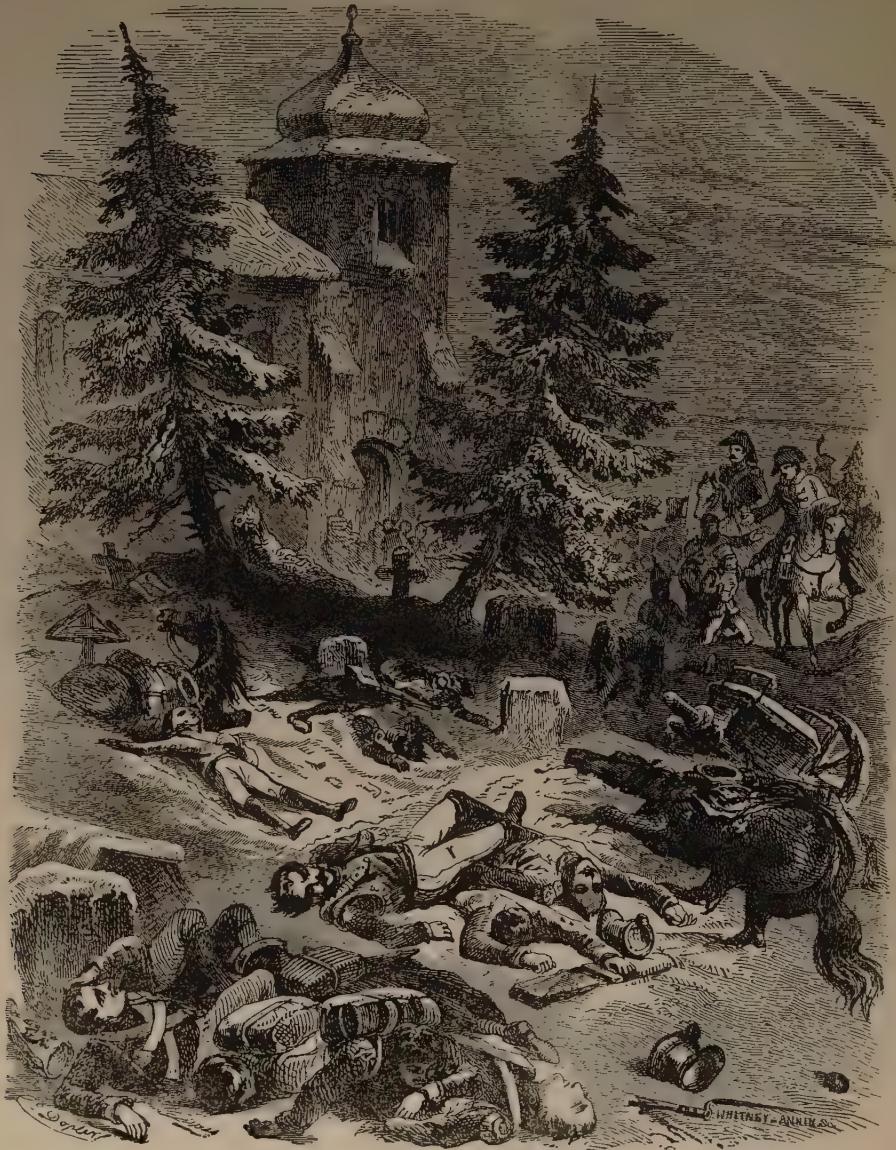
As the twilight of the stormy day faded into the gloom of night, Napoleon, calm and firm, stood beneath the shelter of the church which he had retaken. The balls were crashing around him. Grief pervaded every face of the imperial staff. With consternation they implored him to place himself in a position of safety. Regardless of their entreaties, he braved every peril. Infusing his own inflexibility into the hearts of all around, he still impelled his bleeding columns upon the foe. More than thirty thousand Russians, struck by the balls and the swords of the French, were stretched upon the frozen field. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewed upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had been struck down. Some had been torn in pieces by cannon balls; others, frightfully mutilated, were uttering piercing screams, and were wildly plunging over the plain, trampling the wounded beneath their iron hoofs.

It was now ten o'clock at night. Nearly one half of the Russian army was destroyed. A fresh division of the French now appeared on the field. They had been marching all day, with the utmost haste, guided by the cannon's roar. The Russians could endure the conflict no longer. Proud of having so long and so valiantly withstood the great Napoleon, they retreated, shouting *victory!* Napoleon remained master of the blood-bought field. The victors, utterly exhausted, bleeding and freezing, again sought such repose as could be found upon the gory ice beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon was overwhelmed with grief. Never before had such a scene of misery met even his eye.

According to his invariable custom, he traversed the field of battle to minister with his own hands to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight—dark, cold, and stormy. By his example, he animated his attendants to the most intense exertions in behalf of the sufferers. His sympathy and aid were extended to the wounded Russians as well as to those of his own army. One of his generals, witnessing the deep emotion with which he was affected, spoke of the glory which the victory would give him. "To a father," said Napoleon, "who loses his children, victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion."

As Napoleon was passing over this field of awful carnage, he came to an ambulance, or hospital wagon. A huge pile of amputated arms and legs, clotted with gore, presented a horrible spectacle to the eye. A soldier was

resisting the efforts of the surgeon, who was about to cut off his leg, which had been dreadfully shattered by a cannon ball.



MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

“What is the matter?” inquired the Emperor, as he rode up to the spot. Seeing, at a glance, the state of the case, he continued, “How is this? Surely you, a brave *mustache*, are not afraid of a cut!”

“No, your majesty, I am not afraid of a cut. But this is a sort of cut that a man may die of; and there is poor Catharine and her four little ones! If I should die—” and the man sobbed aloud.

"Well," replied the Emperor, "and what if you should die? Am I not here?"

The wounded soldier fixed his eyes for a moment upon Napoleon, and then, with a trembling voice, exclaimed, "True! true, your majesty! I am very foolish. Here, doctor, cut off my limb. God bless the Emperor!"

A dragoon, dreadfully torn by a cannon ball, raised his head from the bloody snow as the Emperor drew near, and faintly said, "Turn your eyes this way, please your majesty. I believe that I have got my death wound. I shall soon be in the other world. But no matter for that—Vive l'Empereur!" Napoleon immediately dismounted from his horse, tenderly took the hand of the wounded man, and enjoined it upon his attendants to convey him immediately to the ambulance, and to commend him to the special care of the surgeon. Large tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying dragoon as he fixed his eyes upon the loved features of his Emperor. Fervidly he exclaimed, "I only wish that I had a thousand lives to lay down for your majesty."

"Near a battery," says Caulaincourt, "which had been abandoned by the enemy, we beheld a singular picture, and one of which description can convey but a faint idea. Between a hundred and fifty and two hundred French grenadiers were surrounded by a quadruple rank of Prussians. Both parties were weltering in a river of blood, amid fragments of cannons, muskets, and swords. They had evidently fought with the most determined fury, for every corpse exhibited numerous and horrible wounds. A feeble cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* was heard to emanate from this mountain of the dead, and all eyes were instantly turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. Half concealed beneath a tattered flag lay a young officer, whose breast was decorated with an order. Though pierced with numerous wounds, he succeeded in raising himself up, so as to rest on his elbows. His handsome countenance was overspread with the livid hue of death. He recognized the Emperor, and in a feeble, faltering voice, exclaimed,

"'God bless your majesty! farewell, farewell! Oh, my poor mother!' He turned a supplicating glance to the Emperor, and then uttering the words, 'To dear France my last sigh!' he fell stiff and cold. It was poor Ernest Auzoni, one of the bravest of men, and one who, but a few hours before, had received the warmest commendation of the Emperor. His death blighted the happiness of a beautiful and accomplished woman whom I remembered among my friends.

"Napoleon seemed riveted to the spot, which was watered with the blood of these heroes. 'Brave men!' said he; 'brave Auzoni! Excellent young man! Alas! this frightful scene! His endowment shall go to his mother. Let the order be presented for my signature as soon as possible.' Then turning to Dr. Ivan, who accompanied him, he said, 'Examine poor Auzoni's wounds, and see whether any thing can be done for him. This is indeed terrible.' The Emperor, whose feelings were deeply excited, continued his mournful inspection of the field of battle."

Upon this dreadful field of woe, of blood, of death, oppressed with myriad cares, and in the gloom of the inclement night, Napoleon remembered his faithful and anxious Josephine. She was then in Paris. Seizing a pen, he

hurriedly wrote the following lines. Calling a courier to his side, he dispatched him at his fleetest speed to convey the note to Josephine :

“Eylau, 3 o'clock in the morning, February 9, 1807.

“My love ! There was a great battle yesterday. Victory remains with me, but I have lost many men. The loss of the enemy, still more considerable, does not console me. I write these two lines myself, though greatly fatigued, to tell you that I am well, and that I love you. Wholly thine,

“NAPOLEON.”

The fac simile of this letter, written under such circumstances, will be examined with interest.

mais j'y ai perdu bien du monde ; la perte de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore, ne me console pas. Enfin je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même, quoique je sois bien fatigué pour te dire que je suis bien portant, et que je t'aime.

3 heures du matin le 9 Fevrier à Eylau Napoleon

Mon amie—il y a eu hier une grande bataille ; la victoire m'est restée, mais j'ai perdu bien du monde ; la perte de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore, ne me console pas. Enfin je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même, quoique je sois bien fatigué pour te dire que je suis bien portant, et que je t'aime.

Tout à toi,

Napoleon.

3 heures du matin le 9 Fevrier.

The dawn of the morning exhibited, upon that frozen field, perhaps the most frightful spectacle earth has ever witnessed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully torn by cannon balls, were prostrate upon the bloodstained ice and snow. A wail of anguish rose from the extended plain, which froze the heart of the beholder with terror. Dismounted cannon, fragments of projectiles, guns, swords, horses, dead or cruelly mangled, rearing, plunging, shrieking in their agony, presented a scene of unparalleled horror. Napoleon's heart was most deeply moved. His feelings of sympathy burst forth even in one of his bulletins. “This spectacle,” he wrote, “is fit to excite in princes a love of peace and a horror of war.” He immediately dispatched some battalions to pursue the retreating enemy, while he devoted all his en-

ergies to the relief of the misery spread around him. In the evening of the same day he wrote another letter to Josephine.

"Eylau, February 9, 6 o'clock in the evening, 1807.

"I write one word, my love, that you may not be anxious. The enemy has lost the battle, 40 pieces of cannon, 10 flags, 12,000 prisoners. He has suffered horribly. I have lost many men—1600 killed, and three or four thousand wounded. Corbineau was killed by a shell.* I was strongly attached to that officer, who had great merit. It gives me great pain. My horse-guard has covered itself with glory. Allemagne is wounded dangerously. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine,

NAPOLEON."

Again, in the night of the next day he wrote to that noble wife, who well knew how to appreciate the delicacy and generosity of such attentions :

"Eylau, February 11, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"I send you one line, my love. You must have been very anxious. I have beaten the enemy in a memorable battle, but it has cost me many brave men. The inclement weather constrains me to return to my cantonments. Do not indulge in grief, I entreat you. All this will soon end. The happiness of seeing you will lead me soon to forget my fatigues. I never was better. The little Tascher has conducted nobly. He has had a rough trial. I have placed him near me. I have made him officer of ordnance. Thus his troubles are ended. The young man interests me. Adieu, my dearest. A thousand kisses.

NAPOLEON."

In another letter of the 14th, he writes :

"My love ! I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and the wounded. This is not the pleasant part of war. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. I have repulsed the enemy, compelling him to abandon his projects. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless, tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

* Napoleon was giving General Corbineau some orders, when the unfortunate general was struck by a shell, and, in the words of Napoleon, "was carried away, crushed, annihilated before the Emperor's face."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH TO FRIEDLAND.

Renewed Offers of Peace—Address to the Legislative Body in Paris—Proclamation—Offers of Austria—Napoleon's Reply—Employments at Osterode—Madame de Staél—Temple of the Madeleine—Foresight of the Emperor—Letters—English Diplomacy at Constantinople—Dantzig—Attack of the Allies—Friedland—Russia sues for Peace—Address to the Army.

NAPOLEON remained eight days at Eylau, healing the wounds of his army, and gathering supplies for the protection and comfort of his troops. He was daily hoping that Frederick William and Alexander would demand no more blood—that they would propose terms of peace. It is a fact admitted by all, that Napoleon, in his wars thus far, was fighting in self-defense. He was the last to draw the sword and the first to propose peace. In this campaign, before the battle of Jena, Napoleon wrote to Frederick, entreating him to spare the effusion of blood. This appeal was disregarded. Scarce had the sun gone down over that field of carnage and of woe, ere Napoleon wrote again, pleading for humanity. Again was his plea sternly rejected. Secretly the Allies collected their strength and fell upon him in his cantonments. Napoleon pursued them two hundred and forty miles, and destroyed half of their army upon the plain of Eylau. For five days he waited anxiously, hoping that his vanquished assailants would propose peace. They were silent. He then, magnanimously triumphing over pride of spirit, and almost violating the dictates of self-respect, condescended again to plead for the cessation of hostilities. In the following terms, conciliatory, yet dignified, he addressed the King of Prussia :

“ I desire to put a period to the misfortunes of your family, and to organize as speedily as possible the Prussian monarchy. Its intermediate power is necessary for the tranquillity of Europe. I desire peace with Russia ; and, provided the cabinet of St. Petersburg has no designs upon the Turkish Empire, I see no difficulty in obtaining it. Peace with England is not less essential to all nations. I shall have no hesitation in sending a minister to Memil, to take part in a congress of France, Sweden, England, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey. But as such a congress may last many years, which would not suit the present condition of Prussia, your majesty therefore will, I am persuaded, be of opinion that I have taken the simplest method, and one which is most likely to secure the prosperity of your subjects. At all events, I entreat your majesty to believe in my sincere desire to re-establish amicable relations with so friendly a power as Prussia, and that I wish to do the same with Russia and England.”

The Allies considered this renewed proposal of Napoleon but an indication of his weakness. It encouraged them to redoubled efforts. They resolved to collect still more numerous swarms of Cossacks from the barbarian North, and, with increased vigor, to prosecute the war. Napoleon had also made

proposals to Sweden for peace. His advances were there also repelled. The King of Sweden wrote to the King of Prussia, "I think that a public declaration should be made in favor of the legitimate cause of the Bourbons, by openly espousing their interests, which is plainly that of all established governments. My opinion on this point is fixed and unalterable."

This arrogant assumption, that France had not a right to choose its own form of government and elect its own sovereign, rendered peace impossible. Even had Napoleon, like Benedict Arnold, turned traitor to his country, and endeavored to reinstate the rejected Bourbons, it would only have plunged France anew into all the horrors of civil war. The proudest and most powerful nation in Europe would not submit to dictation so humiliating. Napoleon truly said, "The Bourbons can not return to the throne of France but over the dead bodies of one hundred thousand Frenchmen." The Bourbons did finally return in the rear of the combined armies of despotic Europe. But the Allies crimsoned the Continent with blood, and struck down nearly a million of Frenchmen in mutilation and death ere they accomplished the iniquitous restoration. But where are the Bourbons now? And who now sits upon the throne of France? This is a lesson for the nations.

Just before the campaign of Jena, Napoleon thus addressed the legislative body in Paris: "Princes, magistrates, soldiers, citizens, we have all but one object in our several departments—the interest of our country. Weakness in the executive is the greatest of all misfortunes to the people. Soldier or First Consul, I have but one thought; Emperor, I have no other object—the prosperity of France. I do not wish to increase its territory, but I am resolved to maintain its integrity. I have no desire to augment the influence which we possess in Europe, but I will not permit what we enjoy to decline. No state shall be incorporated with our empire; but I will not sacrifice my rights, or the ties which unite us, to other states."

Napoleon, finding that there was no hope of peace, and having driven his enemies to the banks of the Niemen, prepared to return to his winter quarters upon the Vistula. He thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! we were beginning to taste the sweets of repose at our winter quarters, when the enemy attacked the first corps on the Lower Vistula. We flew to meet him. We pursued him, sword in hand, eighty leagues. He was driven for shelter beneath the cannons of his fortresses, and beyond the Pregel. We have captured sixty pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or taken more than forty thousand Russians. The brave who have fallen on our side have fallen nobly—like soldiers. Their families shall receive our protection. Having thus defeated the whole projects of the enemy, we will return to the Vistula, and re-enter our winter quarters. Whoever ventures to disturb our repose will repent of it. Beyond the Vistula as beyond the Danube, we shall always be the soldiers of the Grand Army."

Napoleon himself remained at Eylau until every thing was removed. He superintended the departure of the several divisions of the army, the sick, the wounded, the prisoners and the artillery taken from the enemy. He had a vast number of sledges constructed, and made as comfortable as possible, for the removal of the sick and the wounded. More than six thousand were



REMOVING THE WOUNDED

thus transported over two hundred miles, to their warm hospitals on the banks of the Vistula.

Austria now wished for an excuse to join the Allies.* She was, however, bound by the most solemn treaties not again to draw the sword against France. Napoleon had cautiously avoided giving her any offense. But she could not forget the disgrace of Ulm and Austerlitz. As an entering wedge to the strife, she proffered her services as mediator. Napoleon was not at all deceived as to her intentions, yet promptly replied :

“The Emperor accepts the amicable intervention of Francis II. for the

* “The battle of Eylau should have been the signal for the contracting the closest alliance with the Russian government, the instant advance of loans to any amount, the marching of sixty thousand English soldiers to the nearest points of embarkation. This was the crisis of the war; the imprudent confidence of Napoleon had drawn him into a situation full of peril; for the first time in his life he had been overmatched in a pitched battle, and hostile nations, besetting three hundred leagues of communication in his rear, were ready to intercept his retreat. No effort on the part of England could have been too great in order to turn to the best account so extraordinary a combination of favorable circumstances, no demonstration of confidence too unreserved to an ally capable of such sacrifices. Can there be a doubt that such a vigorous demonstration would at once have terminated the hesitations of Austria, revived the spirit of Prussia, and, by throwing a hundred thousand men on each flank of his line of communication, driven the French Emperor to a ruinous retreat? Is it surprising that when, instead of such co-operation, Alexander, after the sacrifices he had made, met with nothing but refusals in his applications for assistance, and saw the land-force of England wasted on useless distant expeditions, when every bayonet and sabre was of value on the banks of the Alle, he should have conceived a distrust of the English alliance, and formed the resolution of extricating himself as soon as possible from the hazardous conflict in which he was now exclusively engaged?”—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 516.

re-establishment of peace, so necessary to all nations. He only fears that the power which, hitherto, seems to have made a system of founding its wealth and greatness upon the divisions of the Continent, will draw from this step new subjects of animosity and new pretexts for dissensions. However, any way that can encourage the hope of the cessation of bloodshed, ought not to be neglected by France, which, as all Europe knows, was dragged in spite of herself into this war."

At the same time, Napoleon called for a new levy of eighty thousand men. But five months before he had called out the same number. He wished to display such a force that the Allies would see that his defeat was impossible, and that they would consent to peace without further shedding of blood. He wrote to Cambacères: "It is very important that this measure should be adopted with alacrity. A single objection raised in the Council of State or in the Senate would weaken me in Europe, and will bring Austria upon us. Then, it will not be two conscriptions, but three or four, which we shall be obliged to decree, perhaps to no purpose, and to be vanquished at last.

"A conscription, announced and resolved upon without hesitation, which perhaps I shall not call for, which certainly I shall not send to the active army, for I am not going to wage war with boys, will cause Austria to drop her arms. The least hesitation, on the contrary, would induce her to resume them, and to use them against us. No objection, I repeat, but an immediate and punctual execution of the decree which I send you. This is the way to have peace—to have a speedy, a magnificent peace."

Having dispatched this decree to Paris, Napoleon sent a copy to Talleyrand, requesting him to communicate to the Austrian government, without circumlocution, that the Emperor had divined the drift of the mediation which Austria had offered; that he accepted that mediation with a perfect knowledge of what it signified; that to offer peace was well, but that peace should be offered with a white truncheon in the hand; that the armaments of Austria were a very unsuitable accompaniment to the offer of mediation.

"I thus," said he, "explain myself with frankness, to prevent calamities, and to save Austria from them. If she wishes to send officers to ascertain our strength, we engage to show them the dépôts, the camps of reserve, and the divisions on the march. They shall see that, independently of the 100,000 French already in Germany, a second army of 100,000 men is preparing to cross the Rhine, to check any hostile movements on the part of the court of Vienna." These measures, so eminently sagacious, prevented Austria from uniting with the Allies, and thus, for the time at least, prevented an accumulation of the horrors of war.

The Bourbons of Spain were also still watching for an opportunity to fall upon Napoleon. Believing it impossible for the French Emperor to escape from his entanglements in Poland, surrounded by myriad foes, the Spanish court treacherously summoned the nation to arms. Napoleon was a thousand miles beyond the Rhine. England had roused Spain to attack him in the rear. The proclamation was issued the day before the battle of Jena. That amazing victory alarmed the perfidious court of Ferdinand. With characteristic meanness, the Spanish government immediately sent word to Napoleon that the troops were raised *to send to his assistance in case he*

should stand in need of them. The Emperor smiled, and, affecting to be a dupe, thanked Spain for its zeal, and requested the loan of fifteen thousand troops. The troops could not be refused.

Napoleon wrote to have them received in the most friendly and hospitable manner, and to be abundantly supplied with provisions, clothing, and money. They were stationed in the garrisons of France, and French soldiers, drawn from those garrisons, were called to Poland. These repeated acts of perfidy led to the final dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain. Their overthrow promoted the ruin of Napoleon. Their continuance upon the throne would also have secured that ruin. It was written in the book of Divine decrees that Napoleon must rise and fall. Human energy and wisdom could not have averted his final discomfiture. Had Napoleon joined hands with the feudal kings, and reigned the sovereign of the *nobles*, not of the people; the defender of *privilege*, not the advocate of *equality*, he might, perhaps, have disarmed the hostility of despots, but he would also have lost the heart of France. He fell magnificently; but his memory is embalmed in the love of the French people; it never will perish. "St. Helena," says Napoleon, "was written in the book of destiny."

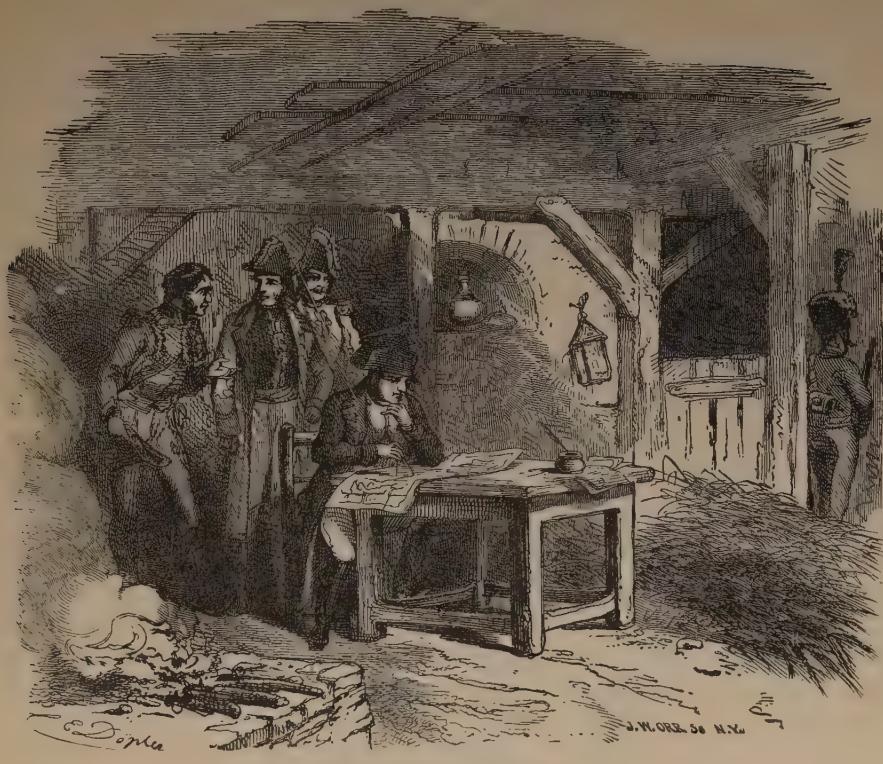
The cheerless months of departing winter passed rapidly away, as both parties prepared for the renewal of the strife. Napoleon shared the encampment of his troops. He taught them patience and fortitude by enduring himself every privation which they were called to experience. His brother Joseph, in a letter, complained of hardships in Naples. Napoleon, in the following terms, replied to his complaints:

"The officers of our staff have not undressed for these two months, and some not for four months past. I myself have been a fortnight without taking off my boots. We are amid snow and mud, without wine, without bread, eating potatoes and meat, making long marches and countermarches, without any kind of comfort, fighting in general with bayonets and under grape, the wounded having to be carried away in sledges, exposed to the air, two hundred miles."

Napoleon established his head-quarters in a wretched barn at a place called Osterode. "If, instead of remaining in a hole like Osterode," says Savary, "where every one was under his eye, and where he could set his whole force in motion, the Emperor had established himself in a great town, it would have required three months to do what he effected in less than one."

Here Napoleon not only attended to all the immense interests which were gathered round him, but he also devoted incessant thought to the government of his distant empire. The portfolios of the several ministers were sent to him from Paris every week. Upon the day of their reception he invariably attended to their contents, and returned them with minute directions. The most trivial as well as the most important matters were subject to his scrutiny. There had been composed in his honor verses, which he deemed bad, and which were recited in the theatres. He requested other verses to be substituted, in which he was less praised, but which gave utterance to noble thoughts.

"*The best way to praise me,*" said he, "*is to write things which excite heroic sentiments in the nation.*"



HEAD-QUARTERS AT OSTERODE.

With great care he studied the proceedings of the French Academy. At one of those meetings the memory of Mirabeau was violently assailed. Napoleon wrote to Fouché : " I recommend to you, let there be no reaction in the public opinion. Let Mirabeau be mentioned in terms of praise. There are many things in that meeting of the Academy which do not please me. When shall we grow wiser ? When shall we be animated by that genuine Christian charity which shall lead us to desire to abuse no one ? When shall we refrain from awaking recollections which send sorrow to the hearts of so many persons ? "

With intense interest he watched the progress of education. In reference to the institution for the education of girls at Ecouen, he wrote to Lacepede : " It is there proposed to train up women, wives, mothers of families. Make believers of them—not reasoners. The weakness of the brain of women, the mobility of their ideas, their destination in the social order, the necessity for inspiring them with a perpetual resignation, and a mild and easy charity—all this renders the influence of religion indispensable for them. I am anxious that they should leave the institution, not fashionable *belles*, but virtuous women—that their attractive qualities may be those of the heart."

He urged that they should study " history, literature, enough of natural philosophy to be able to dispel the popular ignorance around them, somewhat of medicine, botany, dancing—but not that of the *Opera*—ciphering, and all sorts of needle-work "

"Their apartments," he wrote, "must be furnished by their own hands. They must make their chemises, their stockings, their dresses, their caps, and they must be able, in case of need, to make clothes for their infants. I wish to make these young girls useful women. I am certain that I shall thus make them agreeable and attractive."

He was informed that Madame de Staël had returned to Paris, and that she was striving to excite hostility against his government. He ordered her to be expelled. Some of his friends urged him not to do so. He persisted, saying that if he did not interfere she would compromise good citizens, whom he would afterward be compelled to treat with severity.

Of Madame de Staël Napoleon said at St. Helena, "She was a woman of considerable talent and of great ambition, but so extremely intriguing and restless as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that; at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. She was ardent in her passions, vehement and extravagant in her expressions. She combined all her resources to make an impression upon the general of the army of Italy. Without any acquaintance with him, she wrote to him when afar off; she tormented him when present. If she was to be believed, the union of genius with a little insignificant Creole, incapable of appreciating or comprehending him, was a monstrosity. Unfortunately, the general's only answer was an indifference which women never forgive, and which, indeed," Napoleon remarked with a smile, "is hardly to be forgiven.

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," he continued, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël at a grand entertainment given by M. Talleyrand. She challenged me, in the middle of a numerous circle, to tell her who was the greatest woman in the world. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children.' Madame de Staël was at first a little disconcerted; she endeavored to recover herself by observing that it was reported that I was not very fond of women. 'Pardon me, madame,' I replied, 'I am very fond of my wife.' I can not call her a *wicked* woman, but she was a restless intriguer, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Again he said of Madame de Staël: "Her house had become quite an arsenal against me. People went there to be armed knights. She endeavored to raise enemies against me, and fought against me herself. She was at once Armida and Clorinda. After all, it can not be denied that Madame de Staël is a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents, and possessing a very considerable share of wit. She will go down to posterity. It was more than once intimated to me, in order to soften me in her favor, that she was an adversary to be feared, and might become a useful ally. And certainly if, instead of reviling me as she did, she had spoken in my praise, it might, no doubt, have proved advantageous to me. Her position and her abilities gave her an absolute sway over the saloons. Their influence in Paris is well known. Notwithstanding all she had said against me, and all that she will yet say, I am certainly far from thinking that she has a bad heart. The fact is, that she and I have waged a little war against each other, and that is all."

He then added, in reference to the numerous writers who had declaimed against him, "I am destined to be their food. I have but little fear of becoming their victim. They will bite against granite. My history is made up of facts, and words alone can not destroy them. In order to fight against me successfully, somebody should appear in the lists armed with the weight and authority of facts on his side. It would then, perhaps, be time for me to be moved. But as for all other writers, whatever be their talent, their efforts will be in vain. My fame will survive. When they wish to be admired, they will sound my praise."

While at Osterode, nothing seemed to be overlooked by Napoleon's all-comprehensive and untiring energies.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote: "An effective mode of encouraging literature would be to establish a journal, of which the criticism is enlightened, actuated by good intentions, and free of that coarse brutality which characterizes the existing newspapers, and which is so contrary to the true interests of the nation. Journals now never criticise with the intention of repressing mediocrity, guiding inexperience, or encouraging rising merit. All their endeavor is to wither, to destroy. Articles should be selected for the journals where reasoning is mingled with eloquence, where praise for deserved merit is tempered with censure for faults. Merit, however inconsiderate, should be sought for and rewarded."

Again he wrote: "You should occupy yourself with the project of establishing a university for literature—understanding by that word not merely the *belles-lettres*, but history and geography. It should consist of at least thirty professorships, so linked together as to exhibit a living picture of instruction and direction, where every one who wishes to study a particular age should know at once whom to consult—what books, monuments, or chronicles to examine—where every one who wishes to travel should know where to receive positive instructions as to the government, literature, and physical productions of the country which he is about to visit.

"It is a lamentable fact, that in this great country, a young man who wishes to study, or is desirous to signalize himself in any department, is obliged for long to grope in the dark, and literally to lose years in fruitless researches before he discovers the true repositories of the information for which he seeks. I desire such institutions. They have long formed the subject of my meditations, because in the course of my various labors I have repeatedly experienced their want."

A vast number of plans for the Temple of the Madeleine were sent to him. He wrote: "After having attentively considered the different plans submitted to my examination, I have not felt the smallest doubt as to which I should adopt. That of M. Vignon alone fulfills my wishes. It is a temple which I desire, not a church. What could you erect as a church which could vie with the Pantheon, *Nôtre Dame*, or, above all, with St. Peter's at Rome? Every thing in the temple should be in a chaste, severe, and durable style. It should be fitted for solemnities at all times, at all hours. The imperial throne should be a curule chair of marble. There should be seats of marble for the persons invited, an amphitheatre of marble for the performers. No furniture should be admitted but cushions for the seats. All

should be of granite, of marble, and of iron. With this view, searches should be made in all the provinces for quarries of marble and granite. They will be useful, not merely for this monument, but for others which I have in view, and which will require thirty, forty, or fifty years for their construction. Not more than \$600,000 should be required. The temple of Athens cost not much more than one half that sum. Three millions of dollars ave been absorbed, I know not how, in the Pantheon. But I should not object to the expenditure of a million of dollars for the construction of a temple worthy of the first city in the world."

Thus arose the exquisite structure of the Madeleine. Napoleon reared it in honor of the Grand Army. He, however, secretly intended it as an expiatory monument to Louis XVI., Maria Antoinette, and the other victims of the Revolution. He intended thus to announce it, and to dedicate it as soon as the fervor of revolutionary passion had sufficiently abated.



THE MADELEINE.

Napoleon learned that M. Berthollet, a man whom he particularly esteemed for his scientific attainments, was in some pecuniary embarrassment. He immediately wrote him, "I am informed that you are in need of thirty thousand dollars. My treasurer has an order to place that sum at your disposal. I am very glad to find this occasion to be useful to you, and to give you a proof of my esteem."

He was informed by the correspondence, which he paid for liberally and read with care, that there was a quarrel in the Opera. There was a disposition to persecute a poor machinist in consequence of the failure of some

decorations which he was preparing. Napoleon wrote to the Minister of Police, "I will not have wrangling any where. I will not suffer M—— to be the victim of an accident. My custom is to protect the unfortunate. Whether actresses ascend into the clouds or ascend not, I will not allow that to be made a handle for intriguing."

Severe, and, as Napoleon thought, mischievous attacks were made in two of the public journals upon the philosophers. He wrote, "It is necessary to have discreet men at the head of those papers. Those two journals affect religion even to bigotry. Instead of attacking the excesses of the exclusive system of some philosophers, they attack philosophy and human knowledge. Instead of keeping the productions of the age within bounds by sound criticism, they discourage those productions, deprecate and debase them."

His admirable foresight and energy had soon provided the army with all the comforts which could be enjoyed in a rude encampment. The Russians, on the other hand, were almost starving. They wandered about in marauding bands, pillaging the villages, and committing the most frightful excesses. Sometimes, driven by hunger, they came even to the French encampments and begged bread of the French soldiers. By signs they expressed that for several days they had eaten nothing. The soldiers received them as brothers, and fed them bountifully.

To promote industry in Paris, Napoleon gave orders for an immense quantity of shoes, boots, harness, and gun carriages to be made there. To transport these articles from France to the heart of Poland, through hostile countries infested by prowling bands of shattered armies, he devised a plan as ingenious and effective as it was simple. He had been impressed, in the quagmires through which his army had advanced, with the little zeal which the drivers of the baggage-wagons evinced, and their want of courage in danger. He had previously, with great success, given a military organization to the artillery-drivers. He now resolved to do the same with the baggage-drivers. These men, who had previously been but humble day-laborers, now became a proud corps of the army, with the honorable title of Battalion of the Train. They were dressed in uniform. A new sentiment of honor sprang up in their hearts. It was a two months' journey from Paris to the Vistula. They protected their equipages, freighted with treasure, and urged them on with the same zeal with which the artillerymen defended their guns, and the infantry and cavalry their flags. Animated by that enthusiasm which Napoleon had thus breathed into their hearts, they now appeared insensible to danger or fatigue.

Such were the multitude of objects to which Napoleon directed his attention. The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him during his encampment amid the snows of Poland. His enemies were awed by his energy and his achievements. His distant empire was as perfectly and as minutely under his government as if he were spending his days in his cabinet at the Tuilleries. Though thus laden with a burden of toil and care such as never before rested upon a mortal mind, rarely did he allow a day to pass without writing a line to Josephine. Often he sent to her twice a day a brief note of remembrance and of love. The following are a few of his letters:

"Posen, December 2, 1806.

"It is the anniversary of Austerlitz. I have been to an assembly in the city. It rains. I am well. I love you and desire you. The Polish ladies are all French, but there is only one woman for me. Would you like to know her? I might, indeed, draw you her portrait, but I should have to flatten the portrait itself quite too much before you could recognize yourself in it. These nights here are long, all alone. Entirely thine, NAPOLEON."

"Posen, December 3, 1806, noon.

"I have received yours of November 26. Two things I observe in it. You say I do not read your letters. This is an unkind thought. I do not thank you for so unfavorable an opinion. You also tell me that that neglect must be caused by some dream of another. And yet you add that you are not jealous. I have long observed that angry people insist that they are not angry; that those who are frightened say that they have no fear. You are thus convicted of jealousy. I am delighted. As to this matter, you are wrong. I think of any thing rather than that. In the deserts of Poland one has little opportunity to dream of beauty. I gave a ball yesterday to the nobility of the province. There were enough fine women, many rich, many badly dressed, although in Parisian fashion. Adieu, my love. I am well. Entirely thine,

NAPOLEON."

"Posen, December 3, 6 o'clock, evening.

"I have received your letter of November 27, in which I perceive that your little head is quite turned. I often recall the line,

"Woman's longing is a consuming flame."

You must calm yourself. I have written to you that I am in Poland, and that as soon as our winter quarters are established you can come. We must wait some days. The greater one becomes, the less can he have his own way. The ardor of your letter shows me that all you beautiful women recognize no barriers. Whatever you wish must be. As for me, I declare I am the veriest slave. My master has no compassion. That master is the *nature of things*. Adieu, my love. Be happy. The one of whom I wish to speak to you is Madame L——. Every one censures her. They assure me she is more a Prussian than a French woman. I do not believe it. But I think her a silly woman, and one who says only silly things. Thine entirely,

NAPOLEON."

"Golimin, Dec. 29, 1806, 5 o'clock in the morning.

"I can write you but a word, my love. I am in a wretched barn. I have beaten the Russians. We have taken from them 30 pieces of cannon, their baggage, and 6000 prisoners. The weather is dismal. It rains. We are in mud up to our knees. In two days we shall be at Warsaw, from which place I will write to you. Wholly thine,

NAPOLEON."

"Warsaw, January 18, 1807.

"I fear that you are greatly disappointed that our separation must still be prolonged for several weeks. I expect of you more force of character.

They tell me that you weep continually. Fy! How unbecoming that is. Your letter of the 7th of January gave me much pain. Be worthy of me, and show more force of character. Make a suitable appearance at Paris, and, above all, be contented. I am very well, and I love you very much; but if you continually weep, I shall think you to be without courage and without character. I do not love the spiritless. An empress should have energy.

NAPOLEON."

"January 23, 1807.

"I have received your letter of the 15th of January. It is impossible that I should permit ladies to undertake such a journey—wretched roads, miry and dangerous. Return to Paris. Be there cheerful, contented. I could but smile at your remark that you took a husband in order to live with him. I thought, in my ignorance, that woman was made for man; man for his country, his family, and glory. Pardon my ignorance. One is continually learning with our beautiful ladies. Adieu, my love. Think how much I suffer in not being able to call you here. Say to yourself, 'It is a proof how I am precious to him.'

NAPOLEON."

Without date.

"My love! Your letter of the 20th of January has given me much pain. It is too sad. Behold the evil of not being a little devout. You tell me that your happiness makes your glory. That is not generous. You ought to say, The happiness of others is my glory. That is not conjugal. You must say, The happiness of my husband is my glory. That is not maternal. You should say, The happiness of my children is my glory. But since others, your husband, your children, can not be happy without a little glory, you should not say fy! at it so much. Josephine, your heart is excellent, but your reason feeble. Your perceptions are exquisite, but your deliberations are less wise.

"Enough of fault-finding. I wish that you should be cheerful, contented with your lot, and that you should obey, not murmuring and weeping, but with alacrity of heart and with some degree of satisfaction with all. Adieu, my love. I leave to-night to run through my advance posts.

NAPOLEON."

From his rude encampment at Osterode he wrote, the 27th of March, "I desire, more strongly than you can, to see you, and to live in tranquillity. I am interested in other things besides war. But duty is paramount over all. All my life I have sacrificed tranquillity, interest, happiness, to my destiny."

The Emperor was exceedingly attached to the little Napoleon, to whom he often refers in his letters. He was the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy, five years of age, was exceedingly beautiful, and developed all those energetic and magnanimous traits of character which would win, in the highest degree, the admiration of Napoleon. The Emperor had decided to make this young prince his heir. All thoughts of the divorce were now relinquished. Early in the spring of this year the child was suddenly taken

sick of the croup, and died. The sad tidings were conveyed to Napoleon in his cheerless stable at Osterode. It was a terrible blow to his hopes and to his affections. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in painful musings. No one ventured to disturb his grief.

Napoleon was now the most powerful monarch in Europe. But he was without an heir. His death would plunge France into anarchy, as ambitious chieftains, each surrounded by his partisans, would struggle for the throne. Mournfully and anxiously he murmured to himself, again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this." Napoleon was ambitious. He wished to send down his name to posterity as the greatest benefactor France had ever known. To accomplish this, he was ready to sacrifice comfort, health, his affections, and that which he deemed least of all, his life. He loved Josephine above all other created beings. He deceived himself by the belief that it would be indeed a noble sacrifice to France to bind, as an offering upon the altar of his country, even their undying love. He knew that the question of the divorce would again arise. The struggle now resumed in his heart between his love for Josephine and his desire to found a stable dynasty, and to transmit his name to posterity, was fearful. Strong as was his self-control, his anguish was betrayed by his pallid cheek, his restless eye, his loss of appetite and of sleep.

To Josephine, apprehensive of the result, the bereavement was inexpressibly dreadful. Overwhelmed with anguish, she wept day and night. This little boy, Charles Napoleon, Prince Royal of Holland, died at the Hague, 5th of May, 1807. He was the elder brother of Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of France. Upon receiving the intelligence of his death, Napoleon thus wrote to Josephine :

"May 14, 1807.

"I can appreciate the grief which the death of poor Napoleon has caused you. You can understand the anguish which I experience. I could wish that I were with you, that you might become moderate and discreet in your grief. You have had the happiness of never losing any children. But it is one of the conditions and sorrows attached to suffering humanity. Let me hear that you have become reasonable and tranquil. Would you magnify my anguish? Adieu, my love.

NAPOLEON."

In the following terms he wrote to Hortense :

"My daughter!—Every thing which reaches me from the Hague informs me that you are unreasonable. However legitimate may be your grief, it should have its bounds. Do not impair your health. Seek consolation. Know that life is strewed with so many dangers, and may be the source of so many calamities, that death is by no means the greatest of evils.

"Your affectionate father,

"Finkenstein, May 20, 1807."

NAPOLEON.

Four days after he thus wrote to Josephine :

"May 24, 1807.

"I have received your letter from Lacken. I see, with pain, that your grief is still unabated, and that Hortense is not yet with you. She is unreasonable, and merits not to be loved, since she loves but her children. Strive to calm yourself, and give me no more pain. For every irremediable evil we must find consolation. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

Again he writes to Hortense on the 2d of June:

"My daughter!—You have not written me one word in your just and great grief. You have forgotten every thing, as if you had no other loss to endure. I am informed that you no longer love—that you are indifferent to every thing. I perceive it by your silence. That is not right. It is not what you promised me. Your mother and I are nothing, then. Had I been at Malmaison, I should have shared your anguish; but I should also wish that you would restore yourself to your best friends. Adieu, my daughter. Be cheerful. We must learn resignation. Cherish your health, that you may be able to fulfill all your duties. My wife is very sad in view of your condition. Do not add to her anguish.

"Your affectionate father,

NAPOLEON."

Again he wrote:

"My daughter!—I have received your letter dated Orleans. Your griefs touch my heart. But I would wish that you would summon more fortitude. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself. I do not love to see you unjust toward the little Louis Napoleon, and toward all your friends. Your mother and I cherish the hope to be more in your heart than we are. I have gained a great victory on the 14th of June. I am well, and I love you intensely. Adieu, my daughter! I embrace you with my whole heart.

NAPOLEON."

While Napoleon was encamped upon the snows of Poland, waiting for the return of spring, all his energies of body and mind were incessantly active. Often he made the rounds of his cantonments, riding upon horseback ninety miles a day, through storms, and snow, and mire. He was daily in correspondence with his agents for the recruiting of his army, and for the transportation of the enormous supplies which they required. He kept a watchful eye upon every thing transpiring in Paris, and guided all the movements of the government there. During the long winter nights he was ruminating upon the general policy he should adopt in disarming enemies, in rewarding friends, in forming alliances, and in shielding France from further insults.

England now made the desperate endeavor to force Turkey into the alliance against France. Failing entirely to accomplish this by diplomacy, she resorted to measures which no one has had the boldness to defend.* An En-

* "Mr. Wellesley Pole, in the absence of Mr. Arbuthnot, the British minister," says Alison,

glish fleet forced the Dardanelles, scorning the feeble batteries of the Turks. The squadron anchored in front of Constantinople, with its guns pointed at its thronged dwellings. The summons was laconic : “ Dismiss the French minister, surrender your fleet to us, and join our alliance against France, or in one half hour we will lay your city in ashes.”

But Napoleon had placed in Constantinople an ambassador equal to the emergence. General Sebastiani roused all the vigor of the Turkish government. He beguiled the foe into a parley. While this parley was protracted day after day, the whole population of the city—men, women, and children, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians—threw themselves into the work of rearing defenses. French engineers guided the laborers. In less than a week 917 pieces of cannon and 200 mortars were frowning upon the batteries. The squadron was now compelled to retreat. With difficulty it forced its way back through the Strait, pelted all the way by the feeble batteries of the Turks. The English lost in this audacious expedition two hundred and fifty men. The Turks, thus influenced, became more cordially allied to France. Napoleon was extremely gratified at the result.

Twenty-five thousand of the Allies had intrenched themselves in Dantzig. The conquest of the city was a matter of great moment to Napoleon. The conduct of the siege was intrusted to Marshal Lefebvre. He was a brave officer, but an ignorant man. He was extremely impatient of the slow progress of the engineers, and was restless to head his troops and rush to the assault. Napoleon, with his head-quarters about a hundred miles from Dantzig, kept up a daily correspondence with his marshal upon the progress of the works. It frequently, during the siege, became necessary for Napoleon personally to interpose to settle disputes between Marshal Lefebvre and his officers. The following letter to the impetuous soldier finely develops the prudence and the candor of the Emperor :

“ You can do nothing but find fault, abuse our allies, and change your opinion at the pleasure of the first comer. You wanted troops. I sent you them. I am preparing more for you ; and you, like an ingrate, continue to complain, without thinking even of thanking me. You treat our allies, especially the Poles and the Baden troops, without any delicacy. They are not used to stand fire ; but they will get accustomed to it. Do you imagine that we were as brave in '92 as we are now, after fifteen years of war ? Have some indulgence, then, old soldier as you are, for the young soldiers who are starting in the career, and who have not yet your coolness in danger. The Prince of Baden, whom you have with you, has chosen to leave the pleasures of the court for the purpose of leading his troops into fire.

“ Pay him respect, and give him credit for a zeal which his equals rarely imitate. The breasts of your grenadiers, which you are for bringing in every where, will not throw down walls. You must allow your engineers to act,

“ who was sick of fever presented himself before the Divan in his riding-dress, with a whip in his hand, and peremptorily announced that if the demands of Russia were not instantly acceded to, a British fleet would enter the Dardanelles, and lay the capital in ashes. Intimidated by this bold language and by the haughty air of the person who used it, and secretly aware of the weakness of the defenses of the capital, the counselors of Selim recommended a temporary concession to the demands of the allied powers.” This is surely a novel exhibition of diplomatic courtesy, and one which would perhaps have more influence in Turkey than in some other latitudes.

and listen to the advice of General Chasseloup, who is a man of science, and from whom you ought not to withdraw your confidence at the suggestion of the first petty caviler, pretending to judge of what he is incapable of comprehending. Reserve the courage of your grenadiers for the moment when science shall tell you that it may be usefully employed; and, in the mean time, learn patience. It is not worth while, for the sake of a few days, which, besides, I know not how to employ just now, to get some thousand men killed whose lives it is possible to spare. Show the calmness, the consistency, the steadiness which befit your age. Your glory is in taking Dantzig. Take that place, and you shall be satisfied with me."

On the 26th of May, Dantzig capitulated, after a terrific conflict of fifty-one days. From the abundant stores which the Allies had gathered there, Napoleon immediately sent a million of bottles of wine to his troops in their cantonments. While the snows were melting, and the frost yielding to the returning sun of spring, it was hardly possible for either army to resume hostilities. The heavy cannon could not be drawn through the miry roads. Though Napoleon was fifteen hundred miles from his capital, in a hostile country, and with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England combined against him, his genius, his foresight, his indefatigable activity supplied his troops with every comfort. The allied army was, on the contrary, suffering every privation. The starving soldiers, to appease the cravings of want, desolated extended tracts of country with violence and plunder.

The allied army now consisted of 140,000 men, of which 100,000 could be speedily concentrated upon a field of battle. Napoleon, with 400,000 men dispersed along his extended line of march, and stationed in the fortresses of his wide frontier, could, in a few days, concentrate 160,000 men upon any spot between the Niemen and the Vistula. With his accustomed vigilance and forecast, early in May he ordered all the divisions of his army to take the field, and to be daily exercised in preparation for the resumption of hostilities.

Early in June the Allies made a sudden rush from their intrenchments, hoping to surround and overwhelm the division of Marshal Ney. This was the signal for Napoleon's whole army, extended along a line of one hundred and fifty miles, to advance and to concentrate. They did advance. The opposing hosts every where met. The roar of musketry and of artillery, the rush of squadrons, and the clash of sabres, resounded by day and by night. Napoleon had matured all his plans. With iron energy he drove on to the result. By skillful maneuvering, he every where outnumbered his foes. Over mountains, across rivers, through defiles and forests, he pursued the retiring foe.

Field after field was red with blood. Mothers, with their babes, fled from their homes before the sweep of this awful avalanche of woe. In each village the Russians made a stand. For an hour the tempest of war roared and flashed around the doomed dwellings. The crash of cannon balls, the explosion of shells, the storm of bullets speedily did its work. From the smouldering ruins the panting, bleeding Russians fled. In the blazing streets horsemen and footmen met, hand to hand, in the desperate fight. Ten thousand homes were utterly desolated. Women and children were struck by

bullets and balls. Fields of grain were trampled in the mire. Still the storm of war swept on and swept on, mercilessly, unrelentingly. Regardless of prayers and tears, and blood and woe, barbarian Russians fled, and ferocious Frenchmen pursued.

Every vile man on earth loves the army and the license of war. No earthly power can restrain the desperadoes who throng the rank and file of contending hosts. From such an inundation of depraved and reckless men there is no escape. The farm-house, the village, the city is alike exposed. Humanity shudders in contemplating the atrocities which are perpetrated. The carnage of the field of battle is the very least of the calamities of war. Napoleon was indefatigable in his efforts. His energy appeared superhuman. He seemed neither to eat, nor sleep, nor rest. He was regardless of rain, of mud, of darkness, of storms. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, as, with his staff, like a whirlwind he swept along his lines, rousing, animating, energizing his mighty hosts, advancing over a space of fifty leagues.

It was on the 5th of June that the storm of war commenced. Day and night it continued unabated, as the Russians, fighting with desperation, sullenly retreated before their foes. On the 10th the Allies had concentrated, upon the field of Heilsberg, on the banks of the River Alle, 90,000 men. Here they planted themselves firmly behind intrenchments, fortified by five hundred pieces of heavy artillery. These were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot to mow down the French advancing over the open plain.

In utter recklessness of life, 30,000 Frenchmen, rending the skies with their wild hurrahs, rushed upon the muzzles of these guns. Murat and Ney headed the desperate assault. Napoleon was not there to witness a scene of butchery so inexcusable. The Russian batteries opened upon the bare bosoms of these moving masses, and the whole heads of columns were swept away. Still on and on the impetuous host rushed, with oaths and shouts, wading through blood, and trampling over piles of the slain. They pour over the intrenchments, sabre the gunners, shout victory.

Suddenly the tramp of iron hoofs is heard. Trumpets sound the charge. A squadron of horse, ten thousand strong, sweeps down upon the French with resistless plunge. The shout of victory sinks away into the wail of death. The French who had scaled the ramparts were overwhelmed, annihilated. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed all day long. Night came. Dense volumes of smoke canopied the field of demoniac war with the sulphurous gloom of the world of woe. By the light of the cannon's flash the surges of battle still rolled to and fro. Clouds gathered in the black sky. A dismal rain began to fall, as if Nature herself wept over the crimes of the children of earth. Midnight came. The booming of the guns gradually ceased, as the soldiers, utterly exhausted with a conflict of twelve hours, threw themselves, amid the dying and the dead, upon the storm-drenched and gory ground. Late in the night Napoleon came galloping upon the field. He was exceedingly displeased at the senseless butchery to which his impetuous generals had led the men.

The dawn of a gloomy morning of wind and rain revealed to both armies an awful spectacle. The two hostile hosts were within half cannon shot of each other. The narrow space between was covered with eighteen thousand

of the dead and wounded. All the dead and many of the wounded had been stripped entirely naked by those wretches, both male and female, who ever, in great numbers, follow in the wake of armies for such plunder. These naked bodies, crimsoned with gore, mutilated by balls and by ghastly sabre strokes, presented an aspect of war stripped of all its pageantry. By mutual, instinctive consent, both parties laid aside their guns, and hastened to the relief of the wounded and to the burial of the dead. How strange the scene! Russians and Frenchmen were now mingled together upon the same field, in perfect amity, vying with each other in deeds of kindness.

Each army then resumed its position to renew the fight. The Russians rallied behind their intrenchments, the French upon the open plain. Napoleon, ever anxious to spare the needless effusion of blood, so skillfully maneuvered, preparing to attack his foes in the rear, that the Russians were soon compelled, without the firing of a gun, to abandon their position and to continue their retreat. All the night of the 12th of June the Russians were precipitately retiring. Though dreadfully fatigued, they continued their flight the whole of the next day. They were compelled to make another stand upon the plain of Friedland. Their doom was sealed. Napoleon had driven them into the elbow of a river, and had so skillfully drawn together his forces as to render their escape impossible.

Early in the morning of the 14th the battle of Friedland commenced. The division of Lannes was in the advance. The Russian army fell upon it with the utmost energy, hoping to secure its destruction before the other divisions of the French army could come to its relief. Napoleon was ten miles distant when he heard the first deep booming of the cannon. He sent in every direction for his battalions to hasten to the scene of conflict. At noon Napoleon galloped upon the heights which overlooked the field. As he saw the position of the enemy, hemmed in by the bend of the river, and his own troops marching up on every side, a gleam of joy lighted up his features.

“This,” he exclaimed, “is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us.”

The French, during the morning, had been contending against fearful odds. Lannes, with 26,000 men, had withstood the assault of the whole Russian army of 80,000. As Napoleon appeared upon the heights, General Oudinot, plunging his spurs into his horse, hastened to the Emperor, exclaiming, “Make haste, sire! My grenadiers are utterly exhausted. But give me a re-enforcement, and I will drive all the Russians into the river.” The clothes of the intrepid soldier were perforated with balls, and his horse was covered with blood. Napoleon glanced proudly at him, and then, with his glass, carefully and silently surveyed the field of battle. One of his officers ventured to suggest that it would be best to defer the battle for a few hours, until the rest of the troops had arrived and had obtained a little rest. “No, no!” Napoleon replied, energetically; “one does not catch an enemy twice in such a scrape.”

Calling his lieutenants around him, he explained to them his plan of attack with that laconic force and precision of language which no man has ever surpassed. Grasping the arm of Marshal Ney, and pointing to the little

town of Friedland, and the dense masses of the Russians crowded before it, he said, emphatically,

“ Yonder is the goal. March to it without looking about you. Break into that thick mass, whatever it costs. Enter Friedland; take the bridges, and give yourself no concern about what may happen on your right, your left, or your rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that.”

Ney, proud of the desperate enterprise assigned him, set out on the gallop to head his troops. Napoleon followed with his eye this “ bravest of the brave.” Impressed by his martial attitude, he exclaimed, “ That man is a lion.” Ney’s division of 14,000 men, with a solid tramp which seemed to shake the plain, hurled itself upon the foe. At the same signal the whole French line advanced. It was a spectacle of awful sublimity. One incessant roar of battle, louder than the heaviest thunders, shook the plain. Napoleon stood in the centre of the divisions which he held in reserve. A large cannon ball came whistling over their heads, just above the bayonets of the troops. A young soldier instinctively dodged. Napoleon looked at him, and smiling, said, “ My friend, if that ball were destined for you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there.”

Friedland was soon in flames, and Ney in possession of its blazing dwellings and its bloodstained streets. As the darkness of night came on, the scene was indescribably awful. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded, retreated toward the river, pursued by the victorious French, who were plowing their ranks incessantly with grape-shot, musketry, and cannon balls. The bridges were all destroyed. A frightful spectacle of wreck and ruin was now presented. The retreating army plunged into the stream. Some found fords, and, wading breast high, reached the opposite bank, and planted anew their batteries; thousands were swept away by the current. The shore, for miles, was lined with the bodies of drowned men. A storm of bullets swept the river, crowded with the fugitives, and the water ran red with blood.

The allied army was now utterly destroyed. It was impossible to make any further opposition to the advance of Napoleon. The broken bands of the vanquished retired precipitately across the Niemen, and took refuge in the wilds of Russia. The Russian generals and the Russian army now clamored loudly for peace. Alexander sent a messenger to Napoleon imploring an armistice. Napoleon promptly replied, that after so much fatigue, toil, and suffering, he desired nothing so much as a safe and honorable peace; and that most cordially he consented to an armistice, hoping that it might secure that desirable end. Thus in ten days the campaign was terminated. Napoleon thus addressed his army:

“ Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy had mistaken the cause of our inactivity. He perceived too late that our repose was that of the lion. He repents of having disturbed it. In a campaign of ten days we have taken 120 pieces of cannon, seven colors, and have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners 60,000 Russians. We have taken from the enemy’s army all its magazines, its hospitals, its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the 300 vessels which

were in that port, laden with all kinds of military stores, and 160,000 muskets, which England was sending to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come, with the speed of the eagle, to those of the Niemen. At Austerlitz you celebrated the anniversary of the coronation. At Friedland you have worthily celebrated the battle of Marengo, where we put an end to the war of the second coalition.

“ Frenchmen ! You have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time for our country to live in repose, sheltered from the malignant influences of England. My bounties shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love which I feel for you.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PEACE OF TILSIT.

Proposals for Peace—Raft at Tilsit—Intimacy of Napoleon and Alexander—The King of Prussia—Chagrin of the Queen—Treaty of Tilsit—Unfair Representations of English Historians—Return to Paris—General Rejoicing.

UPON the banks of the Niemen, which separates the rest of Europe from the boundless wastes of the Russian empire, Napoleon arrested the march of his triumphant columns. But twenty months had now elapsed since he left the camp of Boulogne. In that time he had traversed the Continent and conquered all the armies of combined Europe. The storms of winter had passed away. The beauty of summer was blooming around him. His soldiers, flushed with victory, and adoring their chieftain, were ready to follow wherever he should lead. But his enemies were incapable of any further resistance. Alexander and Frederick William, in the extreme of dejection, were upon the northern bank of the river, with about 70,000 men, the broken bands of their armies. These troops, having lost most of their artillery and munitions of war, were utterly dispirited. On the other bank the eagles of Napoleon fluttered proudly over 170,000 victors.

Upon the left bank of the Niemen there is the little town of Tilsit. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had just arrived in this place when a letter was placed in his hands from Alexander, proposing an armistice. Napoleon had now been absent from the capital of his empire nearly a year, enduring inconceivable toils and hardships. With the utmost cordiality he accepted the proffered advances. Marshal Kalkreuth appeared, in behalf of the Prussians, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon received him with great courtesy, and said, “ You alone, of the Prussian officers, have treated the French prisoners humanely. On this account, and as a mark of my esteem and gratitude, I consent to a suspension of arms, without requiring the delivery of the remaining Prussian fortresses.”

The Niemen alone now separated the belligerent armies. But Napoleon, with characteristic caution, concentrated his forces, reared an intrenched camp, collected immense stores, and posted the divisions of his army just as if the war had not been interrupted. The two vanquished sovereigns were

now in great haste to open negotiations. The first interview was appointed for the 25th of June.

It is not often that the mathematical and the poetic elements combine in the same mind. They did so, in the most extraordinary degree, in the mind of Napoleon. No one ever had a more rich appreciation than he of beauty and of sublimity. He felt the impress of moral grandeur, and he well knew how to place that impress upon other hearts. The two most powerful sovereigns in the world were to meet, in friendly converse, to decide whether war should still desolate Europe. For a year their mighty armies had been engaged in one of the most sanguinary conflicts earth has ever witnessed. These hosts, consisting in the aggregate of more than two hundred thousand men, were now facing each other, separated but by a narrow stream. The eyes of all Europe were riveted upon the astonishing scene. Napoleon fully realized the grandeur of the occasion. With his accustomed tact, he seized upon it to produce an impression never to be forgotten.

He ordered a large and magnificent raft to be moored in the middle of the Niemen, equidistant from both banks of the river. The raft was carpeted,



and ornamented with the richest decorations. Upon one part a ~~gorgeous~~ pavilion was erected. No expense was spared to invest the construction with the most imposing magnificence. The two armies were drawn up upon each shore. Thousands of people from the neighboring country had thronged to the spot to witness the extraordinary spectacle. God seemed

to smile upon this scene of reconciliation. The sun rose brilliantly into the cloudless sky, and the balmy atmosphere of one of the most lovely of June mornings invigorated all hearts.

At one o'clock precisely the thunders of artillery rose sublimely from either shore, as each emperor, accompanied by a few of his principal officers, stepped into a boat on his own side of the river. The numerous and gorgeously appareled suite of the respective monarchs followed in a boat immediately after their sovereigns. The main raft was intended solely for Napoleon and Alexander. Two smaller rafts, also of beautiful construction, were anchored at a short distance for the imperial retinue. Napoleon reached the raft first, and immediately crossed it to receive Alexander. The two emperors cordially embraced each other. Every man in both armies was gazing upon them. Instantly a shout arose from two hundred thousand voices, which filled the air like a peal of sublimest thunder. Even the roar of nearly a thousand pieces of artillery was drowned in that exultant acclaim.

The two emperors entered the pavilion together. The first words which Alexander uttered were,

“I hate the English as much as you do. I am ready to second you in all your enterprises against them.”

“In that case,” Napoleon replied, “every thing will be easily arranged, and peace is already made.”

The interview lasted two hours. Napoleon, with his brilliant genius, possessed powers of fascination which few could resist. Alexander was perfectly entranced. “Never,” said he afterward, “did I love any man as I loved that man.” “You and I,” said Napoleon, “shall understand each other better if we treat directly than by employing our ministers. We shall advance business more in an hour than our negotiators in several days. Between you and me there must be no third person.”

Alexander was but thirty years of age. He was extremely ambitious. To be thus addressed by one whose renown filled the world was in the highest degree gratifying to the vanquished monarch. Napoleon proposed that they should both establish themselves in the little town of Tilsit, which should be neutralized to receive Alexander. There they could at any hour, in person, engage in business. The proposal was eagerly accepted. It was agreed that the very next day, Alexander, with his guard, should occupy one half of Tilsit, and Napoleon the other. Napoleon immediately ordered the most sumptuous arrangements to be made for the accommodation of the Russian emperor. Furniture of the richest construction was sent to his apartments, and he was provided with every luxury.

On the morning of the next day the emperors met again upon the raft. The unfortunate King of Prussia accompanied Alexander. Frederick William was a dull, uninteresting, awkward man, with no graces of person or of mind. He had unjustly provoked the war. His kingdom was in the hands of the conqueror. He could receive nothing but what Napoleon, in compassion, might condescend to restore. Alexander could treat on terms of equality. His kingdom was not yet invaded. All its resources were still under his control. The interview was short, lasting but half an hour. It was extremely embarrassing upon the part of the King of Prussia. He tried to

frame some apologies for drawing the sword against France. Napoleon was too generous to wound his humbled foe by reproaches. He merely said that it was a great calamity that the court of Berlin should have allowed itself, by the intrigues of England, to embroil the Continent in war. It was decided that the King of Prussia should also come to Tilsit, to reside with his ally Alexander. Both parties then returned to their respective sides of the river.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Alexander again crossed the Niemen to take up his residence in Tilsit. Napoleon went to the water's edge to receive him. They met like friends of long standing. Napoleon was especially courteous and cordial. Alexander was greeted with all the honor which the French army could confer. He was conducted to his quarters amid the discharges of artillery and the acclamations of a countless host. Alexander dined with Napoleon. The highest honors and the most delicate attentions were lavished upon him. It was immediately settled that the Russian emperor should take all his meals with Napoleon. Alexander was a gentleman of highly polished address, exhibiting all that grace and elegance which give such a peculiar charm to the *salons* of Paris. He was entirely dazzled by the grandeur and the fascinations of Napoleon, and was willingly led captive by one who could conquer hearts even more easily than he could vanquish armies.

The two emperors took long rides every day, side by side, upon the banks of the Niemen, conversing with the utmost frankness. Their intimacy became so extraordinary, that not only did they dine daily together, but nearly every hour they were with each other, arranging the complicated conditions of the treaty into which they were about to enter. The officers and soldiers of the two armies, witnessing the perfect cordiality between the two emperors, vied also with each other in testimonials of esteem and friendship. Fêtes and entertainments succeeded in rapid order, and the two encampments were united in the kindest ties of brotherhood. The emperors, as they rode in company along the ranks of both armies, were received with the liveliest acclamations. Shouts of "Vive Alexander!" "Vive Napoleon!" were harmoniously blended. "My soldiers," said Napoleon to the Czar, "are as brave as it is possible to be, but they are too much addicted to reasoning on their position. If they had the impassable firmness and docility of the Russians, the world would be too small for their exploits."

One morning Napoleon and Alexander were walking out together, when they passed a French sentinel, who respectfully presented arms. The grenadier had a hideous scar upon his face, caused by a long and deep sabre gash, extending from his forehead to his chin. Napoleon looked at the man kindly for a moment, and then said to Alexander,

"Sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

Alexander fixed his eyes upon the wound, and replied, "And you, sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

The grenadier murmured, in a grave voice, without changing a feature of his cast-iron face, "They are all dead—they are."

For a moment Alexander was embarrassed, and then turning to Napoleon,

very courteously replied, "Here, my brother, as elsewhere, the victory remains with you."

"Here, as elsewhere," Napoleon most aptly rejoined, "it is to my soldiers that I am indebted for victory."

The emperors often spent hours together with the map of the world spread out before them. Alexander became quite entranced with the new and brilliant thoughts which Napoleon suggested to his mind. It was Napoleon's great object to withdraw Alexander from the alliance with England, and to secure his cordial co-operation with France.

"What," said he, one day, "are the objects at which England aims? She wishes to rule the seas, which are the property of all nations, to oppress neutral flags, to monopolize commerce, to compel other nations to pay for colonial produce whatever price she demands, to plant her foot upon the Continent wherever she can—in Portugal, in Denmark, in Sweden; to take possession of the dominant points of the globe, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, Malta, and the entrance to the Baltic, that she may impose her laws upon the whole trading world. She is now endeavoring to conquer Egypt. And recently, if she had obtained possession of the Dardanelles, what would she have done with them?

"I am accused of being fond of war. It is not so. I am ready instantly to prove it. Be you my mediator with the cabinet of London. That character befits your position as the former ally of England and the future ally of France. I am willing to give up Malta. Great Britain may keep that island in compensation for what I have acquired since the rupture of the peace of Amiens. But let her, in her turn, give up the colonies which she has wrested from my allies, Spain and Holland. I will then restore Hanover to her. Are not these conditions just—perfectly equitable? Can I accept others? Can I desert my allies? And when I am willing to sacrifice my conquests on the Continent to recover for my allies their lost possessions, is it possible to dispute my probity and my moderation?

"If England refuse these terms, she ought to be forced to submit. It is not right that she should keep the world continually harassed by war. We have the means of compelling her to peace. If England refuses these just terms, proclaim yourself the ally of France. Declare that you will join your forces with hers to secure a maritime peace. Let England know that besides war with France she will have a war with the whole Continent, with Russia, with Prussia, with Denmark, with Sweden, and with Portugal, all which powers must obey when we signify our will to them. Austria must speak out in the same spirit when she finds that she must have war with England or with us. England, then exposed to a universal war—if she will not conclude an equitable peace—England will lay down her arms.

"You are to act as a mediator with England for me. I will act the same part with the Porte for you. If the Porte refuses to treat on equitable terms, I will unite with you against the Turks. Then we will make a suitable partition of the Ottoman empire."

Alexander was thrown by these magnificent conceptions into almost a delirium of enthusiasm. He yielded himself, without resistance, to the fascinating nations of the master-mind which had now obtained an entire ascendancy

over him. He was never weary of expressing his unbounded admiration of Napoleon. To those who approached him he incessantly exclaimed, "What a great man! what a genius! What extensive views! What a captain! what a statesman! Had I known him sooner, from how many errors he might have saved me! What great things we might have accomplished together!"

The unfortunate King of Prussia was truly an object of commiseration. With neither an empire nor an army, he was but a suppliant for such alms as the generosity of Napoleon might confer upon him. He was lonely and dejected, and was quite an incumbrance in the way of his crowned companions. Napoleon treated him with great delicacy and respect. Said Napoleon at St. Helena,

"Almost every day at Tilsit the two emperors and the King of Prussia rode out together on horseback. Napoleon rode in the middle between the



THE THREE SOVEREIGNS.

two sovereigns. Frederick William could hardly keep pace with the two emperors, or, deeming himself an intruder on their *tête-à-tête*, generally fell behind. Alexander was sometimes fatigued with his companion, whose chagrin was so evident that it damped our satisfaction. We broke up, in consequence, our dinner parties at an early hour, under pretense of business at home. Alexander and I remained behind to take tea together, and generally prolonged the conversation till past midnight."

In these long interviews the fate of Turkey was a continual topic of con-

versation. The Moslem empire was rapidly crumbling to decay. Alexander was exceedingly desirous to drive the Turks out of Europe, and take possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was irreconcilably opposed to this plan. He felt that it was giving the dreaded Colossus of the North altogether too much power. He was willing that Russia should take the provinces on the Danube, but could not be persuaded to allow Alexander to pass the range of the Balkan Mountains, and annex to his realms the proud city of Constantinople.

One day, having returned from a ride, the two emperors shut themselves up in the writing cabinet, where numerous maps were spread out. Napoleon requested his secretary, M. Meneval, to bring him a map of Turkey. Clapping his finger upon Constantinople, he exclaimed with great earnestness, as if repeating a conversation, "Constantinople! Constantinople! never! 'tis the empire of the world!"

"All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive these brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would destroy the equilibrium of power in Europe."

"A dispensation of Providence," said Napoleon to Alexander at Tilsit, "has set me at liberty in regard to the Porte. My ally and friend, Sultan Selim, has been hurled from the throne into confinement. I did think that one might make something of these Turks; restore to them some energy; teach them to make use of their natural courage. 'Tis an illusion. It is time to put an end to an empire which can no longer hold together, and to prevent its spoils from contributing to increase the power of England."

The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit with her husband, hoping by her extraordinary charms of person and of manner to secure more favorable terms from the conqueror. She was one of the most brilliant of women, retaining, at the age of thirty-two, that surpassing loveliness which had made her the admiration of Europe.

"The Queen of Prussia," said Napoleon, "unquestionably possessed talents, great information, and singular acquaintance with affairs. She was the real sovereign for fifteen years. In truth, in spite of my address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose, but still with so much tact and delicacy that it was impossible to take offense."

"Had the Queen of Prussia arrived earlier at our conferences, it might have had much influence upon the result of our negotiations. But, happily, she did not make her appearance till all was settled. As soon as she arrived I went to pay her a visit. She was very beautiful, but somewhat past the first flower of youth. After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

He wrote to Josephine: "The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coqueting with me. But do not be jealous. I am like a cere-cloth, along which every thing of this sort slides without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

The unhappy queen was violently agitated when she found that her efforts had been of no avail, and that all was concluded. As Napoleon conducted her down stairs at the close of their final dinner, she stopped, gazed earnestly into his eyes, pressed his hand, and said,

"Is it possible that, after having had the good fortune to be so near the hero of the age, he has not left me the satisfaction of being able to assure him that he has attached me to him forever!"

"Madame," Napoleon replied, "I lament that it is so. It is my evil destiny."

When she reached her carriage, she threw herself into it, buried her face in her hands, and departed sobbing most bitterly. The grief of the unhappy queen wore so heavily upon her spirits that she soon sank into the grave. Her persuasions had roused Prussia to the war, and her lofty spirit could not brook the ruin she had thus drawn upon her country and her house.

The treaty concluded upon this occasion has become famous in history as the "Treaty of Tilsit." The King of Prussia had about one half of his empire restored to him. The portion wrested from Poland, in the infamous partition of that empire, was organized into a Polish state, called the Duchy of Warsaw, and was placed under the protection of the King of Saxony. Napoleon liberated all the serfs, entirely abolished slavery, established perfect liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and rescued the Jews from all oppression. The inhabitants of the duchy were overjoyed in being thus emancipated from Prussian rule, and restored to comparative independence.

Napoleon earnestly desired the complete re-establishment of Poland. But he could not induce Alexander to consent to the plan. The provinces of Prussia, upon the left banks of the Elbe, were formed into the kingdom of Westphalia, and assigned to Jerome Bonaparte. The kingdom of Prussia was reduced from nine millions of inhabitants to five millions; her revenue of twenty-four millions of dollars was diminished to fourteen millions. Alexander recognized the Confederation of the Rhine, and also acknowledged the Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia. Russia agreed to mediate with England, and France engaged to mediate with the Porte, for the restoration of peace throughout the world. Alexander and Napoleon also entered into a mutual alliance, offensive and defensive. Such were the essential articles of this celebrated treaty. Thus Napoleon endeavored to strengthen his own position, and to protect himself from any further attacks from the north.

Some accused Napoleon of weakness and folly in leaving Prussia so powerful when she was entirely at his mercy. Others accused him of ambition and arrogance in despoiling her of so large a portion of her resources. Impartial history will decide that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, he acted not only with much wisdom and moderation, but also with great magnanimity. He manifested no spirit of revenge for the wrongs which he had received. He endeavored only to shield himself from future attacks.

Immediately after the conclusion of this treaty, in which Napoleon manifested so little disposition to aggrandize France as to excite the wonder even of his most hostile historians, he sent for Savary, and said to him, "I have concluded peace. I am told that I have done wrong, and that I shall find myself deceived. But truly we have had war enough. It is time that the world should enjoy repose. I wish to send you to St. Petersburg until I make choice of an ambassador. I will give you a letter to Alexander which will serve as your credentials. You will manage the business for me. Recollect that I do not wish to go to war with any power whatever. Let this principle be the guide of your conduct. I shall be much displeased if you do not avoid drawing me into fresh difficulties. In your conversation, carefully avoid any thing that may be offensive. For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any custom or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities. It is too much the habit of the French to compare all customs with their own, and to set themselves up as models. You know how I have been deceived by the Austrians and Prussians. I place confidence in the Emperor of Russia."*

Napoleon had now been absent from France nearly a year. Upon the banks of the Niemen he was fifteen hundred miles from his capital. The Continent was now at peace. At this moment Napoleon was in the zenith of his power. Europe, dazzled by his genius, and vanquished by his armies, was compelled to recognize his crown. England alone, protected by her invincible fleet, and triumphantly sweeping all seas, refused to sheathe the sword. She still exerted all her powers of diplomacy and of gold to combine new coalitions against the foe she so relentlessly pursued. Notwith-

* In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott remarks, with a disingenuousness deeply to be regretted in one whom we love to honor, "It may seem strange that the shrewd and jealous Napoleon should have suffered himself to be so much overreached in his treaty with Alexander, since the benefits stipulated for France were in a great measure vague, and subjects of hope rather than certainty." Sir Walter, with his inveterate Tory prejudices, could not deem it possible that Napoleon could be influenced by a generous impulse. "If the reader," he says, "should wonder how Bonaparte, able and astutious as he was, came to be overreached in the treaty of Tilsit, we believe the secret may be found in a piece of private history. *He had hopes that he might obtain the hand of one of the Archduchesses of Russia!*"

History may be searched in vain for a parallel to the unjust treatment of Napoleon. The great facts in his career are admitted by all. The false coloring put upon these facts is perfectly astounding. It is one of the most extraordinary of the curiosities of literature. Take one example out of hundreds, from Alison, who, better than any other English historian, with the exception of Hazlitt, appreciates the character of Napoleon. All admit that after every victory Napoleon pleaded for peace. How can this be reconciled with his alleged passion for war? "It had ever been," says Alison, "his policy to offer peace to his enemies during the first tumult and consternation of defeat; and more than once, by such well-timed advances, he had extricated himself from a position of the utmost peril." After the battle of Eylau, Napoleon wrote a generous and noble letter to Frederick William, offering, on terms most equitable and moderate, to make peace with Prussia, either singly or united with her allies. The fact no one can deny. And yet Alison allows himself to say, "Amid these tardy and extorted expressions of moderation, the Emperor had nothing less at heart than to come to an accommodation." Still Alison is compelled to admit that Napoleon did make peace the very moment his enemies were willing to sheathe the sword, and that he did this on terms so favorable to his enemies as to excite the astonishment of the world. History is indeed recreant to her trust when, abandoning the broad highway of facts, she wanders in the crooked by-paths of hostile and ungenerous insinuations. Napoleon conducted nobly, magnanimously at Tilsit. Friend and foe should acknowledge it. The surmise that Napoleon hoped that Alexander would *toss in a sister to help balance the bargain*, can not command respect.

standing England's sovereignty of the seas, the genius of Napoleon had placed her in an unenviable position. The haughty bearing of that government had rendered England universally unpopular. Says Hazlitt, "As to the complaints urged by the French ruler against the encroachments, the insolence, and the rapacity of England, as a maritime power, nothing could be more just." Europe was now ready to combine to compel England to recognize the rights of other nations, and to sheathe her dripping sword. But proudly this majestic power, in her inaccessible domain, gathered her fleets around her, and bid defiance to the combined world.

On Napoleon's return journey, when he had arrived at Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, he wrote to Josephine :

"I reached this city last evening, at five o'clock, very well, though I had been in my carriage, without leaving it, one hundred hours. I am with the King of Saxony. I like him much. I have now traversed one half the distance which has separated us. It will happen that, one of these beautiful nights, I shall burst into St. Cloud like a jealous husband. I forewarn you of it. It will give me the most intense pleasure again to see you. Entirely thine,

NAPOLEON."

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, the cannon of the Invalides, reverberating through the metropolis, announced to the overjoyed Parisians the return of their emperor. With his accustomed disregard of all personal comfort, and his characteristic avoidance of all empty pomp, he had traveled through the night, and entered his capital, unannounced, at that early hour of the morning. The tidings of his arrival passed through the city like an electric flash. Spontaneous rejoicings filled all the streets. Napoleon had rescued France from the abyss of anarchy and want, and placed her upon the very pinnacle of prosperity and glory. Bourbonist and Democrat, friend and enemy, alike admitted this. As the day passed away, and the evening twilight faded, every window, by popular concert, blazed with illuminations. But Napoleon tarried not in the city to receive these congratulations. Without the delay of an hour he repaired to St. Cloud, where he assembled the ministers before him, and immediately entered upon business, as if he had just returned from a short tour for recreation.

The confidence of the public in the stability of Napoleon's power may be inferred from the rate of the public funds. The government five per cent. stock Napoleon found, when he ascended the consulship, worth but twelve dollars on the hundred. At his return from Friedland the same stocks were selling at ninety-three dollars on the hundred. As it was easy then to obtain, with good security, an interest of six or seven per cent., this high appreciation of the public funds proves the firmest confidence in the established government.

Before Napoleon left Paris to enter upon these campaigns, into which he was so reluctantly dragged, he addressed his ministers in the following solemn and emphatic appeal :

"I am innocent of this war. I have done nothing to provoke it. It did not enter into my calculations. Let me be defeated if it be of my own seek-

ing. One of the principal reasons of the assurance I feel that my enemies will be destroyed is, that I view in their conduct the finger of Providence, who, willing that the guilty should be punished, has set wisdom so far aside in their councils, that when they intended to attack me in the moment of weakness, they selected the very instant when I was stronger than ever."

Before the battle of Jena, when Napoleon had so effectually outmaneuvered his enemies as to feel sure of victory, wishing to save the effusion of blood, he wrote to the King of Prussia :

"The success of my arms is not doubtful. Your troops will be beaten. But it will cost me the blood of my children. If that can be spared by any arrangement consistent with the dignity of my crown, I will do all that may depend upon myself. Excepting honor, nothing is so precious in my eyes as the blood of my soldiers."

After the utter and unparalleled overthrow of the Prussians upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, he concluded a bulletin with the following words : "It appears as if it were a decree of Providence that all those who have fomented this war should be cut off by the first blows which were struck."

Napoleon had now returned to Paris after a series of victories unparalleled in history. As has been stated, he immediately repaired to St. Cloud, and convened a council of his ministers. He had never before seemed so happy. Joy beamed from his countenance.

"We are now," said he, "sure of Continental peace. And as for maritime peace, we shall soon obtain that by the voluntary or the forced concurrence of all the Continental powers. Let us enjoy our greatness, and now turn traders and manufacturers. I have had enough of the trade of *General*. I shall now resume with you that of *First Minister*, and recommence my *great reviews of affairs*, which it is time to substitute for my *great reviews of armies*." The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, and by all the high dignitaries of state, repaired to the church of *Nôtre Dame*, where a *Te Deum* was chanted in solemn thanksgiving to God for the Peace of Tilsit.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POLITICAL VIEWS.

Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Jerome Bonaparte—Abolition of the Tribune—Napoleon in Council—Care of the Children of deceased Officers and Soldiers—Far-sighted Policy—Report of the Minister of the Interior.

WITHOUT devoting a day to rest or to triumph, Napoleon immediately plunged, with all the energy of his ardent and incessantly active mind, into boundless plans for the promotion of the great interests of France. Carefully selected agents were dispatched to all the cabinets of Europe. Minute directions were given to each to secure the efficient co-operation of all those powers in the attempt to coerce England to peace, if she should refuse to accept the terms which Russia was commissioned to offer her. In this warfare it was not possible that there should be any neutrality. Those Continental powers which continued to open their ports for the reception of En-

glish goods, were most efficiently aiding the belligerent and indomitable islanders. Those, on the contrary, who closed their ports against the manufactures of England, co-operated with the Allies in their great measure to disarm that hostile power. The Allies! But yesterday, guided by the genius of English diplomacy, they were combined against Napoleon. To-day, the genius of Napoleon has turned all their energies against his formidable rival. The rights of neutrals were by both parties entirely disregarded. England first assailed the rights of neutrals by prohibiting all commerce with France, or with the allies of France. Napoleon, immediately meeting wrong with wrong, prohibited all neutrals as well as his own subjects from buying any goods of the English.

Holland was almost exclusively a commercial country. Louis Bonaparte, a humane, kind-hearted, conscientious man, was more interested in the welfare of his own subjects than in the general welfare of Europe, consequently he was quite lax in enforcing the Continental system. Smuggling was very extensively practiced in his kingdom. Napoleon, in the following able and earnest terms, remonstrated with his brother :

“ It is not to the present alone that sovereigns must accommodate their policy. The future must also be the object of their consideration. What is at this moment the situation of Europe? On one side, England, who possesses, by her *sole* exertions, a dominion to which the whole world has hitherto been compelled to submit. On the other side, the French empire and the Continental states, which, strengthened by the union of their powers, can not acquiesce in this supremacy exercised by England. Those states had also their colonies and a maritime trade. They possess an extent of coast much greater than England; but they have become disunited, and England has attacked the naval power of each separately. England has triumphed on every sea, and all navies have been destroyed. Russia, Sweden, France, and Spain, which possess such ample means for having ships and sailors, dare not venture to send a squadron out of their ports.

“ I wish for peace. I wish to obtain it by every means compatible with the dignity of the power of France—at the expense of every sacrifice which our national honor can allow. Every day I feel more and more that peace is necessary. The sovereigns of the Continent are as anxious for peace as I am. I feel no *passionate prejudice* against England. I bear her no *insurmountable hatred*. She has followed against me a system of repulsion. I have adopted against her the Continental system, not so much from a jealousy of ambition, as my enemies suppose, but in order to reduce England to the necessity of adjusting our differences. Let England be rich and prosperous. It is no concern of mine, provided France and her allies enjoy the same advantages.

“ The Continental system has, therefore, no other object than to advance the moment when the public rights of Europe and of the French empire will be definitely established. The sovereigns of the North observe and enforce strictly the system of prohibition, and their trade has been greatly benefited by it. The manufactures of Prussia may now compete with ours. You are aware that France, and the whole extent of coasts which now forms part of the empire, from the Gulf of Lyons to the extremity of the Adriatic,

are strictly closed against the produce of foreign industry. I am about to adopt a measure with respect to the affairs of Spain, the result of which will be to wrest Portugal from England, and subject all the coasts of Spain, on both seas, to the influence of the policy of France. The coasts of the whole of Europe will then be closed against England, with the exception of those of Turkey, which I do not care about, as the Turks do not trade with Europe.

“ Do you not perceive, from this statement, the fatal consequences that would result from the facilities given by Holland to the English for the introduction of their goods on the Continent ? They would enable England to levy upon us the subsidies which she would afterward offer to other powers to fight against us. Your majesty is as much interested as I am to guard against the crafty policy of the English cabinet. A few years more, and England will wish for peace as much as we do. Observe the situation of your kingdom, and you will see that the system I allude to is more useful to yourself than it is to me. Holland is a maritime and commercial power. She possesses fine sea-ports, fleets, sailors, skillful commanders, and colonies which do not cost any thing to the mother country. Her inhabitants understand trade as well as the English. Has not Holland, therefore, an interest in defending all these advantages ? May not peace restore her to the position she formerly held ? Granted that her situation may be painful for a few years ; but is not this preferable to making the King of Holland a mere governor for England, and Holland and her colonies a vassal of Great Britain ? Yet the protection which you would afford to English commerce would lead to that result. The examples of Sicily and Portugal are still before your eyes.

“ Await the result of the progress of time. You want to sell your gins, and England wants to buy them. Point out the place where the English smugglers may come and fetch them ; but let them pay for them in money, and never in goods—*positively never!* Peace must at last be made. You will then make a treaty of commerce with England. I may, perhaps, also make one with her, but in which our mutual interests shall be reciprocally guaranteed. If we must allow England to exercise a kind of supremacy on the sea—a supremacy which she will have purchased at the expense of her treasures and of her blood, and which is the natural consequence of her geographical position—of her possessions in the three other quarters of the globe—at least our flags will be at liberty to appear on the ocean without being exposed to insult, and our maritime trade will cease to be ruinous. For the present, we must direct our efforts toward preventing England from interfering in the affairs of the Continent.”

It will be remembered that Napoleon had placed two Spanish princes over the kingdom of Etruria. The king, an idle, dissolute, weak-minded man, soon died. The Queen of Etruria, daughter of the King of Spain, now reigned as regent for her son. She was a feeble and a careless woman. She could neither appreciate nor comprehend the Continental system which Napoleon was determined to have enforced. The English traded as freely at Leghorn as in the ports of their own country. Their goods, thus entered, were scattered widely over the Continent. Napoleon ordered Eugene to draft an

army of 4000 men, and, rapidly crossing the Apennines, to fall upon Leghorn and capture all property belonging to the enemy. He was then to fortify Leghorn against any attack from the English, and to enforce the Berlin decree. This was an act of despotism. Napoleon asserted, in defense, that the world demanded peace; that England, mistress of all seas, could not be conquered by force of arms; that the only influence which could be brought to bear upon England to induce her to consent to peace, was to strike at her trade. To accomplish this, Europe was ready to combine. It seemed to him preposterous that a frivolous and foolish woman, nominally governing the petty kingdom of Etruria, should be a fatal obstacle to the success of a plan of such grandeur.

Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, was at that time a wild, thoughtless, kind-hearted young man about twenty-one years of age. His extravagance and his frivolous dissipation greatly displeased his imperial brother. He had been appointed to the command of a small sloop of war. Napoleon was in the habit of calling him *that little miscreant*. At one time, when Jerome wrote for more money, Napoleon replied:

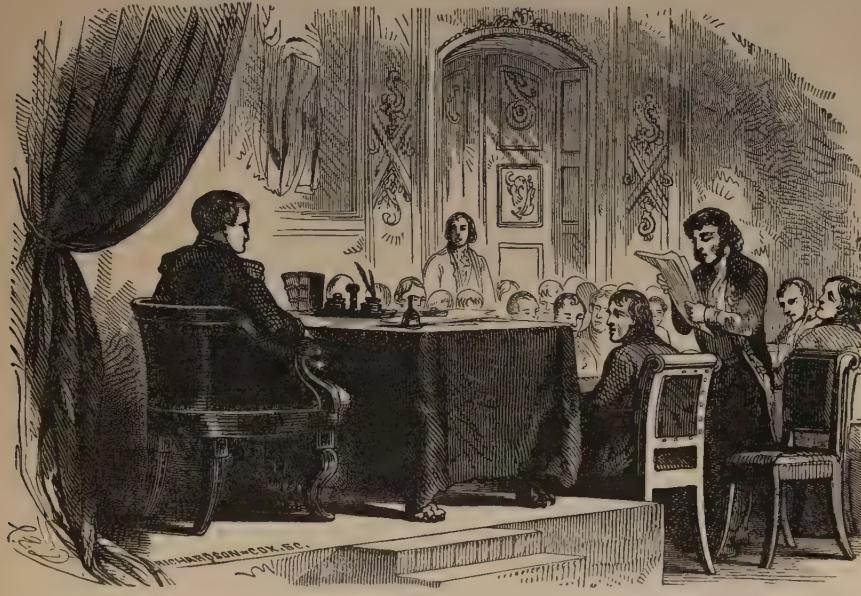
“I have seen your letter, *Mr. Naval Ensign*, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolation; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you an honorable memory, you had better never have been born.”

Jerome, in one of his cruises, landed in New York. He there met and married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a very beautiful young lady, daughter of a rich merchant in Baltimore. Napoleon was founding a new dynasty. By the laws of France, this marriage, without the consent of the government, of a French prince, to whose heirs the imperial crown might descend, was null. It was deemed essential to the interests of France that those princes who might inherit the imperial throne should form alliances which would strengthen their power. Napoleon consequently refused to recognize this marriage, or to allow the youthful bride of his brother to land in France. Madame Bonaparte, in sorrow, returned to Baltimore with her youthful son. Jerome accepted the hand of the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, and was appointed by Napoleon King of Westphalia. His son is now heir to the empire of France, should Louis Napoleon die without issue.

It will be remembered that the French government was composed of three houses, the Senate, the Tribune, and the legislative body. Napoleon resolved to simplify the cumbrous machinery, by blending into one body the functions and the persons of the Tribune and the Legislature. “It is certain,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “that the Tribune was absolutely useless, while it cost nearly half a million. I therefore suppressed it. I was well aware that an outcry would be raised against the violation of the law; but I was strong. I possessed the full confidence of the people, and I considered myself a reformer. This at least is certain, that I did all for the best. I should, on the contrary, have created the Tribune, had I been hypocritical or evil-disposed; for who can doubt that it would have adopted and sanctioned, when necessary, my views and intentions? But that is what

I never sought after in the whole course of my administration. I never purchased any vote or decision by promises, money, or places."

The Council of State, or cabinet, Napoleon formed with the greatest care. In this body he collected for his assistance the most able men in every department of government, wherever he could find them. The council was divided into sections to report upon literature, science, legislation, civil, military, naval, and ecclesiastical affairs. The moment a new province was added to the empire, Napoleon sought from it the most distinguished men with whom to enrich his council. Genoa, Florence, Turin, Holland, furnished men so brilliant for talents that they survived the downfall of their master, and, upon their return to their own countries, were appointed to high stations by their respective sovereigns.



NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

The meetings of the council were usually held in the palace of the Tuilleries, or, if Napoleon happened to be at St. Cloud, the members were summoned there. The Emperor generally presided in person. His seat was a common mahogany chair, raised one foot above the floor, at the head of several long tables where the counselors of state were seated. At times Napoleon would drop his head upon his bosom and sink into a profound reverie, apparently unconscious of the languishing discussion. At other times the whole body was electrified by the brilliancy and the intense activity of his mind. Sometimes he gave notice of his intention to be present. Again he appeared unexpectedly. The roll of the drum on the stairs of the Tuilleries gave the first intimation of his approach. The Emperor's seat always remained in its place. When he was absent, the High Chancellor presided, occupying a chair by the side of the vacant seat. The moment business commenced the key was turned, and no loiterer could then obtain admittance.

No matter how long the sittings, the mind of the Emperor never seemed fatigued. He often kept the council at St. Cloud in session from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, with an intermission of but a quarter of an hour for refreshments. He sometimes presided at a meeting of the sections in the Tuileries from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. He then took a bath, and was ready to commence work as vigorous as ever. "One hour," said Napoleon, "in the bath, is worth, to me, four hours of sleep." He expected from others mental activity in some degree corresponding with his own. If a report was to be drawn up, it was ordered for the next morning. If one of the council was charged with proposing a law to the Legislature, he often had not two hours to arrange the matter and to prepare his speech. The Emperor dictated with such rapidity that there generally remained several pages to be written after he had done speaking. And yet his amanuenses were so skillful that seldom any alteration was required.

There was no opportunity in the council for the pomp of eloquence. The style of speech was laconic and simple. A new member, who had acquired celebrity as an orator, was laughed at for his rhetorical display. He found it necessary immediately to adopt simply the language of earnest conversation. Not only was every description of knowledge represented in the council, but all shades of political opinion. It was a prominent endeavor of Napoleon to fuse into one mass of patriotic love all the different parties of the state.

The most perfect freedom of discussion prevailed in the council. The Emperor often urged those persons to speak whose opinions he desired to learn. One day the Emperor entered the council in a state of intense agitation. News had arrived of the surrender to the Spaniards of the French army under General Dupont. It was the first time that the eagles of France had been humiliated. Napoleon's voice trembled with emotion as he recounted the disaster. He was extremely displeased with General Dupont. As he dwelt upon the resources which the general, even under the most desperate circumstances, might have called to his aid, he exclaimed,

"Yes! the elder Horace, in Corneille's play, is right, when, being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, '*He might have died; or he might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.*' Little," continued Napoleon, "do they know of human nature who find fault with Corneille, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation by that which follows."

On one occasion, General Gassendi, an old artillery comrade of the Emperor, was advocating some rather visionary views of political economy.

"Where, my dear general," said Napoleon, ironically, "did you gain all this knowledge?"

The blunt soldier, a little irritated, exclaimed, "From you, sire, I have borrowed my principles."

"What do you say?" replied the Emperor, with warmth; "from me! I have always thought that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the chimeras of political economists would grind it to powder. No, general! you must have fallen asleep in your office and dreamed all this."

"Fall asleep in our offices!" exclaimed the privileged soldier. "No, sire,

I defy any one to do that. Your majesty torments us too much with hard work to allow of any repose."

A general burst of laughter followed this retort, in which the Emperor heartily joined.

A woman had three times been tried for a capital offense, and each time acquitted. Through some informality in the proceedings, a fourth trial was still demanded. Napoleon claimed for the poor woman the immunity which in justice she ought to have obtained. Alone he contended against the whole Council of State. It was declared that the Emperor possessed the power of pardon, but that the law was inflexible and must take its course. "Gentlemen," Napoleon replied, "the decision here goes by the majority. I remain alone, and must yield. But I declare in my conscience that I yield only to forms. You have reduced me to silence, but by no means convinced me."

On another occasion, in the ardor of debate, the Emperor was three times interrupted in giving his opinion. Turning to the individual who had thus transgressed, he exclaimed, in a severe tone, "I have not yet done, sir. I beg that you will allow me to continue. I believe that every one here has a right to express his sentiments." This reply struck the whole body so comically as to produce a general laugh, in which the Emperor himself very good-naturedly joined.

Napoleon manifested the most unremitting attention to the wants of his wounded soldiers, and provided, with truly paternal affection, for the children of those who had fallen on the field of battle. He was continually revolving in his grateful mind what he could do for those who, through toils and sufferings incredible, had been so true to him. At one time he proposed to the Council of State that, in future, all vacant situations in the customs, and in the collection of the revenue and the excise, should be given to wounded soldiers, or to veterans capable of filling those offices, from the private up to the highest rank in the army. The plan was very coldly received. Napoleon urged a free expression of opinion.

"Sire," answered M. Maluet, "I fear that the other classes of the nation will feel aggrieved in seeing the army preferred."

"Sir," the Emperor replied, "you make a distinction where none exists. The army no longer forms a separate class in the nation. In the situation in which we are now placed, no member of the state is exempt from being a soldier. To follow a military career is no longer a matter of choice. It is one of necessity. The greatest number of those who are engaged in that career have been compelled to abandon their own professions. It is therefore just that they should receive some compensation."

"But will it not be inferred," said M. Maluet, "that your majesty intends that, in future, almost all vacant situations shall be given to soldiers?"

"And such, indeed, is my intention," the Emperor replied. "The only question is whether I have the right to do so. The Constitution gives me the nomination to all places. I think it a principle of strict equity that those who have suffered most have the greatest claims to be indemnified." Then, raising his voice, he added, "Gentlemen, war is not a profession of ease and comfort. Quietly seated on your benches here, you know it only by reading our bulletins, or by hearing of our triumphs. You know nothing of our

nightly watches, our forced marches, the sufferings and privations of every kind to which we are exposed. But I do know them, for I witness them, and sometimes share them." Though the Emperor was deeply interested in the passing of this decree, and defended it in its most minute details, he yielded to the opposition and abandoned the plan.

Napoleon had adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers who fell at Austerlitz. In consequence of this adoption they were all authorized to add *Napoleon* to their names. One of these young men happened, on a certain occasion, to attract the especial attention of the Emperor. Napoleon asked him what profession he would choose, and, without waiting for an answer, pointed out one himself. The young man observed that his father's fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it. "What has that to do with the question?" replied the Emperor. "Am not I also your father?" The pulsations of Napoleon's generous heart were as gigantic as were the energies of his imperial mind.

The Emperor wished to establish a military classification of the whole empire, as a measure of national defense. The first class, which was to consist of young men, was to march as far as the frontiers. The second, which was to be composed of middle-aged and married men, was not to quit the department to which it belonged. The third, consisting of men advanced in years, was to be kept solely for the defense of the town in which it had been raised. During a discussion of the above subject, the Emperor spoke in very emphatic terms, urging the importance of this measure. His piercing eye seemed to penetrate futurity, and to anticipate the hour of national peril which soon arrived. One of the members of the cabinet, in a very circumlocutory style, expressed his disapproval of this plan of organization. The Emperor immediately exclaimed, "Speak, boldly, sir. Do not mutilate your ideas. Say what you have to say freely. We are here by ourselves."

The speaker then declared "that the measure was calculated to inspire general alarm. That every individual trembled to find himself classed in the divisions of the national guard, being persuaded that under the pretext of internal defense, the object was to remove the guards from the country."

"Very good," said the Emperor; "I now understand you. But, gentlemen," continued he, addressing himself to the members of the council, "you are all fathers of families, possessing ample fortunes, and filling important posts. You must necessarily have numerous dependents; and you must either be very maladroit or very indifferent if, with all these advantages, you do not exercise a great influence on public opinion. Now how happens it that you, who know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known by others? When did you ever know me to employ deception and fraud in my system of government? I am not timid. I therefore am not accustomed to resort to indirect measures. My fault is, perhaps, to express myself too abruptly, too laconically. I merely pronounce the word, I order; and with regard to forms and details, I trust to the intermediate agents who execute my intentions; and heaven knows whether on this point I have any great reason to congratulate myself. If, therefore, I wanted troops, I should boldly demand them of the Senate, who would levy them for me; or, if I could not obtain them from the Senate, I should address myself to the people, and

you would see them eagerly march to join my ranks. Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, the whole of the French people love and respect me. Their good sense is superior to the malignant reports of my enemies. The French people know no benefactor but me. Through me they fearlessly enjoy all that they have acquired. Through me they behold their brothers and sons indiscriminately promoted, honored, and enriched. Through me they find their hands constantly employed, and their labor accompanied by its due reward. They have never had occasion to accuse me of injustice or prepossession. Now the people see, feel, and comprehend all this. Be assured, then, that the people of France will always conform to the plans which we propose for their welfare.

“Do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the supposed opposition which has just been alluded to. It exists only in the saloons of Paris, and by no means in the great body of the nation. In this plan, I solemnly declare I have no ulterior view of sending the national guard abroad. My thoughts, at this moment, are solely occupied in adopting measures at home for the safety, repose, and stability of France. Proceed, then, to embody the national guard, that each citizen may know his post in the hour of need; that even M. Cambacères yonder may shoulder a musket, should our danger require him so to do. We shall thus have a nation built of stone and mortar, capable of resisting the attacks both of time and men.”



ARC OF THE CARROUSEL.

The great works of public utility to which Napoleon now turned his energies are too numerous to be mentioned. Over forty thousand miles of high roads formed a vast network reticulating the empire. The monumental routes of the Simplon, Mont Cenis, and Mont Genevre were urged to their completion. Fourteen bridges were built, some of which are still regarded as among the grandest monuments in Europe. Two majestic canals were dug, opening all France to artificial navigation. The amazing works constructed at Antwerp still attract the admiration of the world. All the fortresses of the empire were carefully examined and repaired. Thirty fountains, flowing day and night, embellished Paris. Thousands of laborers reared, as if by magic, the triumphal arches of the Carrousel and the Etoile. The



ARCH DE L'ETOILE.

column in the Place Vendôme, the exquisite temple of the Madeleine, the façade of the Legislative Hall, the Palace of the New Exchange, are all from the hand of Napoleon.

France was never before in such a state of activity and prosperity. Per-

fect tranquillity pervaded the empire. The popularity of Napoleon was boundless. England prohibited all commerce upon the seas. The genius of the Emperor opened a new world of commerce upon the land. The roads were crowded with wagons, and the canals were covered with boats laden with the richest merchandise.

The following candid admissions of Sir Archibald Alison, as he quotes the Report of the Minister of the Interior, will show that the above statements are not exaggerated.

"And these works, undertaken under the imperial government, were really such as to justify the enthusiastic admiration of a people even less passionately devoted than the French to public splendor. They were thus noticed in the Report of the Minister of the Interior in August, 1807, when Napoleon met the Chambers after his return from Tilsit, and, after making every allowance for the exaggerated style of such state papers, much remains to attract the admiration of succeeding ages, and demonstrate the great objects to which, in domestic administration, the ambition of the Emperor was directed.

"'Thirteen thousand leagues of public roads,' says the report of the minister, 'have been kept in order or repaired; the two greatest works undertaken for centuries, the roads of Mont Cenis and of the Simplon, have, after six years of labor, been completed. The road from Spain to Italy is in progress; the Apennines are the theatre of a series of works which will unite Piedmont to the shores of the Mediterranean, and complete the union of Liguria to France; eighteen rivers have seen their navigation improved, or prolonged beyond hitherto impassable barriers, by means of locks, dikes, or towing paths; four bridges have been erected during the last campaign; ten others are in full progress; ten canals, almost all commenced during the present reign, are in full activity. Nor do the maritime harbors offer fewer prodigies. Antwerp, so recently insignificant, has become the centre of our great maritime preparations; for the first time, that part of the Scheldt sees vessels of seventy-four and eighty guns floating on its bosom; fourteen ships of the line are on the stocks within its walls; many are finished, and have descended to Flushing; that harbor has seen its docks deepened, its entrance improved, and it is already capable of containing a squadron. At Dunkirk and Calais piers have been constructed. At Cherbourg two vast breakwaters are erected. At Rochefort and Marseilles equally important maritime improvements are in progress. The existence of our cotton manufactures being secured, investigations are in progress for the discovery of places suited to the culture of that important article. The improvement of the linen fabrics has been the object of constant solicitude. Veterinary schools have been established, and have filled the army and the fields with skillful practitioners. A code is preparing for the regulation of commerce. The school of arts and mechanics at Compeigne flourishes, and has been transferred to Chalons; others, on a similar plan, are in the course of formation. Italy opens an extensive mart for our industry. The war, changed into a contest for commercial independence, has become the greatest stimulant to French industry. Every one of our conquests, while it is a market closed to England, is a new encouragement afforded to French enterprise. Nor has

the capital of this great empire been neglected. It is the emperor's wish that that illustrious city, become the first in the universe, should befit by its splendor so glorious a destiny. At one extremity of Paris a bridge has been completed, to which victory has given the name of Austerlitz. At another, a second is commencing, to which Jena will afford a more glorious appellation. The Louvre advances to its completion, marking, in its matured progress through centuries, the successive ages of Francis I., of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., restored to life by the voice of Napoleon. Fountains without number flow night and day in all parts of the city, testifying, even to the humblest classes, the care which the Emperor bestows on their most trifling accommodation. Two triumphal arches are already erected or founded, one in the centre of the palace inhabited by the Genius of Victory, the other at the extremity of the most beautiful avenue of the finest city in the world. The tomb of Desaix has been erected on the summit of the Alps, whose rugged precipices are not less startled at the monument of our perfection in the arts, than they were by the passage of the artillery drawn by the arms of valor. The fine arts in France are occupied almost entirely in tracing on marble and canvas the glorious exploits of our armies, while the mind of the Emperor, ever meditating fresh triumphs, has selected for his antagonist the Demon of Ignorance, and by the establishment of twelve colleges for the study of law, and gratuitous schools for the study of medicine in all the principal cities of the empire, has laid the foundation for the extension of general knowledge in the most essential subjects of general instruction.'

"When the French people," says Alison, "saw this magnificent announcement of internal improvement, contemporaneous with the official promulgation of the treaty of Tilsit, the conquest of Prussia, the restoration of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the erection of the Kingdom of Westphalia, it is not surprising that they were dazzled by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and yielded to the pleasing illusion that the Revolution, nursed in violence and baptized in blood, was to set amid a blaze of unprecedented glory."

Where is there another monarch to be found who has shown such total disregard for personal luxury, and such entire devotion to the prosperity of his country? The French, who knew Napoleon, loved him; and as his true character becomes known throughout the world, he will be loved by every generous heart in every land.



ST. CLOUD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

Untiring Industry of Napoleon—Letter to the Minister of the Interior—The Secretary—Meeting of the Institute—Expenditures for the Improvement of the City of Paris—The Code Napoleon—The Writings of the Emperor—The Painting by David—Plans for establishing a Democratic Aristocracy—Calumniations of Napoleon—Goldsmith's Life of the Emperor.

THE amount of intellectual labor which Napoleon performed seems actually superhuman. No other man has ever approached him in this respect. His correspondence, preserved in the archives of Paris, would amount to many hundred volumes. His genius illuminates every subject upon which he

treats. The whole expanse of human knowledge seemed familiar to him. He treats of war, government, legislation, education, finance, political economy, theology, philosophy, engineering — every subject which can interest the human mind, and he is alike great in all. Notwithstanding the constant and terrible wars through which his banded foes compelled him to struggle, and all the cares of an empire which at times seemed to embrace the whole of Europe, during the twenty years of his reign he wrote or dictated more than the united works of Lope da Vega, Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott, three of the most voluminous writers of Spain, France, and England. His confidential correspondence with the Directory, during the two years from 1796 to 1798, which was published in Paris in 1819, amounts to seven large, closely-printed volumes. The following letter will be read with interest, as a specimen of his correspondence with his ministers. It strikingly shows his lofty spirit, his noble ambition, his expanded views, his practical wisdom, and the blended familiarity and elevation of tone with which he addressed his ministers :

“ Fontainebleau, November 14, 1807.

“ Monsieur Cretet, Minister of the Interior,—You have received the imperial decree by which I have authorized the sinking fund to lend 1,600,000 dollars to the city of Paris. I suppose that you are employed in taking measures which may bring these works to a speedy conclusion, and may augment the revenues of the city. In these works there are some which will not be very productive, but are merely for ornament. There are others, such as galleries over the markets, the slaughter-houses, &c., which will be very productive; but to make them so will require activity. The shops for which I have granted you funds are not yet commenced. I suppose you have taken up the funds destined for the fountains, and that you have employed them provisionally for the machine at Marly. Carry on the whole with spirit. This system of advancing money to the city of Paris to augment its branches of revenue, is also intended to contribute to its embellishment. My intention is to extend it to other departments.

“ I have many canals to make: that from Dijon to Paris; that from the Rhine to the Saône; and that from the Rhine to the Scheldt. These three canals can be carried on as vigorously as could be wished. My intention is, independently of the funds which are granted from the revenues of the state, to seek extraordinary funds for the three canals. For this purpose I should like to sell the canals of St. Quentin, the produce of which might be employed to expedite the works of the canal of Burgundy. In fact, I would sell even the canal of Languedoc, and apply the proceeds to the construction of the canal from the Rhine to the Saône. I suppose that the canal of St. Quentin might be sold for 1,600,000 dollars; that of Loing for as much; and the canal of Languedoc for more. There would then be 6,000,000 dollars procured immediately, which I should employ in carrying on the three great canals with all possible rapidity. I have the money. The state will lose nothing; on the contrary, it will gain; since, if it loses the revenues of the canals of Loing, St. Quentin, and that of the south, it will gain the product of the canals of the Scheldt, Napoleon, and Burgundy.

"When these works are completed, if circumstances permit, I shall sell these in order to make others. Thus my object is to pursue a directly opposite course to that of England. In England, a charter would have been granted for constructing the canal of Quentin, and the work would have been left to capitalists. I have, on the contrary, begun by constructing the canal of St. Quentin. It has cost, I believe, 1,600,000 dollars; it will produce 100,000 dollars annually. I shall then lose nothing by selling it to a company for what it has cost me, since with this money I shall construct other canals. Make me, I beg of you, a report upon this subject, otherwise we shall die without seeing these canals navigated. In fact, it is six years since the canal of St. Quentin was begun, and it is not yet finished. Now these canals are of much more importance. The expense of that of Burgundy is estimated at six millions. What can be expended from the general funds of the state does not exceed 250,000 dollars yearly. The departments do not furnish more than 100,000 dollars. It would, then, require twenty years to finish this canal. What may not happen in this time? Wars and inefficient men will come, and the canals will remain unfinished.

"The canal from the Rhine to the Scheldt will also cost a large sum. The general funds of the state are not sufficient to carry them on as quickly as we could wish. The canal of Napoleon is in the same situation. Let me know how much it will be possible to expend yearly on each of these three canals. I suppose that, without injuring other works, we might allow to each yearly three or four millions, and that thus, in five or six years, we might see them all navigated. You will inform me how much the existing imposts will furnish for these three canals; how much I have granted for 1808; and the supplementary funds which I granted in 1806, for carrying on these works with the greatest activity. You will propose to me to sell the three canals already finished, and at what price it would be best to sell them. I take upon myself the charge of finding purchasers: then we shall have money in abundance. You must tell me, in your report, how much the three which I wish speedily to finish are estimated to cost, and compare it with the sums which the three old canals have cost that I wish to sell.

"You understand what I wish. My intention is to go beyond your report. Perhaps it will lead to opening a fund for public works, into which the proceeds of the navigation of the canals would be immediately thrown. We might thus grant to this the proceeds of the sale of the three canals, and of others besides, if there are any which can be sold. With this institution we should change the face of the country.

"I have made the glory of my reign to consist in changing the surface of the territory of my empire. The execution of these great works is as necessary to the interests of my people as to my own satisfaction. I attach equal importance and great glory to the suppression of mendicity. Funds are not wanting. But it seems to me that the work proceeds slowly, and meantime years are passing away. *We must not pass through this world without leaving traces which may commend our memory to posterity.*

"I am going to be absent for a month. Be ready on the 15th of December to answer all these questions, which you will have examined in detail, that I

may be able, by a general decree, to put the finishing blow to mendicity. You must find, before the 15th of December, in the reserved funds and the funds of the communes, the necessary means for the support of sixty or one hundred houses for the extirpation of beggary. The places where they shall be erected must be designated, and the regulations completed. Do not ask me for three or four months to obtain further instructions. You have young auditors, intelligent prefects, skillful engineers. Bring all into action, and do not sleep in the ordinary labors of the bureau. It is necessary, likewise, that, at the same time, all that relates to the administration of the public works should be completed, so that at the commencement of the fine season France may present the spectacle of a country without a single beggar, and where all the population may be in action to embellish and render productive our immense territory.

“ You must also prepare for me all that is necessary respecting the measures to be taken for obtaining, from the draining of the marshes of Cottentin and Rochefort, money for supporting the fund for public works, and for finishing the drainings or preparing others.

“ The winter evenings are long ; fill your portfolios, that we may be able, during the evenings of these three months, to discuss the means for attaining great results.

NAPOLEON.”

At a meeting of the Privy Council, Napoleon appeared much incensed against one of his generals. He attacked him with great severity, asserting that his principles and opinions tended to the entire subversion of the state. A member of the council, who was a particular friend of the absent general, undertook his defense, stating that he lived quietly on his estate, without obtruding his opinions upon others, and that, consequently, they were productive of no ill effects. The Emperor vehemently commenced a reply, when suddenly he stopped short, and, turning to the defender of the absent, said, “ But he is your friend, sir. You do right to defend him. I had forgotten it. Let us speak of something else.”

M. Daru was at one time Secretary of State. He was distinguished for his indefatigable application to business. Napoleon said of him that “ he labored like an ox, while he displayed the courage of a lion.” On one occasion only were his energies ever known to fail. The Emperor called him at midnight to write from his dictation. M. Daru was so completely overcome by fatigue that he could scarcely hold his pen. At last nature triumphed, and he fell asleep over his paper. After enjoying a sound nap, he awoke, and to his amazement perceived the Emperor by his side, quietly engaged in writing. As he sat for a moment overwhelmed with confusion, his eyes met those of the Emperor.

“ Well, sir,” said Napoleon, with rather an ironical smile, “ you see that I have been doing your work, since you would not do it yourself. I suppose that you have eaten a hearty supper and passed a pleasant evening. But business must not be neglected.”

“ I pass a pleasant evening, sire !” exclaimed M. Daru ; “ I have been for several nights closely engaged in work, without any sleep. Of this your majesty now sees the consequence. I am exceedingly sorry for it.”



NAPOLEON AND HIS SECRETARY.

"Why did you not inform me of this?" said Napoleon; "I do not wish to kill you. Go to bed. Good-night, M. Daru."

Napoleon, conscious of the influence wielded by literary and scientific men, ever kept a watchful eye upon the meetings of the Institute. It was an invariable rule of this body, that a newly-elected member was to deliver a speech eulogistic of the member whom he was succeeding. M. Chateaubriand, a friend of the Bourbons, was succeeding M. Chenier, one of the judges of Louis XVI. Chateaubriand, trampling upon established courtesy, stigmatized the political principles of his predecessor, and proscribed him as a regicide. A scene of uproar immediately ensued, and a stormy and angry debate agitated the assembly. From the Institute the dispute spread rapidly through Paris. Old feuds were revived, and the most bitter animosities re-kindled. Napoleon ordered the speech to be shown to him, pronounced it extravagant in the extreme, and forbade its publication. One of the members of the Institute, who was also a prominent officer in the Emperor's household, had taken a lively part in the discussion, sustaining the views of M. Chateaubriand.

At the next levée, when a group of the most distinguished men of France was assembled around the Emperor, the offending officer made his appearance. Napoleon thus addressed him:

"How long is it, sir," said he, with the utmost severity, "since the Institute has presumed to assume the character of a political assembly? The province of the Institute is to produce poetry and to censure faults of language. Let it beware how it forsakes the domain of literature, or I shall take measures to bring it back within its limits. And is it possible that *you*, sir, have sanctioned such an intemperate harangue by your approbation? If M. de Chateaubriand is insane, or disposed to malevolence, a mad-house may cure him, or a punishment correct him. Yet it may be that the opinions he has advanced are conscientiously his own, and he is not obliged to surrender

them to my policy, which is unknown to him. But with you the case is totally different. *You* are constantly near my person. You are acquainted with all my acts. You know my will. There *may* be an excuse in M. de Chateaubriand's favor. There *can* be none in *yours*.

"Sir, I hold you guilty. I consider your conduct as criminal. It tends to bring us back to the days of disorder and confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Are we then banditti? And am I but a usurper? Sir, I did not ascend the throne by hurling another from it. I found the crown. It had fallen. I snatched it up, and the nation placed it on my head. Respect the nation's act. To submit facts that have recently occurred to public discussion in the present circumstances, is to court fresh convulsions, and to become an enemy to the public tranquillity. The restoration of monarchy is veiled in mystery, and must remain so. Wherefore then, I pray, this new proposed proscription of members of the Convention and of regicides? Why are subjects of so delicate a nature again brought to light? To God alone it must belong to pronounce upon what is no longer within the reach of the judgment of men! Have I then lost the fruit of all my care? Have all my efforts been of so little avail, that as soon as my presence no longer restrains you, you are quite ready once more to bathe in each other's blood?"

"Alas! poor France!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "long yet wilt thou need the guardian's care. I have done all in my power to quell your dissensions. To unite all parties has been the constant object of my solicitude. I have made all meet under the same roof, sit at the same board, and drink of the same cup. I have a right to expect that you will second my endeavors. Since I have taken the reins of government, have I ever inquired into the lives, actions, opinions, or writings of any one? Imitate my forbearance. I have ever had but one aim. I have ever asked but this one question, 'Will you sincerely assist me in promoting the true interest of France?' All those who have answered affirmatively have been placed by me in a straight road, cased in a rock, and without issue on either side. Through this I have urged them on to the other extremity, where my finger pointed to the honor, the glory, and the splendor of France."

This reprimand was so severe, that the person to whom it was addressed, a man of honor and delicate feelings, determined to ask an audience the next day, in order to tender his resignation. He was admitted to the presence of the Emperor, who immediately said to him,

"My dear sir, you are come on account of the conversation of yesterday. You felt hurt on the occasion, and I have felt no less so. But it was a piece of advice which I thought it right to give to more than one person. If it has the desired effect of producing some public good, we must not either of us regret the circumstance. Think no more about it."

Napoleon introduced this year into the financial department the most rigid system of accounts by double entry. The decree requiring this is in force to the present day. It has rendered the French system of accounts the most ~~sure~~, the most accurate, and the most clear of any in Europe.

In one of the meetings of the council, Napoleon proposed that long galleries, or rather streets, covered with glass, for pedestrians only, should be constructed, to shelter buyers and sellers from the vicissitudes of the weather.

This was the origin of those brilliant Passages, where every visitor to Paris loiters away so many pleasant hours. Forty slaughter-houses had deformed Paris, filling the air with pestilent odors, and paining the eye with the revolting necessities of the shambles. At the suggestion of Napoleon they were all removed. Four large and peculiarly appropriate houses were constructed for these purposes outside of the city, and near the four principal entrances to the metropolis.



THE PASSAGES.

The generals and the soldiers who had endured such wasting fatigue, and who had achieved such Herculean enterprises for France, were most magnificently rewarded. Besides their regular pay, nearly four millions of dollars were expended in gifts, as an expression of gratitude. A handsome annuity was settled upon every wounded soldier. Napoleon seemed never weary in lavishing favors upon those who, in the fields of blood, had defended and established the independence of France.

He was magnificent in his provision for others. He was simple, frugal, economical in the highest degree, in every thing which related to himself. With an eagle eye, he guarded against the slightest misapplication of the public funds.

The adopted mother of Josephine having died at Martinique, he directed that the negroes and negresses who had served her should be made free, and placed in a condition of comfort for the rest of their lives. He ordered the number of Christian chapels to be increased to 30,000, that the benefits of divine service might be extended to every village in the empire. He endowed several theological seminaries to encourage suitable persons to enter the priesthood.

The nation insisted that the civic code, which had become the crowning glory of France, should be called the Code Napoleon.

"Assuredly," says Thiers, "if ever title was merited, it was this; for that code was as much the work of Napoleon as were the victories of Austerlitz and of Jena. He had soldiers who lent him their arms. He had lawyers who lent him their knowledge. But to the force of his will, to the soundness of his judgment, was owing the completion of that great work."

It will remain through all time a memorial, which never can be sullied, of Napoleon's genius and philanthropy. The Emperor wrote to all the princes under his influence, urging them to introduce into their respective states this code of justice and of civil equality. It was thus established in large portions of Europe, conveying, wherever it went, perfect equality of rights, and putting an end to feudal tyranny.

In his intense desire to promote the grandeur of France, Napoleon appreciated, perhaps more highly than any other sovereign, the glory of intellectual achievements. Science, literature, arts, he encouraged in every possible way. He was the first general the world has ever known who united with his army a literary and scientific corps, to extend the bounds of human knowledge. Under his fostering care, Lagrange gave a new power to abstract calculation. La Place, striding beyond the limits attained by Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, rendered his name as immortal as those celestial bodies whose movements he had calculated with such sublime precision. Cuvier, exploring the mausoleums of past creations, revealed the wondrous history of our planet, when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The world is destined to be as much astonished by the writings of Napoleon as it has been by his deeds. Neither Bourbon nor Orleanist has been willing to do justice to his fame. His letters, his proclamations, his bulletins, his instructions to his ministers, glow with the noblest eloquence of genius. They will soon be given to the world; and they will disperse much of that mist of calumny and detraction which have so long sullied his renown. No one can peruse the papers of this extraordinary man without admiring the majesty of his all-comprehensive mind. The clearness, the precision, the fervor, the imperious demonstration, and the noble simplicity which are impressed upon all of his utterances, give him a place in the foremost ranks of science, of literature, and of eloquence.

"Singular destiny," exclaims Thiers, after perusing volumes of manuscripts from his pen, "of that prodigious man, to be the *greatest writer* of his time, while he was its greatest *captain*, its greatest *legislator*, its greatest *administrator*."

Every man of refined genius admires the classical productions of the scholars of Greece and Rome. Napoleon, from a natural appreciation of the beautiful, strove to create an enthusiasm for classical studies in the university. There is an element of melancholy which pervades every noble mind. Amid the mausoleums of dead empires such spirits love to linger. The utilitarianism of Napoleon was beautifully blended with the highest poetic sensibility. The sun, which ripens the corn, and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.

To encourage exertion, and to rescue merit from hostile or unjust detraction, Napoleon had classes of the Institute organized to give an impartial report upon the progress of literature, the arts, and the sciences. These reports were read to the Emperor in the presence of the Council of State, and munificent rewards were conferred upon the deserving. When the reading of the first report was finished, Napoleon said to the deputies of the Institute,

"Gentlemen, if the French language is become a universal language, it is to the men of genius who have sat, or who still sit among you, that we are indebted for this. I attach a value to the success of your labors. They tend to enlighten my people. They are essential to the glory of my crown: I have heard with satisfaction the report you have just made to me. You may rely on my protection."

The approbation of the Emperor was the highest reward which genius could receive. Desirous of giving an impulse to the arts of design, he visited, with Josephine and a brilliant assemblage of his court, the studio of the



NAPOLEON IN THE STUDIO OF DAVID.

painter David. This distinguished artist had just completed the picture of the Coronation. He had selected the moment when the Emperor was placing the crown upon the brow of the Empress. The painting had been criticised as rather representing the coronation of Josephine than that of Napoleon. The Emperor contemplated for a few moments in silence the impressive

scene which the pencil of the artist had so vividly delineated ; then turning to the painter, he said,

“ Monsieur David, this is well—very well indeed. The Empress, my mother, the Emperor, all are most appropriately placed. You have made me a French knight. I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying toward the Empress.” Then advancing two steps, and turning toward the painter, he uncovered his head, and, bowing profoundly, said, “ Monsieur David, I salute you.”

“ Sire,” replied the painter, with admirable tact, “ I receive the compliment of the Emperor in the name of all the artists in the empire. I am happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor.”

This painting was afterward suspended in the grand museum of the Louvre. Napoleon, in a second visit, met by appointment M. David and all his pupils. He conferred upon those young artists who had distinguished themselves the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He also conferred upon M. David the dignity of an officer in that honorary corps.

The Revolution had destroyed the feudal throne of the Bourbons but to construct a democratic throne of vastly surpassing splendor. It seems to be essential to a monarchy that it should be surrounded by an aristocracy. Napoleon was a democratic emperor. He was the choice of the people, and was ever studying their interests. He now displayed his mighty genius in the attempt to create a *democratic aristocracy*. This, perhaps, might have been possible, by avoiding the incorporation of the hereditary element. Napoleon wished to surround his throne with great families, who should contribute to the splendor of French society without doing violence to the principles of republican equality. He thought that this could be accomplished by allowing the members of the new nobility no exclusive privileges, and by presenting these honorable distinctions as a reward to all who could earn them by their services. He had at his disposal immortal names to confer upon those who had performed immortal exploits. The new nobility, proud of titles won upon the fields of Rivoli, Castiglione, Montebello, Auerstadt, and Eylau, were regarded with contempt by the ancient aristocracy, who could trace a proud ancestral line through the dimness of departed centuries.

Stable-boys, tailors' apprentices, and merchants' clerks, soaring upon the pinions of genius from uncongenial employments into the regions of mighty enterprise and renown, though decorated with the loftiest titles, and burdened with wealth, were still regarded with contempt by the impoverished and undistinguished descendants of the Condés, the Guises, and the Montmorencies. Napoleon was fully conscious of this difficulty. In speaking of the subject at St. Helena, he said :

“ An aristocracy is the true, the only support of a monarchy. Without it, the state is a vessel without a rudder—a balloon in the air. A true aristocracy, however, must be ancient. Therein consists its real force, its talismanic charm. That was the only thing which I could not create. Reasonable democracy will never aspire to any thing more than obtaining an equal power of elevation to all. The true policy in these times was to employ the remains of the aristocracy with the forms and the spirit of democracy.

Above all, it was necessary to take advantage of the ancient historic names. It was the only way to throw the halo of antiquity over our modern institutions.

" My designs on this were quite formed, but I had not time to bring them to maturity. It was this: that every lineal descendant of an old marshal or minister should be entitled at any time to get himself declared a duke by the government upon proving that he had the requisite fortune; every descendant of a general or governor of a province to obtain the title of a count upon obtaining a similar endowment. This system would have advanced some, excited the hopes of others, awakened the emulation of all, without injuring any one. Pretty toys, it is true, but such as are indispensable for the government of men. Old and corrupted nations can not be governed on the same principles with those which are simple and virtuous. For one in these times who would sacrifice all to the public good, there are thousands and millions who are governed only by their interests, their vanity, or their enjoyment.

" To attempt to regenerate such a people in a day would be an act of madness. The true genius of the workman consists in making a right use of the materials which he has at his disposal, to extract good even from the elements which appear at first sight most adverse to his designs. There is the real secret of the revival of titles, ribbons, and crosses. And, after all, these toys are attended with few inconveniences, and are not without some advantages. In the state of civilization in which we are placed, they are proper to awaken the respect of the multitude, and not without influence in producing a feeling of self-respect in their owners. They satisfy the vanity of the weak, without giving any just cause of offense to the strong."

The attempt to unite republican equality with imperial splendor is vain. But Napoleon was now involved in a labyrinth of events from which no finite wisdom could extricate him. That France was incapable of sustaining a true republic, ten years of anarchy had conclusively proved. But Napoleon was now gathering all power into his own hands, and surrounding himself with a proud hereditary aristocracy. Though he was disposed to consecrate all his energies to the welfare of the people, he was laying the foundations of a perfect despotism. He seems to have had some misgivings himself respecting the expediency of appointing an hereditary aristocracy.

O'Meara remarked to Napoleon at St. Helena that it had excited some surprise that he never gave a *dukedom in France* to any person, although he had created many dukes elsewhere.

He replied, " It would have created great discontent among the people. If, for example, I had made one of my marshals Duke of Bourgogne, it would have excited great alarm in Bourgogne. They would have conceived that some feudal rights and territory were attached to the title. The nation hated the old nobility so much, that the creation of any rank resembling them would have given universal discontent, which I, powerful as I was, dared not venture upon. I instituted the new nobility to destroy the old. The greater part of those I created had sprung from the people. Every private soldier had a right to look up to the title of duke. I believe that I acted wrong in doing even this. It lessened that system of equality which

pleased the people so much. But if I had created dukes with a French title, it would have been considered as a revival of the old feudal privileges with which the nation had been cursed so long."

The power of Napoleon was absolute. Circumstances which he could not control rendered it necessary that it should be so. It was essential that he should be invested with dictatorial authority to repel the foes banded against the independence of France. Every intelligent man in France recognized this necessity. That Napoleon devoted this absolute power to the glory of France, and not to his own selfish indulgence, no one can deny. He says, with his accustomed glow of eloquence,

"I had established a government the most compact, carrying on its operations with the utmost rapidity, and capable of the most nervous efforts; and, truly, nothing less was required to triumph over the immense difficulties with which we were surrounded, and to produce the marvels which we accomplished. The organization of the prefectures, their action and results, were alike admirable. The same impulse was given at the same instant to more than forty millions of men. By the aid of these centres of local activity, the movement was as rapid at all the extremities as at the heart of the empire. Strangers who visited us were astonished at this system. They never failed to attribute the immense results which were attained to that uniformity of action pervading so great a space. Each prefect, with the authority and local patronage with which he was invested, was in himself a *little emperor*. Nevertheless, as he enjoyed no force but from the central authority, owed all his lustre to official employment, and had no natural or hereditary connection with the territory over which his dominion extended, the system had all the advantages of the feudal government without any of its inconveniences. It was indispensable to clothe them with all that authority. I found myself made dictator by the force of circumstances. It was necessary, therefore, that all the minor springs should be entirely dependent on, and in complete harmony with, the grand central moving power."

The efficiency of this government no one can question. That France was driven to its adoption by the incessant attacks of its foes can not be denied. That this alone enabled Napoleon for twenty years to triumph over the combined despots of Europe in arms against him, is equally beyond a doubt. France, in her peril, surrendered herself to a dictator in whom she reposed confidence, and invested him with absolute power. Nobly did Napoleon re- quite the trust. He concentrated every energy of his body and every thought of his soul to the promotion of the welfare of France. Wherever he erred, it was in the path of a lofty and a generous ambition.

His power was as absolute as that of Alexander; but the Czar was the monarch of the nobles, Napoleon the chosen sovereign of the people. The centralization of power was, however, appalling. The Emperor selected the members of the Council of State, the Senate, and the legislative bodies. He appointed all the officers in the army and the navy. The whole police of France, all the magistrates, the judges of all the courts; all persons connected with the customs, the revenue, and the excise; all the ministers of religion, the teachers in schools, academies, and universities, the postmasters, and all persons concerned in the administration of roads, public buildings, canals,

fortresses, &c., were either directly or indirectly subjected to the appointment of the Emperor.

One day Napoleon at St. Helena was reading the infamous memoir of his life by Goldsmith. He found himself there accused of every crime which a demon could perpetrate: Calmly laying down the book, he said,

"After all, let them abridge, suppress, and mutilate as much as they please, they will find it very difficult to throw me entirely into the shade. The historian of France can not pass over the Empire. If he have any honesty, he will not fail to render me my share of justice. The facts speak of themselves. They shine like the sun.

"I closed the gulf of anarchy and cleared the chaos. I purified the Revolution, dignified nations, and established kings. I excited every kind of emulation, rewarded every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory. This is at least something. And on what point can I be assailed on which an historian could not defend me? Can it be for my intentions? But even here I can find absolution. Can it be for my despotism? It may be demonstrated that the dictatorship was absolutely necessary. Will it be said that I restrained liberty? It can be proved that licentiousness, anarchy, and the greatest irregularities still haunted the threshold of freedom. Shall I be accused of having been too fond of war? It can be shown that I always received the first attack. Will it be said that I aimed at universal monarchy? It can be proved that this was merely the result of fortuitous circumstances, and that our enemies led me step by step to this determination. Lastly, shall I be blamed for my ambition? This passion I must doubtless be allowed to possess, and that in no small degree. But, at the same time, my ambition was of the highest and noblest kind that perhaps ever existed—that of establishing and consecrating the empire of reason, and the full exercise and complete enjoyment of all the human faculties. And here the historian will probably feel compelled to regret that such ambition should not have been fulfilled and gratified. This is my whole history in a few words."*

* " Collated with the eight hundred thousand sterling (\$4,000,000,000) of British debt, half of it created to put him down, it is one of the miracles of Napoleon that he waged all his enormous wars without contracting a debt or borrowing a cent, without discounting a note or using one not forthwith convertible into coin; and when expelled from the throne, left in the cellars of his palace a large sum—many millions in cash—economized from family show for public service. The imperial budget of France, when he ruled fifty millions of subjects, was little more than half of the royal budget when Louis Philippe reigned over thirty-four millions. The standard of probity was as much higher in Napoleon's time. Some years of peace were purchased by Louis XVIII and Charles X. contracting debts to pay foreign governments for conquering, and their troops for occupying France, and to reimburse restored nobles for their estates confiscated, because they deserted and made war upon their country. Those debts are the crushing inheritance and the greatest difficulty of republicanized France, which Napoleon left at least partly free, and altogether clear of debt. Although it may be said that he supported France by the conquests which England, by successive coalitions, forced him to make, yet the abundance, regularity, and management of the national income and expenditures in his time, without an idea of what is now recognized as the science of political economy, without paper money and without debt, is a monument as amazing as his code of laws."—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 157, second Series.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCENES IN PARIS.

Levee at the Tuileries—The little Boy—Address to the Council of State—Speech of the President—Visit of the Emperor to the Female School—Heroism of a young Lady—Advice to Jerome, King of Westphalia—Napoleon's Remarks at St. Helena—Testimony of Lockhart—Sir Richard Cobden.

THE 15th of August, 1807, Napoleon was thirty-eight years of age. A brilliant party was assembled at the Tuileries. It was an evening of surpassing loveliness. All Paris, intoxicated with enthusiasm, thronged the spacious garden of the palace. With loud acclamations they called for their sovereign. He repeatedly appeared in the balcony, holding the Empress by the hand, and surrounded by a brilliant group. Spontaneous bursts of applause from one hundred thousand voices greeted him whenever he appeared. Taking the arm of his faithful friend Duroc, Napoleon, in disguise, left the palace, and mingled with the groups crowding the garden. Every where he heard his name pronounced with gratitude and love. A little boy was shouting with transport, *Vive l'Empereur!* Napoleon caught the child in his arms. "Why do you shout in that manner?" said he. "My father and mother," replied the child, "taught me to love and bless the Emperor." Napoleon conversed with the parents. He found that they had fled from the horrors of civil war in Brittany, and had found employment and competence in Paris. With glowing hearts they testified to the blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France. The next day a present from the Emperor informed them to whom they had unbosomed their gratitude.

On the ensuing day, Napoleon, accompanied by his marshals, and followed by an immense concourse of people, met the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative Body. He thus addressed them :

"Gentlemen,—Since your last session, new wars, new triumphs, new treaties of peace have changed the political state of Europe. All nations rejoice with one accord to see the influence which England exercised over the Continent destroyed forever. In all that I have done, I have had in view solely the prosperity of my people, more dear in my eyes than my own glory. I am desirous for maritime peace. No resentment shall be allowed to interfere with this desire. But, whatever be the issue which the decrees of Providence have allotted to the maritime war, my people shall find me ever the same, and I shall ever find my people worthy of me. Your conduct, when your Emperor was more than fifteen hundred miles away, has heightened my esteem. The proofs of attachment which you have given me have excited my warmest emotions.

"I have contemplated various plans for simplifying and improving our institutions. I have created several imperial titles, to give new lustre to distinguished subjects, to honor eminent services by eminent rewards, and to



NAPOLEON AND THE CHILD.

prevent the revival of any feudal title incompatible with our Constitution. My Minister of the Interior will inform you of the public works which have been commenced or finished. But what remains to be done is of far greater importance. I intend that in all parts of my empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the prosperity of the citizen and the value of land shall be augmented by the effect of the general system of improvement which I have conceived. Gentlemen, your assistance will be necessary for me to arrive at this great result. I have a right to rely firmly upon it."

This speech was heard with deep emotion and applauded with transport. After Napoleon had retired, the President of the Legislative Body gave utterance to the almost unanimous sentiment of France in the following words :

"The picture set before our eyes seems to present the image of one of those pacific kings exclusively engaged in the internal administration of his

dominion. And yet all these useful labors, all these wise projects, were ordered and conceived amid the din of arms, on the furthest confines of conquered Prussia, and on the frontiers of threatened Russia. If it be true that, at the distance of five hundred leagues from the capital, amid the cares and the fatigues of war, a hero prepared so many benefits, how is he about to increase them by returning among us! The public welfare will wholly engage him, and his glory will be the more touching for it.

“He displaces, he contracts, he extends the boundaries of empires. All are borne away by his ascendancy. Well! this man, covered with so much glory, promises us still greater. Peaceable and disarmed, he will prove that this invincible force, which, as it runs, overturns thrones and empires, is beneath that truly royal wisdom which preserves states by peace, which enriches them by agriculture and industry, adorns them with master-pieces of art, and founds them everlasting on the twofold support of morality and the laws.”

Napoleon took great interest in the female school which he had established at Ecouen. He often made presents to the young ladies who distinguished themselves.

One day, on a visit, he found all the young ladies engaged in needle-work. After having addressed a few pleasant words to each of the classes, he playfully asked a bright-looking girl,

“How many needles-full of thread does it take to make a shirt?”

She archly replied, “Sire, I should need but one if I could have that sufficiently long.”



NAPOLEON AT THE FEMALE SCHOOL.

Napoleon was so pleased with the readiness of the reply, that he immediately gave a gold chain to the young lady. It became, of course, to her a priceless treasure. All the pupils of the school most enthusiastically loved the Emperor.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, an order was issued that every thing should be removed from the institution which could call to mind the *Usurper*. The gifts which the pupils had received from the Emperor were taken from them. But Miss Brouard kept her chain in her bosom. She had declared that she would part with it only with her life. One day a servant perceived it. The fact was reported to the principal. The chain was demanded. It was refused. She was reported to the higher authorities. The chain was again demanded. She replied, "It was the gift of the Emperor, and I will keep it, be the consequences what they may, till I die." She was imprisoned in the Hall of Correction, where she remained in solitude several days. Still she would not yield. The whole school was assembled together, and Miss Brouard, though a universal favorite, was expelled.

A short time after, one of the ladies of the Bourbon family, the Duchess of Angoulême, made a visit to the school. All the young ladies were ordered, as soon as she should enter, to shout, "*Vive le Roi!*" in honor of the Bourbon king. The duchess entered, and, to her utter consternation, was greeted with the unanimous acclaim, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The Count de Lille, afterward Louis XVIII., then residing in Russia, made some movement indicative of a new conspiracy to recover the Bourbon throne. Alexander, that his good faith might not be suspected, communicated the fact, through General Savary, to Napoleon. The Emperor replied, "Thank the Emperor Alexander for the communication which he directed you to make to me. He is mistaken if he supposes that I attach the least importance to any thing that the Count de Lille can do. If he is tired of his residence in Russia, he may come to Versailles. I will make every necessary provision for him."

Napoleon was minutely informed of every thing that was passing in the court of St. Petersburg. Alexander, often the victim of wayward passions, had become so captivated by a beautiful woman, that all his time was absorbed in devotion to her. At the close of a letter of diplomatic instructions, Napoleon wrote to his minister,

"It is not a matter of indifference to me to observe the character of that man who was born a sovereign. A woman turns the head of the autocrat of all the Russias! All the women in the world would not make me lose an hour. Continue to acquaint me of every thing. Let me know the most minute details. The private life of a man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected."

After the marriage of Jerome with the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, as the young couple left Paris for their kingdom of Westphalia, Napoleon gave the following instructions to his brother:

"My brother, I think you ought to go to Stuttgart, as you have been invited thither by the King of Würtemberg. You will proceed thence to Cassel with all the pomp with which the hopes of your people will induce them to surround you. You will convoke the deputies of the towns, the ministers of all religions, the deputies of the states now existing, taking care that there shall be half not noble, half noble. Before that assembly, so composed, you will receive the Constitution and swear to maintain it.

"Appoint at first only half of your counselors of state. That number

will be sufficient for commencing business. Take care that the majority be composed of non-nobles, but without letting any one perceive this habitual caution to keep up a majority of the third estate in all offices. I except from this some places at court, to which, upon the same principles, the highest names must be called. But in your ministries, in your councils, if possible, in your courts of appeal, in your administrations, the greater part of the persons whom you employ should not be nobles. This conduct will go to the heart of Germany, and, perhaps, mortify the other class. It is sufficient not to use any affectation in this conduct. Take care never to enter into discussions, nor to let it be understood that you attach such importance to the advancement of the third estate. The avowed principle is to select talents wherever they are to be found.

"What is of particular consequence to me is, that you delay not in the least the introduction of the Napoleon Code. The happiness of your people is of importance to me, not only for the influence which it may have upon your glory and mine, but also under the point of view of the general system of Europe. Listen not to those who tell you that your people, accustomed to servitude, will receive your benefits unthankfully. They are more enlightened in the kingdom of Westphalia than some persons would fain persuade you. Your throne will never be firmly founded but on the confidence and the love of the population. What the people of Germany desire with impatience is, that individuals who are not noble, and possess talents, should have an equal right to your consideration and to office; that every species of bondage, and all intermediate restrictions between the sovereign and the lowest class, should be entirely abolished.

"The benefits of the Napoleon Code, the publicity of law proceedings, the institution of juries, will be so many distinguished characteristics of your monarchy. And, if I must tell you my whole mind, I reckon more upon their effects for the extension and consolidation of that monarchy than upon the results of the greatest victories. Your people must enjoy a liberty, an equality, a prosperity unknown to the other people of Germany. This liberal government will produce, in one way or another, changes the most salutary to the system of the confederation and to the power of your monarchy. This mode of governing will be a stronger barrier to separate you from Prussia than the Elbe, than fortresses, than the protection of France. What people would be willing to return under the arbitrary Prussian government after it has tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal administration? The people of Germany, those of France, Italy, Spain, desire equality, and require liberal ideas. It is now several years that I have directed the affairs of Europe, and I have had occasion to convince myself that the grumbling of the privileged classes was contrary to the general opinion. Be a constitutional king. If the reason and the intelligence of your times were not sufficient in your position, good policy would enjoin it."

"It was the subject of my perpetual dreams," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "to render Paris the real capital of Europe. I sometimes wished it, for instance, to become a city with a population of two, three, or four millions—in a word, something fabulous, colossal, unexampled until our days, and with public establishments suitable to its population.

“Had Heaven but granted me twenty years and a little more leisure, ancient Paris would have been sought for in vain. Not a trace of it would have been left. I should have changed the face of France. Archimedes promised every thing provided he was supplied with a resting-place for his lever. I should have done as much, wherever I could have found a point of support for my energy, my perseverance, and my budgets. A world might be created with budgets. I should have displayed the difference between a constitutional emperor and a king of France. The kings of France have never possessed any administrative or municipal institution. They have merely shown themselves great lords, who ruined their men of business.

“The nation itself has nothing in its character but what is transitory and perishable. Every thing is done for the gratification of the moment and of caprice—*nothing for duration*. That is our motto; and it is exemplified by our manners in France. Every one passes his life in doing and undoing. Nothing is ever left behind. Is it not unbecoming that Paris should not possess even a French theatre, or an Opera House, in any respect worthy of its high claims?

“I have often set myself against the feasts which the city of Paris wished to give me. They consisted of dinners, balls, artificial fireworks, at an expense of two or three hundred thousand dollars, the preparations for which obstructed the public for several days, and which afterward cost as much to take away as they had cost in their construction. I proved that with these idle expenses they might have erected lasting and magnificent monuments.

“One must have gone through as much as I have in order to be acquainted with all the difficulties of doing good. If the business related to chimneys, partitions, and furniture for some individuals in the imperial palaces, the work was quick and effectual. But if it were necessary to lengthen the garden of the Tuileries, to render some quarters wholesome, to clean some sewers, and to accomplish a task beneficial to the public, in which some particular person had no direct interest, I found it requisite to exert all the energy of my character, to write six, ten letters a day, and to get into a downright passion. It was in this way that I paid out as much as six millions of dollars in sewers, for which nobody was ever to thank me. I pulled down a property of six millions in houses in front of the Tuileries for the purpose of forming the Carrousel and throwing open the Louvre. What I did is immense. What I had resolved to do, and what I projected, were still much more so.”

Some may suppose that the above account of Napoleon’s administrative labors is the glowing eulogy of a friend. Read, then, the testimony of an English historian. Every page of Lockhart’s Life of Napoleon bears the impress of his hostility to the mighty emperor against whom England waged such unrelenting warfare; and yet Lockhart is constrained to witness to the following facts:

“Wherever the Emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home more closely, perhaps, than other sovereigns of not half so great an empire did during years of profoundest peace. His dearest amusement, when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in geometry or algebra. He carried this passion into every

department of affairs. Having with his own eye detected some errors of importance in the public accounts shortly after his administration began, there prevailed henceforth, in all the financial records of the state, such clearness and accuracy as are not often exemplified in those of a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for every thing. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the Emperor's personal superintendence. The omnipresence of his police came in lieu, whenever politics were not touched upon, of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political cases, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen.

“The Code Napoleon, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the Emperor labored personally, along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. ‘I shall go down to posterity,’ said he, with just pride, ‘with the Code in my hand.’ It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed, being drawn up by consummate skill and wisdom. It at this day forms the code not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals.

“In the splendor of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and other monuments, in the general predominance to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for all domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty in whose name the tyrant had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon, in every department of his government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honor to his service by their talents and diligence.

“He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuileries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility, returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns, and over all the ceremonies of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in the ante-chambers where kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great Emperor continued throughout to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office; Napoleon, as Emperor, had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few. His days were given to labor, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes the minutest details of arrangement, and even from the centre of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during those journeys, and his anxiety to promote, by any means consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of every French district, town, or even village.”

Such was Napoleon as delineated by the pen of his enemies. Napoleon left no means untried to promote peace with England. He exhausted the arts of diplomacy and of conciliation to secure that end. There never was a greater historic error than to suppose Napoleon accountable for those long

wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Mr. Richard Cobden, with a candor highly honorable to his stern sense of justice, says,

“There is a prevalent and active belief among us that that war arose from an unprovoked and unjust attack made upon us; that we were desirous of peace, but were forced into hostilities; that, in spite of our pacific intentions, our shores were menaced with a French invasion.

“Now, so far is this from being a true statement of the case, it is, I regret to say, the very opposite of the truth. *I do not hesitate to affirm that nothing was ever more conclusively proved by evidence in a court of law than the fact, resting upon historical documents and official acts, that England was the aggressor in the last French war. It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees (if I may apply such a phrase to a nation) to avert a rupture with this country.*

“But, in truth, the originators of war never pretended that they were fighting for the liberties of the people any where. Their avowed object was to sustain the old governments of Europe. The advocates of the war were not the friends of popular freedom even at home. The Liberal party were ranged on the side of peace—Lansdowne, Bedford, and Lauderdale in the Lords, and Fox, Sheridan, and Grey in the Commons, were the strenuous opponents of the war. They were sustained out of doors by a small minority of intelligent men, who saw through the arts by which the war was rendered popular. But—and it is a mournful fact—the advocates of peace were clamored down, their persons and property left insecure, and even their families exposed to outrage at the hands of the populace. Yes, the whole truth must be told, for we require it to be known as some safeguard against a repetition of the same scenes. The mass of the people, then wholly uneducated, were instigated to join in the cry for war against France. It is equally true, and must be remembered, that when the war had been carried on for two years only, and when its effects had been felt in the high price of food, diminished employment, and the consequent sufferings of the working classes, crowds of people surrounded the king’s carriage as he proceeded to the Houses of Parliament, shouting ‘Bread! bread!—Peace! peace!’

“But to revert to the question of the merits of the last French war. The assumption put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war.”

CHAPTER XL.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH ALEXANDER.

England still rejects Peace—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Hopes of Peace blasted—Desires of Alexander—Communications with Caulaincourt—Proposed Conference—Decision of Napoleon respecting Turkey—Perplexity of Austria.

MUCH has been said respecting certain secret articles in the treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon and Alexander privately agreed to unite their forces against England, if she, refusing the mediation of Russia, should persist, as she had now done for years, in embroiling the Continent in war. They also agreed to combine against Turkey, should the Porte repel the mediation of France. The two powers also engaged, should England refuse peace, unitedly to summon Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria to close their ports against English merchandise. Such were the terms of the occult treaty.

Napoleon, concentrating all his energies to the promotion of the prosperity of France, patiently awaited the result of the negotiations commenced by Russia with England. He sent a special ambassador to Turkey to endeavor to secure peace between that power and Russia. He was successful. The Turk accepted his mediation, and the sword was sheathed. England, finding herself abandoned by all her former allies, immediately sought a coalition with Turkey. She strove to counteract the peaceful influence of France by justly representing that Alexander was hungering for the provinces of the Turkish empire. By these means she ere long roused Turkey again to war. The mediation of Russia with England was entirely unsuccessful. The cabinet of St. James at first evaded the application, and then proudly, contemptuously, and with an energy which amazed the world, rejected all overtures.

Briefly we must record this new act of English aggression, which roused the indignation of all Europe. The kingdom of Denmark had most studiously maintained neutrality. Jealous of the increasing power of France, she had stationed the Danish army upon her frontiers. Apprehending nothing from England, her seaboard was entirely unprotected. Napoleon, with delicacy but with firmness, had informed Denmark that, should England refuse the mediation of Russia, all the powers of Europe must choose, in the desperate conflict, the one side or the other. The most perfectly friendly relations then existed between England and Denmark. The cabinet of St. James, apprehensive that Napoleon would succeed in attaching Denmark to the Continental alliance against the sovereign of the seas, resolved by stealth to take possession of the Danish fleet. This fleet, unprotected and unconscious of peril, was anchored in the harbor of Copenhagen. Denmark, at peace with all the world, had but 5000 troops in the fortresses which surrounded her metropolis.

Secretly the English government fitted out an expedition. It consisted

of 25 sail of the line, 40 frigates, 377 transports. About 30,000 men were conveyed in the fleet. Suddenly this powerful armament appeared in the waters of the Sound, and landing 20,000 men, under the command of the

Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, invested the doomed city by land and by sea. An agent was immediately dispatched to the Prince Royal of Denmark, then regent of the kingdom, to summon the surrender of the fortresses and of the fleet. Mr. Jackson, a man of insolent manners and of envenomed spirit, was worthy of the mission. He assigned to the prince, as a reason for the act, that the British cabinet deemed it necessary

to secure the passage of the Sound and to take the Danish fleet, lest both should fall into the power of the French. He therefore demanded, under peril of a bombardment, that the fortress, the port of Copenhagen, and the fleet should be immediately surrendered to the English army. He promised that the whole, when the danger was over, should be returned again to Denmark, and that, in the mean time, the English would conduct as friends, and pay for all they should consume.

"And with what," exclaimed the indignant prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we were to accede to this infamous proposal?"

Mr. Jackson replied, "War is war. One must submit to its necessities. The weaker party must yield to the stronger."

The interview was short and bitter. The parties separated. The prince, unable to present any resistance, heroically enveloped himself in despair. The English envoy returned to the fleet, and the signal was given for the fearful execution of the threatened doom. The English had taken with them an immense quantity of heavy artillery. They were also accompanied by Colonel Congreve, who was to make trial, for the first time, of his destructive rockets. As there were a few thousand regular troops behind the ramparts of the city, it was not deemed prudent to attempt to carry the place by assault.

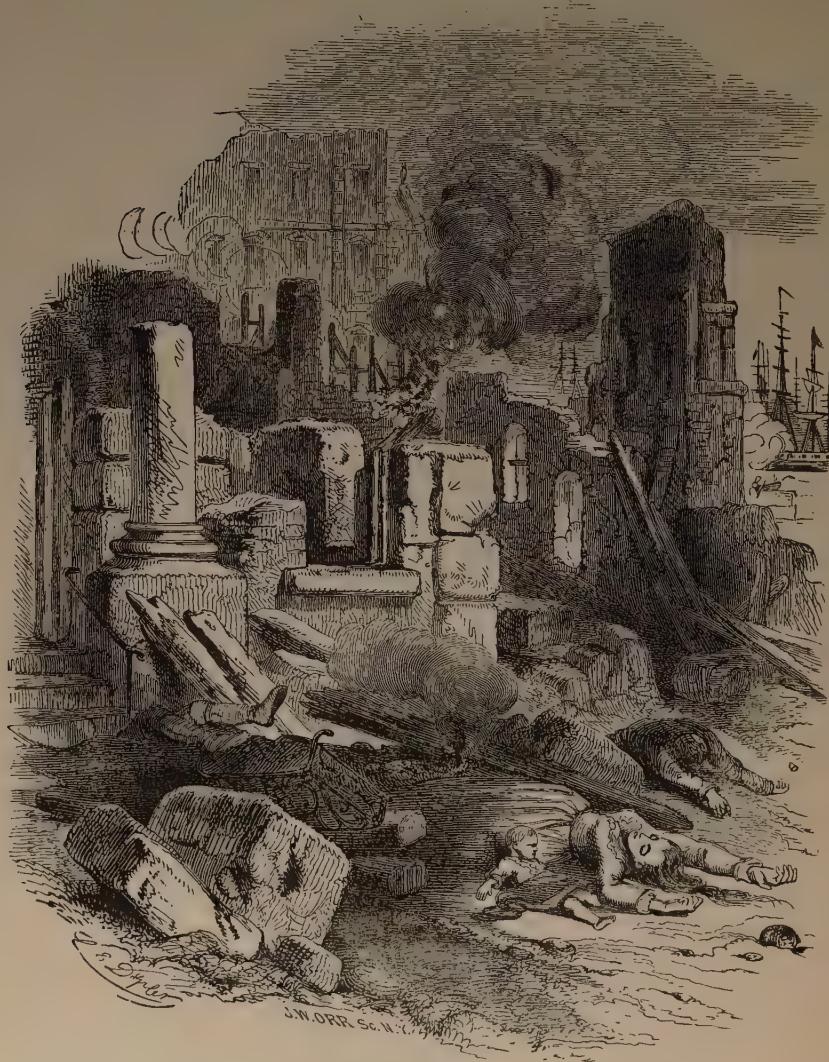
The English, having established themselves beyond the reach of danger, reared their batteries and constructed their furnaces for red-hot shot. Calmly, energetically, mercilessly, all their arrangements for the awful deed were consummated. They refrained from firing a single gun until their furnaces were completed and their batteries were in perfect readiness to rain down an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the helpless capital of Denmark.

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city. Shot and shells have no mercy. They are heedless of the cry of mothers and of maidens. They turn not from the bed of languishing nor from the cradle of infancy. Copenhagen contained 100,000 inhabitants. It was reposing in all the quietude of peace and prosperity. On the evening of the 2d of September, the appalling storm of war and woe commenced. A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets burst



COPENHAGEN HARBOR.

upon the city. The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until the noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city was now on fire in various quarters. Hundreds of dwellings were blown to pieces. The streets were red with the blood of women and children. Vast columns of smoke rose from the burning capital. The English waited



THE BOMBARDMENT.

a few hours, hoping that the chastisement had been sufficiently severe to induce the surrender. General Peymann, intrusted with the defense of the metropolis, gazed upon the spectacle of woe around him, his heart almost bursting with grief and indignation. He still maintained a firm and gloomy silence. The conflict in his bosom between the dictates of humanity and the pleadings of a high and honorable pride was terrific.

In the evening the English recommenced their fire. They kept it up all night, the whole of the next day, and the ensuing night. Two thousand of the citizens had now perished. Three hundred houses were burned to the ground. Two thousand dwellings had been blown to pieces by the shells. Half of the city was in flames. Several beautiful churches were in ruins. The arsenal was on fire. For three days and three nights those demoniac engines of death, exploding in the thronged streets, in churches, chambers, parlors, nurseries, had filled the city with carnage, frightful beyond all conception. There was no place of safety for helpless infancy or for decrepit age. The terrific shells, crushing through the roofs of the houses, descended to the cellars; bursting with thunder peal, they buried the mangled forms of the family in the ruins of their dwellings. Happy were they who were instantaneously killed. The wounded, struggling hopelessly beneath the ruins, were slowly burned alive in the smouldering flames.

The fragments of shells, flying in every direction, produced ghastly mutilation. The mother, distracted with terror, saw the limbs of her infant torn from its body. The father, clasping the form of his daughter to his bosom, witnessed with a delirium of agony that fair form lacerated and mangled hideously in his arms. The thunders of the cannonade, the explosion of the shells, the crash of falling dwellings, the wide, wasting conflagration, the dense volumes of suffocating smoke, the shrieks of women and children, the pools of gore in parlors and on pavements, the mutilated forms of the dying and of the dead, presented a spectacle which no imagination can compass. General Peymann could endure this horrible massacre of women and children no longer. Copenhagen was surrendered to England.

The victors rushed into the city. Almost every house was more or less shattered. One eighth part of the city was in ashes. It required the utmost exertions of both friend and foe to arrest the conflagration. They found about fifty vessels, ships, brigs, and frigates, of which they immediately took possession. Two ships of the line upon the stocks were burned; three frigates were also destroyed. All the timber in the ship-yards, the tools of the workmen, and an immense quantity of naval stores, were conveyed on board the English squadron. From the ramparts and the floating batteries they took 3500 pieces of artillery. The prize money divided among the crew amounted, as estimated by Admiral Lord Gambier, to four million eight hundred thousand dollars. One half of the English crews were then put on board the Danish ships. The entire expedition, leaving the hapless metropolis of the Danes drenched with blood and smouldering with fire, made sail for the coast of England. With triumphant salutes and streaming banners of victory, the squadron, rich with the booty of this buccaneering expedition, entered the Thames. Such was the emphatic response which the cabinet of St. James gave to Napoleon's earnest appeal for peace through the mediation of Russia.

The Duke of Wellington had just returned from boundless conquests in India. At Copenhagen he commenced that European career which he afterward terminated so brilliantly at Waterloo. When the expedition returned to London, the *Iron Duke* received the thanks of Parliament for the skill and efficiency with which he had conducted the bombardment. Copenha-

gen and Waterloo! The day is not far distant when England will be willing to forget them both.*

In reference to this deed, there was but one sentiment throughout all Europe. Nowhere was it more severely condemned than in England. Distinguished members of both houses of Parliament, and the masses of the people, raised a loud cry of indignation. Lord Grenville, Addington, Sheridan, Grey, and others, most vehemently expressed their abhorrence. All idea of peace was now abandoned. England on the one hand, and Napoleon on the other, prepared for the most desperate renewal of the strife.

Russia was extremely anxious to wrest from the Turks the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia upon the Danube. She would thus make a long stride toward Constantinople. The Turks, unaided by other powers, could not prevent this conquest. Napoleon was reluctant to allow Russia to make such an advance toward the Empire of the East. With great hesitancy, he was at times half disposed, for the sake of securing the friendship of Alexander, to consent to this encroachment.

The British cabinet immediately dispatched a messenger to Alexander to endeavor to secure his favor by offering to aid him in obtaining these provinces. An envoy extraordinary was sent to Austria to dispose her to see with calmness Moldavia and Wallachia become the property of the Russians. The English ambassador at St. Petersburg endeavored to apologize for the affair of Copenhagen. He said that the British ministers had merely endeavored to deprive the common enemy of Europe of the means of doing mischief; that Russia ought to rejoice over the event instead of being irritated by it; that England relied upon Russia to bring back Denmark to a more just appreciation of the occurrence, and that the fleet should be returned to the Danes if Denmark would join against Napoleon. Alexander was indignant, and returned a haughty reply. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries soon ceased.

Alexander immediately sent for General Savary, the envoy of Napoleon, and thus addressed him: "You know that our efforts for peace have ended in war. I expected it; but I confess I did not expect either the Copenhagen expedition or the arrogance of the British cabinet. My resolution is taken, and I am ready to fulfill my engagements. I am entirely disposed to

* "Sir Arthur Wellesley," say the Berkeley men in the *Napoleon Dynasty*, "had been recalled from the East Indies, where he had achieved all his fame hitherto by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder, and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation, in the height of his ambition, paled into insignificance. And here we will allow truth to arrest us for a single moment, while we enter our protest against any of the complaints of England or of English writers about the usurpations of Napoleon. For the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement, England has robbed more territory, taken more lives, confiscated more property, enslaved more men, and wrought wider and darker ruin on the plains of Asia, than Napoleon can ever be charged with, if upon his single head were to rain down the curses of every widow and orphan made in Europe for a quarter of a century. It is unholy mockery of truth, it is Puritanic cant, it is English spite against Napoleon's eagles. England began, under the administration of Pitt, the work of crushing the French Republic. She kept it up to gratify the ambition and spite of her ministers, and she carried it through to maintain the position she had taken. It was all a costly and well-nigh a fatal mistake for England; and her historians have no business whatever to vent their spleen upon the only man on the Continent who ventured to set limits to the proud empire of Britain." Strong and impassioned as is this utterance, it can not be controverted by facts.

follow that conduct which shall best suit your master. I have seen Napoleon. I flatter myself that I have inspired him with a part of the sentiments with which he has inspired me. I am certain that he is sincere. O that I could see him as at Tilsit—every day, every hour! What talent for conversation! What an understanding! What a genius! How much should I gain by living frequently near him! How many things he has taught me in a few days! But we are so far distant! However, I hope to visit him soon."

Alexander requested permission to purchase muskets from the French manufactories. "I desire," said he, "that the two armies, now destined to serve the same cause, may use the same weapons." He also solicited permission to send the cadets who were to serve in the Russian navy to France for their education. These friendly expressions were accompanied by a magnificent present of furs for the Emperor Napoleon. "I wish to be his furrier," said Alexander.

Napoleon was greatly embarrassed. The cordial friendship of Alexander gratified him. He perceived the intensity of desire with which this ambitious monarch was contemplating Constantinople and a mighty empire in the East. The growth of Russia threatened to overshadow Europe, and to subjugate the world. "Leaning upon the north pole," with her right hand grasping the Baltic, and her left the Dardanelles, she might claim universal sovereignty. Nothing would satisfy Alexander but permission to march toward the East. Napoleon earnestly desired his friendship, but also feared to make concessions too dangerous for the repose of Europe.

He sent Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg as his confidential ambassador, informed him fully of his embarrassments, and urged him to do every thing in his power to maintain the alliance without encouraging the designs of Alexander upon the Turkish empire. That Caulaincourt might worthily represent the Great Nation, Napoleon allowed him the sum of 160,000 dollars a year, and placed in his suite several of the most distinguished young men of France. He also wrote a letter to Alexander, thanking him for his presents, and returning still more magnificent gifts of Sèvres porcelain. Denmark promptly threw herself into the arms of Napoleon. A strong division of French troops, at the solicitation of the Danish court, immediately entered Denmark for its protection.

Alexander himself, having been brought under the fascinations of Napoleon's mind at Tilsit, was very enthusiastic in his admiration of his new ally. But the Russian nobles, having never seen the great enchanter, trembled at the advance of democratic freedom. The republican equality of France would elevate the serf and depress the noble. The Czar was willing that his haughty lords should lose a little of their power, and that his degraded serfs should become a little more manly. Hence there arose two parties in Russia: one, headed by the haughty queen mother, and embraced by most of the nobles, was for war with France; the emperor was at the head of the less numerous and the less influential peace party.

Caulaincourt, conscious of the hostility still existing in the bosoms of the Russian nobles toward Napoleon, sent an employé into the circles of the old aristocracy at Moscow to report to him what was said there. Freely the

nobles censured the sudden change at Tilsit, by which the young Czar had espoused the policy of France. War with England struck the commerce of Russia a deadly blow. Nothing, they said, could compensate for such sacrifices but obtaining possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Napoleon, however, they affirmed, will never allow Russia to take those fine provinces.

Caulaincourt immediately transmitted these particulars to Napoleon. He assured the Emperor that, notwithstanding the sincerity of Alexander, the court of Russia, deeply mortified, could not be relied upon. Napoleon pondered the question long and anxiously. The alliance of Russia was of vital importance. The aggressive power of Russia, overshadowing Europe with its gloom of despotism, was greatly to be dreaded. The Turks, having deposed, imprisoned, and finally put to death Sultan Selim, the friend of Napoleon, were now cutting off the heads of all who were in favor of alliance with France. The agents of England were busy in rousing the barbarian Turks. They did not hold themselves accountable for the excesses which ensued.

Napoleon was not much troubled with conscientious scruples about transferring the sovereignty of Turkish provinces to Russia. The only claims the Turks had to those provinces were claims obtained by fire and sword—by outrages, the recital of which causes the ear to tingle. The right of proud despots to rob a people of liberty and of happiness is not a very sacred right. Bad as was the government of Russia, the government of Turkey was still worse. Napoleon consequently did not hesitate to consent to the transfer of these provinces because he thought it would be wrong, but simply because he thought it would be impolitic. The Turkish government, waging now a savage war against him, and in alliance with England, his ever relentless foe, could claim from his hand no special protection. Napoleon could not, however, merely step aside, and let Turkey and Russia settle their difficulties between themselves. Turkey and England were now united as one power against France. The Turks, in defiance of Napoleon's mediation, had renewed the war against Alexander. France was consequently pledged by the treaty of Tilsit to unite her armies with those of Russia.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon proposed a conference with Alexander and with Francis of Austria, to consider the whole Turkish question. He also suggested a grand, gigantic enterprise of the three united powers, to cross the continent of Asia, and attack the English in the territories which they had invaded in India. Austria was deeply interested in this matter. Already she was overshadowed by the colossal empire of the North. To have the mouths of the Danube, the Mississippi of Austria, in the hands of the Turks, indolent as they were, was bad enough. The transfer of the portals of that majestic stream to the custody of her great rival, Russia, was to be resisted at all hazards. Alexander received the proposal of a conference with transports of joy. The acquisition of the coveted provinces would add to the glory of his reign, would immeasurably increase the prospective greatness of Russia, and would compel the nobles to a cordial approval of his alliance with France. So deeply was Alexander excited, that he read the letter of Napoleon with trembling eagerness. Caulaincourt, who had delivered to him the letter, was present.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alexander, again and again, as he read the welcome lines, "the great man! the great man! Tell him that I am devoted to him for life. My empire, my armies, are all at his disposal. When I ask him to grant something to satisfy the pride of the Russian nation, it is not from ambition that I speak. I wish to give him that nation whole and entire, and as devoted to his great projects as I am myself. Your master purposes to interest Austria in the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. He is in the right. It is a wise conception. I cordially join in it."

"He designs an expedition to India. I consent to that too. I have already made him acquainted, in our long conversations at Tilsit, with the difficulties attending it. He is accustomed to take no account of obstacles. Nevertheless, the climate and distances here present such as surpass all that he can imagine. But let him be easy. The preparations on my part shall be proportioned to the difficulties. We must come to an understanding about the territories which we are going to wrest from Turkish barbarism. This subject, however, can be usefully discussed only in an interview between me and Napoleon. As soon as our ideas have arrived at a commencement of maturity, I shall leave St. Petersburg, and go to meet your emperor at whatever distance he pleases. I should like to go as far as Paris. But I can not. Besides, it is a meeting upon business which we want, not a meeting for parade and pleasure. We might choose Weimar, where we would be among our own family. But even there we should be annoyed by a thousand things. At Erfurt we should be more free, more to ourselves. Propose that place to your sovereign. When his answer arrives, I will set out immediately. I shall travel like a courier."

Here originated the idea of the celebrated conference which was soon held at Erfurt. After many long interviews between the Russian minister and the French ambassador, two plans were addressed to Napoleon for his consideration. The one proposed but a partial division of the Turkish empire. The Turks were to be left in possession of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and of all their Asiatic possessions. Russia was to have the coveted provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, upon the left bank of the Danube, and Bulgaria upon the right. Austria, as a consolation for seeing the Colossus of the North take so long a step toward universal power, was to receive Serbia and Bosnia. Greece was to be emancipated from its Turkish oppressors, and placed under the protection of France. The second plan was bold and gigantic in the extreme. All of Europe and all of Asia Minor were to be rescued from Turkish sway.

Russia was to gratify her long and intensely-cherished ambition in taking possession of Constantinople and all the adjoining provinces on each side of the Bosphorus. Austria was to receive a rich accession to her territory in the partition. All of Greece, all the islands of the Archipelago, the Straits of the Dardanelles, Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt, were to be transferred to France. Such were the plans proposed by the Russian cabinet to Napoleon. It was not deemed prudent to affix any signature to a paper containing propositions of such startling magnitude. As the documents were placed in the hands of the French ambassador to be conveyed to Napoleon, Alexander, whose ambition was excited to its highest pulsations, said to him, "Tell

Napoleon that this note meets my full approbation. It is an authentic expression of the ideas of the Russian cabinet."*

* This extraordinary document, so characteristic of the times, and of the illustrious personages then, by their position and energies, controlling the fate of Europe, we give in full, unaltered and unabridged.

" Since his majesty, the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy, &c., has recently adjudged that, in order to attain a general peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe, it would be expedient to weaken the Ottoman empire by the dismemberment of its provinces, the Emperor Alexander, faithful to his engagements and to his friendship, is ready to concur in it.

" The first idea, which could not fail to present itself to the Emperor of all the Russias, who is fond of calling to mind the occurrences at Tilsit, when this overture was made to him, was, that the Emperor, his ally, purposed to proceed immediately to the execution of what the two monarchs had agreed upon in the treaty of alliance relative to the Turks; and that he added to it the proposal of an expedition to India.

" It had been settled at Tilsit that the Ottoman power was to be driven back into Asia, retaining in Europe nothing but the city of Constantinople and Roumelia.

" There was drawn at the same time this consequence, that the Emperor of the French should acquire Albania, and Morea, and the island of Candia.

" Wallachia and Moldavia were next allotted to Russia, giving that empire the Danube for its boundary, comprehending Bessarabia, which is, in fact, a strip of sea-coast, and which is commonly considered as forming part of Moldavia. If to this portion be added Bulgaria, the Emperor is ready to concur in the expedition to India, of which there had been then no question, provided that this expedition to India, as the Emperor Napoleon himself has just traced its route, shall proceed through Asia Minor.

" The Emperor Alexander applauded himself for the idea of gaining the concurrence of a corps of Austrian troops in the expedition to India, and as the Emperor, his ally, seemed to wish that it should not be numerous, he conceives that this concurrence would be adequately compensated by awarding to Austria Turkish Croatia and Bosnia, unless the Emperor of the French should find it convenient to retain a portion of them. There might, moreover, be offered to Austria a less direct but very considerable interest, by settling the future condition of Servia, incontestably one of the finest provinces of the Ottoman empire, in the following manner.

" The Servians are a warlike people, and that quality, which always commands esteem, must excite a wish to regulate their lot judiciously.

" The Servians, fraught with a feeling of just vengeance against the Turks, have boldly shaken off the yoke of their oppressors, and are, it is said, resolved never to wear it again. In order to consolidate peace, it seems necessary, therefore, to make them independent of the Turks.

" The peace of Tilsit determines nothing in regard to them. Their own wish, expressed strongly and more than once, has led them to implore the Emperor Alexander to admit them into the number of his subjects. This attachment to his person makes him desirous that they should live happy and content, without insisting upon extending his sway. His majesty seeks no acquisition that could obstruct peace. He makes with pleasure this sacrifice, and all those which can contribute to render it speedy and solid. He proposes, in consequence, to erect Servia into an independent kingdom, to give its crown to one of the archdukes who is not the head of any sovereign branch, and who is sufficiently remote from the succession to the throne of Austria; and in this case it should be stipulated that this kingdom should never be incorporated with the mass of the dominions of that house.

" This whole supposition of the dismemberment of the Turkish provinces, as explained above, being founded upon the engagements at Tilsit, has not appeared to offer any difficulty to the two persons commissioned by the two emperors to discuss together the means of attaining the ends proposed by their imperial majesties.

" The Emperor of Russia is ready to take part in a treaty between the three emperors which should fix the conditions above expressed; but, on the other hand, having conceived that the letter which he recently received from the Emperor of the French seemed to indicate the resolution of a much more extended dismemberment of the Ottoman empire than that which had been projected between them at Tilsit, that monarch, in order to meet the interests of the three imperial courts, and particularly in order to give the Emperor, his ally, all the proofs of friendship and deference that are in his power, has declared that, without wanting a further diminution of the strength of the Ottoman Porte, he would cheerfully concur in it.

" He has laid down as a principle of his interest in this greater partition, that his share of the

Upon receiving this communication, Napoleon peremptorily refused his assent to the latter plan. No consideration could induce him to permit Russia to take possession of Constantinople. He was ready to break the

increased acquisition should be moderate in extent or magnitude, and that he would consent that the share of his ally in particular should be marked out of much larger proportion. His majesty has added that beside this principle of moderation he placed one of wisdom, which consisted in not finding himself, by this new plan of partition, worse placed than he is at the present in regard to boundaries and commercial relations.

“Setting out with these two principles, the Emperor Alexander would see, not only without jealousy, but with pleasure, the Emperor Napoleon acquire and incorporate with his dominion, in addition to what has been mentioned above, all the islands of the Archipelago, Cyprus, Rhodes, and even whatever is left of the seaports of the Levant, Syria, and Egypt.

“In case of this more extensive partition, the Emperor Alexander would change his preceding opinion respecting the state of Servia. Studying to form an honorable and highly advantageous share for the house of Austria, he should wish that Servia should be incorporated with the mass of the Austrian dominions, and that there should be added to it Macedonia, with the exception of that part of Macedonia which France might desire in order to fortify her Albanian frontier, so as that France might obtain Salonicci. This line of the Austrian frontier might be drawn from Scopia to Orphane, and would make the power of the house of Austria extend to the sea.

“Croatia might belong to France or to Austria, as the Emperor Napoleon pleases.

“The Emperor Alexander can not disguise from his ally that, finding a particular satisfaction in all that has been said at Tilsit, he places, according to the advice of the Emperor, his friend, those possessions of the house of Austria between theirs, in order to avoid the point of contact, always so liable to cool friendship.

“The share of Russia in this new and extensive partition would have added to that which was awarded to her in the preceding plan, the possession of the city of Constantinople, with a radius of a few leagues in Asia; and in Europe, part of Roumelia, so as that the frontier of Russia, on the side of the new possessions of Austria, setting out from Bulgaria, should follow the frontier of Servia to a little beyond Solismick, and the chain of mountains which runs from Solismick to Tray-anpol inclusive, and then the River Moriza to the sea.

“In the conversation which has taken place respecting this second plan of partition, there has been this difference of opinion, that one of the two persons conceived that, if Russia were to possess Constantinople, France ought to possess the Dardanelles, or at least to appropriate to herself that which was on the Asiatic side. This assertion was contested, on the other part, upon the ground of the immense disproportion proposed to be made in the shares of this new and greater partition, and that even the occupation of the fort would utterly destroy this principle of the Emperor of Russia not to be worse placed than he now is in regard to his geographical and commercial relations.

“The Emperor Alexander, moved by the feeling of his extreme friendship for the Emperor Napoleon, has declared, with a view to remove the difficulty, 1stly. That he would agree to a military road for France running through the new possessions of Austria and Russia, opening to her a military route to the ports of Syria. 2dly. That, if the Emperor Napoleon wished to possess Smyrna, or any other port on the coast of Natolia, from the point of that coast which is opposite to Mytilene to that which is situated opposite to Rhodes, and should send troops thither to conquer them, the Emperor Alexander is ready to assist in this enterprise, by joining, for this purpose, a corps of his troops to the French troops. 3dly. That if Smyrna, or any other possession on the coast of Natolia, such as has just been pointed out, having come under the dominion of France, should afterward be attacked, not merely by the Turks, but even by the English, in hatred of that treaty, his majesty the Emperor of Russia will, in that case, proceed to the aid of his ally whenever he shall be required to do so.

“4thly His majesty thinks that the house of Austria might, on the same footing, assist France in taking possession of Salonicci, and proceed to the aid of that port whenever it shall be required of her

“5thly The Emperor of Russia declares that he has no wish to acquire the south coast of the Black Sea, which is in Asia, though, in the discussion, it was thought that it might be desirable for him.

“6thly The Emperor of Russia has declared that, whatever might be the success of his troops in India, he should not desire to possess any thing there, and that he would cheerfully consent that France should make for herself all the territorial acquisitions in India which she might think fit;

alliance, and to see that immense power again arrayed against him, rather than thus betray the liberties of Europe.

"Constantinople," said Alexander, "is the key of my house."

"Constantinople!" exclaimed Napoleon. "It is the dominion of the world."

The possession of European Turkey will enable Russia to bid defiance to every foe. The Black Sea becomes a Russian harbor which no enemy can penetrate. How this conquest is to be prevented is now the great problem which agitates every cabinet in the Old World. The foresight of Napoleon anticipated this question. "In half a century," said he at St. Helena, "Europe will become either Republican or Cossack." Republican equality was entombed at St. Helena. Europe now promises to become Cossack.

Austria was in great perplexity. She dreaded the liberal opinions which France was every where diffusing. She was inconsolable for the loss of Italy. She was intensely mortified by the defeats of Ulm and Austerlitz. She was much alarmed by the encroachments of Alexander, her great rival. On the other hand, she was unable to contend against France, even with Russia as an ally. How, then, could she resist France and Russia combined? England, always unpopular, had become absolutely odious to Europe by her conduct at Copenhagen. Yet through England alone could Austria hope to regain Italy, and to retard the appalling growth of Russia. Napoleon was perfectly frank in his communications with the court of Vienna. There was no occasion for intrigue. He sincerely wished to unite Austria and Russia with France, that, upon perfectly equitable terms, peace might be forced upon England. He desired nothing so much as leisure to develop the resources of France, and to make his majestic empire the garden of the world. Weary of contending, with all Europe against him, he was willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of peace. "England," said he, "is the great enemy of peace. The world demands repose. England can not hold out against the strongly expressed unanimity of the Continent."

The Austrian court, never frank and honorable, with much hesitancy joined the Continental alliance. An envoy was dispatched to the court of St. James with two messages. The one was public, and for the ear of Europe. It declared that France, through the mediation of Russia, had proposed equitable terms for peace; and that, if England now refused peace, all nations must combine against her. The other message was secret and deceitful. It stated that Austria, left alone upon the Continent, could not resist France and Russia. There was a little blending of magnanimity in the addition that England ought to think of peace; that if she still persisted

and that it should be likewise at her option to cede any portion of the conquests which she might make there to her allies.

"If the two allies agree together in a precise manner that they adopt one or the other of these two plans of partition, his majesty the Emperor Alexander will have extreme pleasure in repairing to the personal interview which has been proposed to him, and which could, perhaps, take place at Erfurt. He conceives that it would be advantageous if the basis of the engagements that are to be made there were previously fixed with a sort of precision, that the two emperors may have nothing to add to the extreme satisfaction of seeing one another but that of being enabled to sign without delay the fate of this part of the globe, and thereby, as they purpose to themselves, to force England to desire that peace from which she now keeps aloof willfully and with such boasting."

in war, her best friends would be compelled to abandon her. The Austrian ambassador was also commissioned boldly to declare that the act perpetrated at Copenhagen was an outrage which was deeply felt by every neutral state.

